

THE
AMERICAN FIRST CLASS BOOK;

OR,

EXERCISES

IN

READING AND RECITATION:

SELECTED PRINCIPALLY

FROM MODERN AUTHORS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA;

AND DESIGNED FOR THE USE

OF

THE HIGHEST CLASS

IN PUBLICK AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.



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BY JOHN PIERPONT,

Minister of Hollis-street Church, Boston: Author of *Airs of Palestine*, &c.

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BOSTON:

HILLIARD, GRAY, LITTLE, AND WILKINS.
AND RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.

1831.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA

RELEASED OCT 5 1949

276, x 82

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1831

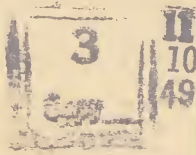
DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, to wit :

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1823, and in the forty-seventh year of the independence of the United States of America, *William B. Fowle*, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—"The American First Class Book; or, Exercises in Reading and Recitation: selected principally from Modern Authors of Great Britain and America; and designed for the use of the highest Class in publick and private schools. By John Pierpont, Minister of Hollis-street Church, Boston. Author of *Airs of Palestine, &c.*" In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act, entitled, "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical, and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.



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*Extract from the Records of the School
Committee of Boston.*

At a meeting of the School Committee, held July 18th, 1823, it was—*Ordered*, That THE AMERICAN FIRST CLASS BOOK be hereafter used in the publick reading schools instead of Scott's Lessons.

Attest

WM. WELLS, *Secretary.*

PREFACE.



THIS book has been compiled with a special reference to the publick Reading and Grammar Schools of this city. It is the result of an attempt to supply the want—which has long been a subject of complaint among those whom the citizens of Boston have charged with the general superintendence of their publick schools, as well as with those who are appointed to the immediate instruction of them—of a book of Exercises in Reading and Speaking better adapted, than any English compilation that has yet appeared, to the state of society as it is in this country; and less obnoxious to complaint, on the ground of its national or political character, than it is reasonable to expect that any English compilation would be, among a people whose manners, opinions, literary institutions, and civil government, are so strictly republican as our own.

But, though the immediate design of this compilation was a limited and local one, it has been borne in mind, throughout the work, that the want, which has been a subject of complaint in this city, must have been still more widely felt; especially by those, in every part of our country, who are attentive to the national, moral, and religious sentiments, contained in the books that are used by their children while learning to read, and while their literary taste is beginning to assume something of the character which it ever afterwards retains.

How far the objections, which have been made to other works of this sort, have been obviated in the present selection, it is for others to determine. I willingly leave the decision of this question to the ultimate and only proper tribunal—the publick; to whose kindness, as shown towards one of my efforts, in another department of literature, I am no stranger, and for which I should prove myself ungrateful should I not acknowledge my obligation.—I only hope that the kindness of the publick towards the past, may not have led me into presumption and carelessness in regard to the present.

In as much, however, as this book departs, in some particulars, from most others of the same general character, it may be expected that the author should assign his reasons for such deviations. These relate principally to the omission of some things that are usually deemed essential to a school-reader; and to the arrangement of the materials of which this is made up.

First, then, it may be urged as an objection to this, as a compilation that is to be used by those who are learning to read, that it consists entirely of *exercises* in reading and speaking, to the exclusion of those *rules*, the knowledge of which is indispensable to any considerable proficiency in either.

I have observed, however, that that part of school-books which consists of Brief Treatises upon Rhetorick, Rules for Reading, and Essays on Elocution, is, almost uniformly, little worn:—an evidence that it is little used; in other words, that it is of little use. I have construed this fact into an oracular monition not to devote to such Rules, Treatises, or Essays, any part of the present work.

The truth probably is, that reading, like conversation, is learned from example rather than by rule.—No one becomes distinguished, as a singer, by the most familiar knowledge of the gamut: so, no one is ever made an accomplished reader or speaker by studying rules for elocution, even though aided

by a diagram. There is even less aid derived from rules in reading than in singing: for, musick is, in a great degree, a matter of strict science; while reading, after the alphabet is learned, is altogether an art:—an art, indeed, which requires a quick perception, a delicate taste, a good understanding, and, especially, a faculty of nicely discriminating and accurately expressing the various shades of an author's meaning:—but, still, an art that is less capable than musick of being reduced to definitive rules, or of being taught by them.

To become a good reader or a good speaker, the best examples of elocution, in these respective departments, must be seen, and heard, and studied. The tones that express particular emotions and passions must be caught by the ear. The same organ must inform us what is meant by the very terms in which all rules must be expressed,—what is meant by a rapid or deliberate enunciation; what by speaking loudly or softly, on a high or low key, with emphasis or in a monotony, distinctly or indistinctly. We may amuse ourselves, if we please, with laying down rules upon these matters, but, till our rules are illustrated by the voice and manner of a good reader, they are totally inoperative; and, when thus illustrated, totally unnecessary. The learner imitates the example of reading which is given in explaining a rule, and the rule itself is forsaken and soon forgotten.

It seems to me that the readiest, indeed, the only good way, to teach children to read well, is, to give them to the charge of instructors who are themselves good readers;—instructors, who, like teachers of musick, will not content themselves with laying certain rules for regulating the tones, inflexions, and cadences of the voice before your child's eye, which can neither receive a sound nor give one, but who will address his ear with living instruction,—with the rich and informing melody of the human voice.

Secondly,—in regard to the *arrangement* of the lessons, a different course has been pursued from that which has been usually followed in compilations of this kind.

By devoting fifty or more pages, in succession, to lessons of any one kind, whether narrative, didactick, or descriptive; then putting together all the dramattick pieces; then giving, in an unbroken series, all the specimens of eloquence from the senate, the pulpit, and the bar; and then making the young literary pilgrim travel over many days' journey of poetry, albeit unsmitten with the love of song, and undesirous of being "wedded to immortal verse"—we may, indeed, secure to ourselves the credit of methodical arrangement; but we shall be sure to make few friends, either among teachers or learners;—among masters, who are not displeas'd with a little variety in their exercises, or among scholars, who must have it.

By a severe method, in the arrangement of reading lessons, the teacher is compelled to consult his own comfort, and to keep alive the interest of his scholars, by frequently skipping from one part of the book to another; the consequence of which is, either that those pieces only are read which happen to be favourites, and those are so constantly read that they come ere long to be rehearsed almost by rote, and, therefore, with little thought and little improvement; or, if the master determines that, at all events, the book shall be resolutely read through in course, the consequence is that the children soon get heartily tired of it, while the poor man cannot find it in his heart to blame them, for he is heartily tired of it himself.

With a view to obviate this difficulty, I have studiously avoided that method which to some may seem indispensable to the reputation of every literary work, and have been governed by considerations of practical utility, in so arranging the following lessons that they may be read in course, and at the same time present that variety, in the frequent alternation of prose and poetry, and the constant succession of different subjects in each, which will relieve both learner and teacher from that sameness, which makes it an irksome task either to give or receive instruction.

It will be perceived, however, that I have not been entirely unmindful of method. I have endeavoured to consult the capacity of the scholar, and to

provide for his gradually increasing strength, by giving the precedence, in the book, to pieces that are plain and easy, and reserving, for the latter part of it, such as will call for a more mature judgement and a more disciplined taste in reading.

It will be seen, moreover, from the table of contents, that the selection contains pieces of every kind, usually found in works of this nature; and that the book is not without order, so far as order has been deemed useful.

Since the days of Addison and Pope, and even of Johnson, time, which shows the mutability of all human affairs, has wrought a considerable change in the manners of the English, in the objects of scientifick attention, and in the character of literary labours among them. The style of their best writers, both of prose and verse, has undergone a corresponding change. The miscellaneous literature of the present day, however, is probably as well adapted to the present modes of thinking and acting, and to the present wants of society, as was the literature of the periodical essayists, and their contemporary poets, to the age of Anne: and, judging on the ground of comparative utility, we ought, perhaps, in severe justice, to be as reluctant to prefer the *poetry*, especially, of Gay, and Parnell, and even of Pope, to that of Beattie, and Byron, and Campbell, as the contemporaries of Milton and Dryden would, and should have been, to give Drayton and Spenser, and Chaucer the preference in comparison with the lights of their own age. An old coin may be as pure metal, and intrinsically as valuable, as a new one; and to the curious much more valuable; but, for the ordinary purposes of life, it is useful no longer than it is current. So it is with literature—with the golden thoughts that have received the impress of genius. In the following work, therefore, I have drawn liberally from the literary treasures of our own age, not to the exclusion, however, of many pieces of old English poetry, especially of several from Shakspeare, which are common stock in works of this kind, and over which time has no power.

I have also laid under contribution the literature of our own country: and this I have done with the view of rendering the book an acceptable offering to the American people, not so much by appealing to their national pride, as by making it more worthy of their approbation, on account of its intrinsic merits. It is not my province to decide upon the value of those pieces which are drawn from European sources, compared with those of American origin, in respect to the proofs they furnish of a cultivated literary taste, of poetical genius, of a mature and manly eloquence, and of pure and lofty moral sentiment. On this subject I choose rather to let the world decide for itself; and, that this may be the more easily done, I have distinguished the latter from the former, in the table of contents, by giving in small capitals, the names of their authors, or of the books from which they were taken. These form nearly one quarter of the volume. It might have deserved, and might meet, a more flattering reception from the publick, had a still greater proportion of it consisted of the labours of our own authors. Of these there are two classes, to whom it may be thought I owe an apology—those with whom I have taken liberties, and those from whom I have taken nothing.

In regard to the latter class, it is but justice to them, and to myself, to say that it has required an effort on my part to resist. Rather than to feel and acknowledge, the claims of many writers among us, to a share in the honour of having their names brought before the eye, and their strains of eloquence or poetry poured upon the ear, and made familiar to the mind, of the rising generation. But such authors—among whom are my personal friends, men whom I love and venerate—will do me the justice to consider, that much that is excellent in itself is not well adapted to the use of schools, and that had I taken all that is good in American literature, or even a tithe from each one of the authors of the present day who have done honour to their country, both at home and abroad, I should have swelled the book to such a size as to effectually excluded it from school-houses; and thus should have defeated, at the threshold, the leading object of the compilation.

To the former class,—for the liberties which I have taken with what I now give forth under their name, in occasionally substituting one word for another, in withdrawing some passages from their original connexion, and bringing others into immediate contact which were originally separate, and in connecting them by a phrase or a line of my own—my answer is, first, that I have in no instance *wantonly* sacrificed or maimed the beautiful offspring of their imagination; and, secondly, my reason, for the violence that in any case has been offered them, was my wish to crowd as many of them as I could into the narrow space within which I am restricted, and so to group them that they might do all possible good in their present service, and thus reflect all possible honour upon their parents.—When I have been compelled to amputate, I have conscientiously endeavoured to retrench only “those members of the body which seemed to be more feeble,” that upon the others might be bestowed the “more abundant honour.” If I have broken off the legs and arms of the Farnese Hercules, it was that I might the better display “the breadth of his shoulders, and the spaciousness of his chest.”

Without attempting to furnish schools with what might be denominated a *pronouncing* reader, I have, in many instances, indicated the proper pronunciation, either by such accents, attached to the words in the text, as are generally understood, or, where these accents were insufficient, by a note at the foot of the page. This has been done only in words of which a vicious pronunciation has obtained in some parts of the country, and even these I have not uniformly or constantly marked; supposing it sufficient to have called the attention of teachers, once or twice, to any particular word. When the pronunciation of an English word is given, it is that of Walker. In orthography, the same standard has been followed, with perhaps one or two deviations upon the authority of Johnson.

In regard to *errata*, whether in respect to the real words of the author, the spelling, or the punctuation, it is hoped that there will be no great cause of complaint. In many instances, in the lessons from Shakspeare especially, I have restored the genuine reading of the author, which has been corrupted in many other compilations. The punctuation too, which, when incorrect, so constantly misleads the learner, and embarrasses the learned, has been an object of assiduous care. Should any one be curious to compare particular pieces in this compilation, especially those from Shakspeare, with the same in other school-books, he will probably feel that it is but just, before condemning this for differing from them, either in the reading or the punctuation, to refer to some good edition of the author, for satisfaction as to his *words*, and then, by a careful comparison of the different modes of pointing, to judge which of them best discovers his *meaning*.

Such as I have been able to make the book, in respect to its arrangement, accuracy, and general character, it goes forth into the world without any letters of recommendation. The truth is, I have asked none for it. If it is a good book, the publick understands its own interest too well to let it die. If it is not a good one, no recommendations can keep it alive. I have made it, in the hope that it might be an acceptable offering to schools, especially those of this city, in which there are many children who are the objects of my pastoral care. In regard to them, and the young in general, the book will fulfil my hopes, if, while it helps them on towards the end of their scholastick labours—the general improvement of their minds,—it shall enable them better to understand and discharge their duties in life, and lead them to contemplate, with pleasure and religious reverence, the character of the Great Author of their being, as discovered in his works, his providence, and his word; and thus help them to attain the end of their Christian faith,—the salvation of their souls.

Boston, June, 1823.

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LESSONS IN PROSE.



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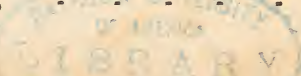
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THE
AMERICAN FIRST CLASS BOOK.



LESSON I.

A devotional spirit recommended to the young.—CAPPE.

DEVOTION is a delicate and tender plant : as much as it is our duty and our interest to be possessed of it, it is not easily acquired, neither can it be carelessly maintained. It must be long tended, diligently cultivated, and affectionately cherished, before it will have struck its roots so deep as to grow up and flourish in our hearts ; and all along, till it attains to its perfect vigour and maturity in heaven, it needs to be defended from the adverse influences of things seen and temporal, of a vain imagination and an earthly mind.

The best season for acquiring the spirit of devotion is in early life ; it is then attained with the greatest facility, and at that season there are peculiar motives for the cultivation of it. Would you make sure of giving unto God his right, and of rendering to the great Creator and Governour of the world the glory due unto his name, begin to do it soon : before the glittering vanities of life have dazzled and enslaved your imagination, before the sordid interests of this world have gotten possession of your soul, before the habits of ambition, or of avarice, or of voluptuousness, or of dissipation, have enthralled you : while your minds are yet free, and your hearts yet tender, present them unto God.

It will be a sacrifice superlatively acceptable unto him, and not less advantageous to yourselves. Beseech him that he will awaken in you every sentiment of piety ; beseech him that he will direct and prosper your endeavours to acquire,

to keep alive, and to improve, the genuine spirit of devotion. Entreat him that he will give you to behold himself in whatever else you see, and to discern his providence in all the events that you observe, or that you experience. Put your hearts into his hands, and importune him, (if importunity it can be called,) to lay them open unto all the blessed influences of the discoveries he has made of himself and of his will, in his works, or in his ways, or in his word. Implore him to give you and preserve to you, the liveliest sensibility to all things spiritual and divine; and while thus you ask it, seek for it, in the conscientious use of the appointed means of grace, and by every method that intelligence and prudence and experience recommend to you.

Let it be a perpetual object with you every day, to be improving in this heavenly temper. The spirit of devotion will be very hard to kindle in the frozen bosom of old age, and not very easy to introduce through the giddy heads into the busy hearts of manhood or advanced youth. If you wish then to reach that better world, where devotion, pure and ardent, is one of the most striking characters of its inhabitants, and, at the same time, one of the most essential ingredients in the happiness that they enjoy, you cannot be too early, and you cannot be too constant, in your endeavours to acquire and maintain the spirit of devotion.

It is an acquisition well worth all that it can cost you to attain it: for if the genuine spirit of devotion occupies your heart, it will preserve you from the corruptions that are in the world; it will give you courage to be singular, when to do your duty it will be necessary to be singular; it will make all your duties easy, and most of them it will make pleasant to you; it will shed the sweetest light upon the pleasing scenes and incidents of life, and will diffuse its cheering rays even over the darkest and most gloomy.

The pleasures that you may take will be infinitely more enjoyed by you, if God, the Author of them, has possession of your hearts; and the pains you cannot shun will be far less grievous to you, if God, who maketh darkness and createth evil, be regarded by you as the wise and kind Dispenser of your lot. "Remember," then, while you are yet entering upon life, "remember your Creator in the days of your youth, before the evil day comes, and the years draw nigh, in which ye shall say, I have no pleasure in them." Those will be bad days to acquire and cultivate the spirit of devotion: but the spirit of devotion acquired and cultivated

and confirmed before, will convert those bad days into good ones.

If you would be happy when you die, be pious while you live. If you would be cheerful when you are old, be religious while you are young. These objects you will acknowledge are well worthy your pursuit; and to your own convictions I appeal, that there are no other means by which you can attain these objects. To those who have let that golden opportunity slip by them; whose youth is past, and the spirit of devotion not attained; whose manhood is arrived, and that temper not yet formed; whose old age is come, and their hearts still sensual, frivolous, and vain; I have no comfort to administer, for I have no authority to comfort you. Your best friends can only pity you and pray for you, that God will take away your stony hearts, and give you hearts of flesh. He *can* do it no doubt; *will* he do it? is the question. Never, my young friends, never let that question be asked concerning you. Surely you do not envy their condition, concerning whom it may be justly asked. Take heed that you do not come into their place.

To conclude: do not fear to admit the sentiments, and to cultivate the spirit of devotion; there is nothing tedious, dull, or irksome in it. It is pleasant even as pleasure's self. Though I am about to adopt the language of a poet, it is not the language of imagination merely that I speak; what has been said of liberty, with some degree of truth, may, with the most perfect truth be said of the genuine spirit of devotion, it alleviates trouble and enhances pleasure,

“It makes the gloomy face of nature gay,

“Gives beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.”

LESSON II.

Paternal Instruction.—LAW.

PATERNUS had but one son, whom he educated himself. As they were sitting together in the garden, when the child was ten years old, Paternus thus addressed him:—Though you now think yourself so happy because you have hold of my hand, you are in the hands, and under the tender care of a much greater Father and Friend than I am, whose love

to you is far greater than mine, and from whom you receive such blessings as no mortal can give.

That God whom you see me daily worship; whom I daily call upon to bless both you and me, and all mankind; whose wondrous acts are recorded in those Scriptures which you constantly read,—that God who created the heavens and the earth; who was the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, whom Job blessed and praised in the greatest afflictions; who delivered the Israelites out of the hands of the Egyptians; who was the protector of Joseph, Moses, and Daniel; who sent so many prophets into the world; who appointed his Son Jesus Christ to redeem mankind:—this God, who has done all these great things, who has created so many millions of men, with whom the spirits of the good will live and be happy for ever;—this great God, the creator of worlds, of angels, and men, is your Father and Friend.

I myself am not half the age of this shady oak, under which we sit: many of our fathers have sat under its boughs; we have all of us called it ours in our turn, though it stands, and drops its masters, as it drops its leaves.

You see, my son, this wide and large firmament over our heads, where the sun and moon, and all the stars appear in their turns. If you were to be carried to any of these bodies, at this vast distance from us, you would still discover others as much above you, as the stars which you see here are above the earth. Were you to go up or down, east or west, north or south, you would find the same height without any top, and the same depth without any bottom.

Yet, so great is God, that all these bodies added together are only as a grain of sand in his sight. But you are as much the care of this great God and Father of all worlds, and all spirits, as if he had no son but you, or there were no creature for him to love and protect but you alone. He numbers the hairs of your head, watches over you sleeping and waking, and has preserved you from a thousand dangers, unknown both to you and me.

Therefore, my child, fear, and worship, and love God. Your eyes indeed cannot yet see him, but all things which you see, are so many marks of his power, and presence, and he is nearer to you, than any thing which you can see.

Take him for your Lord, and Father, and Friend; look up unto him as the fountain and cause of all the good which you have received from me, and reverence me only as the bearer and minister of God's good things to you. He that

blessed my father before I was born, will bless you when I am dead.

As you have been used to look to me in all your actions, and have been afraid to do any thing, unless you first knew my will ; so let it now be a rule of your life to look up to God in all your actions, to do every thing in his fear, and to abstain from every thing which is not according to his will.

Next to this, love mankind with such tenderness and affection, as you love yourself. Think how God loves all mankind, how merciful he is to them, how tender he is of them, how carefully he preserves them, and then strive to love the world as God loves it.

Do good, my son, first of all to those who most deserve it, but remember to do good to all. The greatest sinners receive daily instances of God's goodness towards them ; he nourishes and preserves them, that they may repent and return to him ; do you therefore imitate God, and think no one too bad to receive your relief and kindness, when you see that he wants it.

Let your dress be sober, clean, and modest ; not to set off the beauty of your person, but to declare the sobriety of your mind ; that your outward garb may resemble the inward plainness and simplicity of your heart. For it is highly reasonable that you should be one man, and appear outwardly such as you are inwardly.

In meat and drink, observe the rules of christian temperance and sobriety ; consider your body only as the servant and minister of your soul ; and only so nourish it, as it may best perform an humble and obedient service.

Love humility in all its instances ; practise it in all its parts ; for it is the noblest state of the soul of man : it will set your heart and affections right towards God, and fill you with whatever temper is tender and affectionate towards men.

Let every day therefore be a day of humility : condescend to all the weakness and infirmities of your fellow-creatures ; cover their frailties ; love their excellences ; encourage their virtues ; relieve their wants ; rejoice in their prosperity ; compassionate their distress ; receive their friendship ; overlook their unkindness ; forgive their malice ; be a servant of servants ; and condescend to do the lowest offices for the lowest of mankind.

It seems but the other day since I received from my dear

father the same instructions which I am now leaving with you. And the God who gave me ears to hear, and a heart to receive, what my father enjoined on me, will, I hope, give you grace to love and follow the same instructions.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

LESSON III.

The source of happiness.

REASON'S whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone,
And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thy own.

An approving mind.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Sleep.

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visits pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions, flies from grief,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

The benefit of afflictions.

These are counsellors,
'That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

The value of time.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth?—ask death-beds, they can tell.

Contentment.

While through this fleeting life's short, various day,
 An humble pilgrim here I plod my way,
 May no ambitious dreams delude my mind ;
 Impatience hence be far—and far be Pride ;
 Whate'er my lot, on Heaven's kind care reclin'd,
 Be Piety my comfort—Faith my guide.

The tender affections.

Who, that bears
 A human bosom, hath not often felt,
 How dear are all those ties which bind our race
 In gentleness together ; and how sweet
 Their force ; let Fortune's wayward hand, the while,
 Be kind or cruel ?

Local attachment.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms ;
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms :
 And, as a child, whom scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close, and closer, to the mother's breast ;
 So, the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Homage at the altar of Truth.

Before thy mystick altar, heavenly Truth,
 I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth :
 Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
 And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray :
 Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
 Soar without bound, without consuming gloꝝ.

The succession of human beings.

Like leaves on trees the life of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground ;
 Another race the following spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise :
 So generations in their course decay ;
 So flourish these, when those have past away.

Time never returns.

Mark how it snows ! how fast the valley fills,
 And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear ;
 Yet the warm sun-beams, bounding from the hills,
 Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.

But, when old age has on your temples shed
 Her silver frost, there's no returning sun :
 Swift flies our summer, swift our autumn's fled,
 When youth and love and spring and golden joys are gone.

A temple.

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
 To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
 By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
 Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
 And terrour on my aching sight : the tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,
 And shoot a chilness to my trembling heart.

A battle.

Now, shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
 To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
 Host against host the shadowy squadrons drew ;
 The sounding darts, in iron tempests, flew.
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
 And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise ;
 With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Family devotion.

Lo, kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father and the husband prays :
 Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society yet still more dear ;
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

LESSON IV.

The Chinese Prisoner.—PERCIVAL.

A CERTAIN emperor of China, on his accession to the throne of his ancestors, commanded a general release of all those who were confined in prison for debt. Amongst that number was an old man, who had fallen an early victim to adversity, and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches which he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual circuit of more than fifty suns.

With trembling limbs and faltering steps, he departed from his mansion of sorrow: his eyes were dazzled with the splendour of the light; and the face of nature presented to his view a perfect paradise. The jail in which he had been imprisoned, stood at some distance from Peking, and to that city he directed his course, impatient to enjoy the caresses of his wife, his children, and his friends.

Having with difficulty found his way to the street in which his decent mansion had formerly stood, his heart became more and more elated at every step he advanced. With joy he proceeded, looking eagerly around; but he observed few of the objects with which he had been formerly conversant. A magnificent edifice was erected on the site of the house which he had inhabited; the dwellings of his neighbours had assumed a new form; and he beheld not a single face of which he had the least remembrance.

An aged beggar, who with trembling knees stood at the gate of a portico, from which he had been thrust by the insolent domestick who guarded it, struck his attention. He stopped, therefore, to give him a small pittance out of the bounty with which he had been supplied by the emperor, and received, in return, the sad tidings, that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice to penury and sorrow; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes in distant or unknown climes; and that the grave contained his nearest and most valuable friends.

Overwhelmed with anguish, he hastened to the palace of his sovereign, into whose presence his hoary locks and mournful visage soon obtained admission; and casting himself at the feet of the emperor, "Great Prince," he cried, "send me back to that prison from which mistaken mercy has delivered me! I have survived my family and friends, and even in the midst of this populous city I find myself in a dreary solitude. The cell of my dungeon pro-

tected me from the gazers at my wretchedness; and whilst secluded from society, I was the less sensible of the loss of its enjoyments. I am now tortured with the view of pleasure in which I cannot participate; and die with thirst, though streams of delight surround me."

LESSON V.

The Contrast: or Peace and War.—ATHENÆUM.

PEACE.

LOVELY art thou, O Peace! and lovely are thy children, and lovely are the prints of thy footsteps in the green valleys.

Blue wreaths of smoke ascend through the trees, and betray the half-hidden cottage: the eye contemplates well-thatched ricks, and barns bursting with plenty: the peasant laughs at the approach of winter.

White houses peep through the trees; cattle stand cooling in the pool; the casement of the farm-house is covered with jessamine and honey-suckle; the stately green-house exhales the perfume of summer climates.

Children climb the green mound of the rampart, and ivy holds together the half-demolished buttress.

The old men sit at their doors; the gossip leans over her counter; the children shout and frolick in the streets.

The housewife's stores of bleached linen, whiter than snow, are laid up with fragrant herbs; they are the pride of the matron, the toil of many a winter's night.

The wares of the merchant are spread abroad in the shops, or stored in the high-piled warehouses; the labour of each profits all; the inhabitant of the north drinks the fragrant herb of China; the peasant's child wears the webs of Hindostan.

The lame, the blind, and the aged, repose in hospitals; the rich, softened by prosperity, pity the poor; the poor, disciplined into order, respect the rich.

Justice is dispensed to all. Law sits steady on her throne, and the sword is her servant.

WAR.

They have rushed through like a hurricane; like an army of locusts they have devoured the earth; the war has fallen like a water-spout, and deluged the land with blood.

The smoke rises not through the trees, for the honours of the grove are fallen; and the hearth of the cottager is cold: but it rises from villages burned with fire, and from warm ruins, spread over the now naked plain.

The ear is filled with the confused bellowing of oxen, and sad bleating of over-driven sheep; they are swept from their peaceful plains; with shouting and goading are they driven away; the peasant folds his arms, and resigns his faithful fellow-labourers.

The farmer weeps over his barns consumed by fire, and his demolished roof, and anticipates the driving of the winter snows.

On that rising ground, where the green turf looks black with fire, yesterday stood a noble mansion; the owner had said in his heart, Here will I spend the evening of my days, and enjoy the fruit of my years of toil: my name shall descend with mine inheritance, and my children's children shall sport under the trees which I have planted.—The fruit of his years of toil is swept away in a moment; wasted, not enjoyed; and the evening of his days is left desolate.

The temples are profaned: the soldier's curse resounds in the house of God: the marble pavement is trampled by iron hoofs: horses neigh beside the altar.

Law and order are forgotten: violence and rapine are abroad: the golden cords of society are loosed.

Here are the shriek of wo and the cry of anguish; and there is suppressed indignation, bursting the heart with silent despair.

The groans of the wounded are in the hospitals, and by the road-side, and in every thicket; and the housewife's web, whiter than snow, is scarcely sufficient to stanch the blood of her husband and children.—Look at that youth, the first-born of her strength: yesterday he bounded as the roe-buck; was glowing as the summer-fruits; active in sports, strong to labour: he has passed in one moment from youth to age; his comeliness is departed; helplessness is his portion, for the days of future years. He is more decrepit than his grandsire, on whose head are the snows of eighty winters; but those were the snows of nature: this is the desolation of man.

Every thing unholy and unclean comes abroad from its lurking-place, and deeds of darkness are done beneath the eye of day. The villagers no longer start at horrible

sights; the soothing rites of burial are denied, and human bones are tossed by human hands.

No one careth for another; every one, hardened by misery, careth for himself alone.

Lo these are what God has set before thee: child of reason! son of woman! unto which does thine heart incline?

LESSON VI.

Parallel between Pope and Dryden.—JOHNSON.

POPE professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding, and nicety of discernment, were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgement that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration: when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgement of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and unctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with

such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two *sātires* of *Thirty-eight*: of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Every line," said he, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with every line written ~~twice~~ over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them: what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgement of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastick, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the sithe and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgement is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this

poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more ; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope ; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestick necessity ; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just : and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me ; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

LESSON VII.

Winter.

O WINTER ! ruler of the inverted year !
 Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slipp'ry way,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art !

Spring.—MILTON.

Now gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when, to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambic, off' at sea northeast winds blow
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the blest; with such delay
 Well-pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.

Mercy.—SHAKESPEARE.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle dew from Heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice.—We do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

The deserted mansion.

Forsaken stood the hall,
 Worms ate* the floors, the tap'stry fled the wall;
 No fire the kitchen's cheerless grate display'd;
 No cheerful light the long-clos'd sash convey'd!
 The crawling worm that turns a summer fly,
 Here spun his shroud, and laid him up to die
 His winter death:—upon the bed of state,
 The bat shrill shrieking, woo'd his flickering mate:
 To empty rooms the curious came no more,
 From empty cellar, turn'd the angry poor.
 To one small room the steward found his way,
 Where tenants followed to complain and pay.

The man of a cultivated imagination.—CAMPBELL.

His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
 Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,

* Pronounced *et*.

Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
 Mingling with darker tints the living green ;
 No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
 Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around !
 'The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
 And down the vale his sober step returns ;
 But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
 The still sweet fall of Musick far away ;
 And oft he lingers from his home awhile
 'To watch the dying notes !—and start, and smile !

Evening sounds.—GOLDSMITH.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
 There as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below :
 'The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
 These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

Moonlight.—POPE.

When the fair moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

Morning Sounds.—BEATTIE.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side ;

The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings ;
 'Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

The beauties of Nature.—BEATTIE.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms that nature to her votary yields !
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven ?

LESSON VIII.

The advantages of a taste for natural history.—WOOD.

WHEN a young person who has enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education, instead of leading a life of indolence, dissipation, or vice, employs himself in studying the marks of infinite wisdom and goodness which are manifested in every part of the visible creation, we know not which we ought most to congratulate, the publick, or the individual. Self-taught naturalists are often found to make no little progress

in knowledge, and to strike out many new lights, by the mere aid of original genius and patient application. But the well educated youth engages in these pursuits with peculiar advantage. He takes more comprehensive views, is able to consult a greater variety of authors, and, from the early habits of his mind, is more accurate and more methodical in all his investigations. The world at large, therefore, cannot fail to be benefited by his labours; and the value of the enjoyments, which at the same time he secures to himself, is beyond all calculation. No tedious, vacant hour ever makes him wish for he knows not what—complain, he knows not why. Never does a restless impatience at having nothing to do, compel him to seek a momentary stimulus to his dormant powers in the tumultuous pleasures of the intoxicating cup, or the agitating suspense of the game of chance. Whether he be at home or abroad, in every different clime, and in every season of the year, universal nature is before him, and invites him to a banquet richly replenished with whatever can invigorate his understanding, or gratify his mental taste. The earth on which he treads, the air in which he moves, the sea along the margin of which he walks, all teem with objects that keep his attention perpetually awake, excite him to healthful activity, and charm him with an ever varying succession of the beautiful, the wonderful, the useful, and the new. And if, in conformity with the direct tendency of such occupations, he rises from the creature to the Creator, and considers the duties which naturally result from his own situation and rank in this vast system of being, he will derive as much satisfaction from the anticipation of the future, as from the experience of the present, and the recollection of the past. The mind of the pious naturalist is always cheerful, always animated with the noblest and most benign feelings. Every repeated observation, every unexpected discovery, directs his thoughts to the great Source of all order, and all good; and harmonizes all his faculties with the general voice of nature.

“ ———The men

Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls.”

LESSON IX.

The pleasures of a cultivated Imagination.—DUGALD STEWART.

THE attention of young persons may be seduced, by well-selected works of fiction, from the present objects of the senses, and the thoughts accustomed to dwell on the past, the distant or the future; and in the same proportion in which this effect is, in any instance, accomplished, “the man,” as Dr. Johnson has justly remarked, “is exalted in the scale of intellectual being.” The tale of fiction will probably be soon laid aside with the toys and rattles of infancy; but the habits which it has contributed to fix, and the powers which it has brought into a state of activity, will remain with the possessor, permanent and inestimable treasures, to his latest hour.

Nor is it to the young alone that these observations are to be exclusively applied. Instances have frequently occurred of individuals, in whom the power of imagination has, at a more advanced period of life, been found susceptible of culture to a wonderful degree. In such men, what an accession is gained to their most refined pleasures! What enchantments are added to their most ordinary perceptions! The mind awakening, as if from a trance, to a new existence, becomes habituated to the most interesting aspects of life and of nature; the intellectual eye “is purged of its film;” and things the most familiar and unnoticed, disclose charms invisible before.

The same objects and events which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul: the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the *pleasures of vicissitude*, conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man, who, after having lost in vulgar occupations and vulgar amusements, his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth:

“The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.”

The effects of foreign travel have been often remarked, not only in rousing the curiosity of the traveller while abroad, but in correcting, after his return, whatever habits of inattention he had contracted to the institutions and manners among which he was bred. It is in a way somewhat analogous, that our occasional excursions into the regions of imagination increase our interest in those familiar realities from which the stores of imagination are borrowed. We learn insensibly to view nature with the eye of the painter and the poet, and to seize those "happy attitudes of things" which their taste at first selected; while, enriched with the accumulations of ages, and with "the spoils of time," we unconsciously combine with what we see, all that we know and all that we feel; and sublime the organical beauties of the material world, by blending with them the inexhaustible delights of the heart and of the fancy.

LESSON X.

The happiness of animals a proof of the divine benevolence.
PALEY.

THE air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side we turn our eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon our view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born flies, are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties.

A bee amongst the flowers in spring, is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment: so busy and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them.

But the atmosphere is not the only scene of their enjoy-

ment. Plants are covered with little insects, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification. What else should fix them so closely to the operation, and so long? Other species are *running about*, with an alacrity in their motions, which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half-covered with these brisk and sprightly natures.

If we look to what the *waters* produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy, that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the seaside, in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather, very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water.

When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be so much space, filled with young *shrimps*, in the act of bounding into the air, from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this: if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what there is no reason to doubt, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The *young* of all animals appear to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing any thing of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or, perhaps, of a single word, which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather, to run, (which precedes walking,) although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having

any thing to say ; and with walking, without knowing whither to go. And, previously to both these, it is reasonable to believe, that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation has provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat, no less than with the playful kitten : in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance, or the animation of the chace. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds, what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, "perception of ease." Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy, but when enjoying pleasure ; the old are happy, when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest ; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure.

This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort ; especially when riding at its anchor, after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau, to be the interval of repose and enjoyment, between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction, with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe, that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life, under all, or most, of its various forms.

There is a great deal of truth in the following representation given by Dr. Percival, a very pious writer, as well as excellent man : "To the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments, of obedient appetites, of well regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed, as it were, on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past, with the complacency of an approving conscience ; and looks forward,

with humble confidence in the mercy of God ; and with devout aspirations towards his eternal and ever-increasing favour."

LESSON XI.

Real virtue can love nothing but virtue.—FENELON.

DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS, AND DAMON.

Dionysius.

GOOD God ! what do I see ? 'Tis Pythias arriving here ! —'Tis Pythias himself !—I never could have thought it. Hah ! it is he : he is come to die, and to redeem his friend.

Pythias. Yes ; it is I. I went away for no other end but to pay to the gods what I had vowed them ; to settle my family affairs according to the rules of justice ; and to bid adieu to my children, in order to die the more peaceably.

Diony. But what makes you come back ? How now ! hast thou no fear of death ? Comest thou to seek it like a desperado, a madman ?

Pyth. I come to suffer it, though I have not deserved it ; I cannot find it in my heart to let my friend die in my stead.

Diony. Thou lovest him better than thyself then ?

Pyth. No : I love him as myself ; but I think I ought to die rather than he, since it was I thou didst intend to put to death : it were not just that he should suffer, to deliver me from death, the punishment thou preparedst for me.

Diony. But thou pretendest to deserve death no more than he.

Pyth. It is true, we are both equally innocent ; and it is no juster to put me to death than him.

Diony. Why sayest thou, then, that it were not just he should die instead of thee ?

Pyth. It is equally unjust in thee to put Damon or me to death : but Pythias were unjust did he let Damon suffer a death that the tyrant prepared only for Pythias.

Diony. Thou comest then, on the day appointed, with no other view than to save the life of a friend, by losing thy own.

Pyth. I come, with regard to thee, to suffer an act of in-

justice, which is common with tyrants ; and, with respect to Damon, to do a piece of justice, by rescuing him from a danger which he incurred out of generosity to me.

Diony. And, thou, Damon, wert thou not really afraid that Pythias would never come back, and that thou shouldst have to pay for him ?

Damon. I knew but too well that Pythias would return punctually, and that he would be much more afraid to break his word, than to lose his life : would to the gods that his relations and friends had forcibly detained him ; so he would now be the comfort of good men, and I should have that of dying for him.

Diony. What ! does life displease thee ?

Damon. Yes ; it displeases me when I see a tyrant.

Diony. Well, thou shalt see him no more : I'll have thee put to death immediately.

Pyth. Pardon the transports of a man who regrets his dying friend. But remember, that it was I only thou devotedst to death : I come to suffer it, in order to redeem my friend : refuse me not this consolation in my last hour.

Diony. I cannot bear two men, who despise their lives and my power.

Damon. Then thou canst not bear virtue.

Diony. No : I cannot bear that proud, disdainful virtue, which contemns life, which dreads no punishment, which is not sensible to riches and pleasures.

Damon. However, thou seest that it is not insensible to honour, justice, and friendship.

Diony. Guards ! take Pythias away to execution : we shall see whether Damon will continue to despise my power.

Damon. Pythias, by returning to submit himself to thy pleasure, has merited his life at thy hand ; and I, by giving myself up to thy indignation for him, have enraged thee : be content, and put me to death.

Pyth. No, no, Dionysius ; remember that it was I alone who displeased thee : Damon could not——

Diony. Alas ! what do I see ? Where am I ? How unhappy am I, and how worthy to be so ! No, I have hitherto known nothing : I have spent my days in darkness and error : all my power avails me nothing towards making myself beloved : I cannot boast of having acquired, in above thirty years of tyranny, one single friend upon earth : these two men, in a private condition, love each other tenderly,

unreservedly confide in each other, are happy in a mutual love, and content to die for each other.

Pyth. How should you have friends, you who never loved any body? Had you loved men, they would love you: you have feared them: they fear you, they detest you.

Diony. Damon! Pythias! vouchsafe to admit me between you, to be the third friend of so perfect a society: I give you your lives, and will load you with riches.

Damon. We have no occasion for thy riches; and as for thy friendship, we cannot accept of it until thou be good and just; till that time thou canst have only trembling slaves, and base flatterers. Thou must be virtuous, beneficent, sociable, susceptible of friendship, ready to hear the truth, and must know how to live in a sort of equality with real friends, in order to be beloved by free men.

LESSON XII.

The Rainbow.—BALDWIN'S LOND. MAZAZINE.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze,
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud;—
'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the Moon, that rolls nightly through star-light and blue.

Like a spirit, it came in the van of a storm!
And the eye and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form.
For it look'd not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood ;
 And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
 As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence ; bent in His hand,
 Whose grasp at Creation the universe spann'd ;
 'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime ;
 His vow from the flood to the exit of Time !

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
 When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds.
 The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
 And thander his voice to a guilt-stricken world ;—

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
 And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew the
 plain,
 And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain :

Not such was the Rainbow, that beautiful one !
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the Sun ;
 A pavilion it seem'd which the Deity graced,
 And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
 Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb ;
 Then left the dark scene ; whence it slowly retired,
 As Love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song ;
 To all who beheld it these verses belong ;
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !
 Each full heart expanded,—grew warm, and adored !

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
 That bow, from my sight, passed for ever away :
 Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
 That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
 With the strong and unperishing colours of mind :
 A part of my being beyond my control,
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

LESSON XIII.

Eternity of God.—GREENWOOD.

WE receive such repeated intimations of decay in the world through which we are passing; decline and change and loss, follow decline and change and loss in such rapid succession, that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolation going on busily around us. "The mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones, the things which grow out of the dust of the earth are washed away, and the hope of man is destroyed." Conscious of our own instability, we look about for something to rest on, but we look in vain. The heavens and the earth had a beginning, and they will have an end. The face of the world is changing, daily and hourly. All animated things grow old and die. The rocks crumble, the trees fall, the leaves fade, and the grass withers. The clouds are flying, and the waters are flowing away from us.

The firmest works of man, too, are gradually giving way, the ivy clings to the mouldering tower, the brier hangs out from the shattered window, and the wallflower springs from the disjointed stones. The founders of these perishable works have shared the same fate long ago. If we look back to the days of our ancestors, to the men as well as the dwellings of former times, they become immediately associated in our imaginations, and only make the feeling of instability stronger and deeper than before. In the spacious domes, which once held our fathers, the serpent hisses, and the wild bird screams. The halls, which once were crowded with all that taste, and science, and labour could procure, which resounded with melody, and were lighted up with beauty, are buried by their own ruins, mocked by their own desolation. The voice of merriment, and of wailing, the steps of the busy and the idle have ceased in the deserted courts, and the weeds choke the entrances, and the long grass waves upon the hearth-stone. The works of art, the forming hand, the tombs, the very ashes they contained, are all gone.

While we thus walk among the ruins of the past, a sad feeling of insecurity comes over us; and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to

our friends, we can hardly speak to them before they bid us farewell. We see them for a few moments, and in a few moments more their countenances are changed, and they are sent away. It matters not how near and dear they are. The ties which bind us together are never too close to be parted, or too strong to be broken. Tears were never known to move the king of terrors, neither is it enough that we are compelled to surrender one, or two, or many of those we love; for though the price is so great, we buy no favour with it, and our hold on those who remain is as slight as ever. The shadows all elude our grasp, and follow one another down the valley. We gain no confidence, then, no feeling of security, by turning to our contemporaries and kindred. We know that the forms, which are breathing around us, are as shortlived and fleeting as those were, which have been dust for centuries. The sensation of vanity, uncertainty, and ruin, is equally strong, whether we muse on what has long been prostrate, or gaze on what is falling now, or will fall so soon.

If every thing which comes under our notice has endured for so short a time, and in so short a time will be no more, we cannot say that we receive the least assurance by thinking on ourselves. When they, on whose fate we have been meditating, were engaged in the active scenes of life, as full of health and hope as we are now, what were we? We had no knowledge, no consciousness, no being; there was not a single thing in the wide universe which knew us. And after the same interval shall have elapsed, which now divides their days from ours, what shall we be? What they are now. When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived, and a few more changes mocked us, "we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb: the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us, and every man shall follow us, as there are innumerable before us." All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will be laid low, and every eye will be closed, and every voice hushed, and every heart will have ceased its beating. And when we have gone ourselves, even our memories will not stay behind us long. A few of the near and dear will bear our likeness in their bosoms, till they too have arrived at the end of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of unconsciousness. In the thoughts of others we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, has ceased to vibrate in their ears. A stone, per-

haps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, when we came here, and when we went away; but even that will soon refuse to bear us record: "time's effacing fingers" will be busy on its surface, and at length will wear it smooth; and then the stone itself will sink, or crumble, and the wanderer of another age will pass, without a single call upon his sympathy, over our unheeded graves.

LESSON XIV.

Same subject concluded.

Is there nothing to counteract the sinking of the heart, which must be the effect of observations like these? Is there no substance among all these shadows? If all who live and breathe around us are the creatures of yesterday, and destined to see destruction to-morrow; if the same condition is our own, and the same sentence is written against us; if the solid forms of inanimate nature and laborious art are fading and falling; if we look in vain for durability to the very roots of the mountains, where shall we turn, and on what can we rely? Can no support be offered; can no source of confidence be named? Oh yes! there is one Being to whom we can look with a perfect conviction of finding that security, which nothing about us can give, and which nothing about us can take away. To this Being we can lift up our souls, and on him we may rest them, exclaiming in the language of the monarch of Israel, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure, yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment, as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

The eternity of God is a subject of contemplation, which, at the same time that it overwhelms us with astonishment and awe, affords us an immovable ground of confidence in the midst of a changing world. All things which surround us, all these dying, mouldering inhabitants of time, must have had a Creator, for the plain reason, that they could not have created themselves. And their Creator must have existed

from all eternity, for the plain reason, that the first cause must necessarily be uncaused. As we cannot suppose a beginning without a cause of existence, that which is the cause of all existence must be self-existent, and could have had no beginning. And, as it had no beginning, so also, as it is beyond the reach of all influence and control, as it is independent and almighty, it will have no end.

Here then is a support, which will never fail; here is a foundation which can never be moved—the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, “the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.” What a sublime conception! *He inhabits eternity*, occupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills throughout this boundless dwelling. Ages on ages before even the dust of which we are formed was created, HE had existed in infinite majesty, and ages on ages will roll away after we have all returned to the dust whence we were taken, and still HE will exist in infinite majesty, living in the eternity of his own nature, reigning in the plenitude of his own omnipotence, for ever sending forth the word, which forms, supports, and governs all things, commanding new created light to shine on new created worlds, and raising up new created generations to inhabit them.

The contemplation of this glorious attribute of God, is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time, and the wrecks of mortality, where every thing about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain for ever. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support, because they were so feeble themselves; we can look to the throne of God: change and decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages has never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

And blessed be God, who has assured us by a revelation from himself, that the throne of eternity is likewise a throne of mercy and love; who has permitted and invited us to repose ourselves and our hopes on that which alone is everlasting and unchangeable. We shall shortly finish our allotted time on earth, even if it should be unusually prolonged. We shall leave behind us all which is now familiar and beloved, and a world of other days and other men will be entirely ignorant that once we lived. But the same unalterable Being will still preside over the universe, through all its changes, and from his remembrance we shall never be blotted. We can never be where he is not, nor where he sees and loves and upholds us not. He is our Father and our God for ever. He takes us from earth that he may lead us to Heaven, that he may refine our nature from all its principles of corruption, share with us his own immortality, admit us to his everlasting habitation, and crown us with his eternity.

LESSON XV.

The Son.—IDLE MAN.

THERE is no virtue without a characteristick beauty to make it particularly loved of the good, and to make the bad ashamed of their neglect of it. To do what is right argues superiour taste as well as morals; and those whose practice is evil, feel an inferiority of intellectual power and enjoyment, even where they take no concern for a principle. Doing well has something more in it than the fulfilling of a duty. It is a cause of a just sense of elevation of character; it clears and strengthens the spirits; it gives higher reaches of thought; it widens our benevolence, and makes the current of our peculiar affections swift and deep.

A sacrifice was never yet offered to a principle, that was not made up to us by self approval, and the consideration of what our degradation would have been had we done otherwise. Certainly, it is a pleasant and a wise thing, then, to follow what is right, when we only go along with our affections, and take the easy way of the virtuous propensities of our nature.

The world is sensible of these truths, let it act as it may. It is not because of his integrity alone that it relies on an

honest man ; but it has more confidence in his judgement and wise conduct in the long run, than in the schemes of those of greater intellect, who go at large without any landmarks of principle. So that virtue seems of a double nature, and to stand oftentimes in the place of what we call talent.

This reasoning, or rather feeling, of the world is all right ; for the honest man only falls in with the order of nature, which is grounded in truth, and will endure along with it. And such a hold has a good man upon the world, that even where he has not been called upon to make a sacrifice to a principle, or to take a stand against wrong, but has merely avoided running into vices, and suffered himself to be borne along by the delightful and virtuous affections of private life, and has found his pleasure in practising the duties of home, he is looked up to with respect, as well as regarded with kindness. We attach certain notions of refinement to his thoughts, and of depth to his sentiment. The impression he makes on us is beautiful and peculiar. Other men in his presence, though we have nothing to object to them, and though they may be very well in their way, affect us as lacking something—we can hardly tell what—a certain sensitive delicacy of character and manner, without which they strike us as more or less vulgar.

No creature in the world has this character so finely marked in him, as a respectful and affectionate son—particularly in his relation to his mother. Every little attention he pays her, is not only an expression of filial attachment, and a grateful acknowledgment of past cares, but is an evidence of a tenderness of disposition which moves us the more, because not looked on so much as an essential property in a man's character, as an added grace which is bestowed only upon a few. His regards do not appear like mere habits of duty, nor does his watchfulness of his mother's wishes seem like taught submission to her will. They are the native courtesies of a feeling mind, showing themselves amidst stern virtues and masculine energies, like gleams of light on points of rocks. They are delightful as evidences of power yielding voluntary homage to the delicacy of the soul. The armed knee is bent, and the heart of the mailed man laid bare.

Feelings that would seem to be at variance with each other, meet together and harmonize in the breast of a son. Every call of the mother which he answers to, and every act of submission which he performs, are not only so many

acknowledgments of her authority, but, also, so many instances of kindness and marks of protecting regard. The servant and defender, the child and guardian, are all mingled in him. The world looks on him in this way; and to draw upon a man the confidence, the respect, and the love of the world, it is enough to say of him, he is an excellent Son.

In looking over some papers of a deceased acquaintance, I found the following fragment. He had frequently spoken to me of the person whom it concerned, and who had been his schoolfellow. I remember well his one day telling me, that thinking the character of his friend, and some circumstances in his life, were of such a kind that an interesting, moral little story might be made from them, he had undertaken it; but considering as he was going on, that bringing the private character and feelings of a deceased friend before the world, was something like sacrilege, though done under a fictitious name, he had stopped soon after beginning the tale—that he had laid it away amongst his papers, and had never looked at it again.

As the person it concerns has been a long time dead, and no relation survives, I do not feel that there can be any impropriety in my now making it publick. I give it as it was written, though evidently not revised by my friend. Though hastily put together, and beginning as abruptly as it ends, and with little of story, and no novelty in the circumstances, yet there is a mournful tenderness in it, which, I trust, will interest others in some portion as it did me.

“The sun not set yet, Thomas?” “Not quite, Sir. It blazes through the trees on the hill yonder as if their branches were all on fire.”

Arthur raised himself heavily forward, and with his hat still over his brow, turned his glazed and dim eyes towards the setting sun. It was only the night before that he had heard his mother was ill, and could survive but a day or two. He had lived nearly apart from society, and, being a lad of a thoughtful, dreamy mind, had made a world to himself. His thoughts and feelings were so much in it, that except in relation to his own home, there were the same vague and strange notions in his brain concerning the state of things surrounding him, as we have of a foreign land.

The main feeling which this self-made world excited in

him was love, and like most of his age, he had formed to himself a being suited to his own fancies. This was the romance of life, and though men, with minds like his, make imagination to stand oftentimes in the place of real existence, and to take to itself as deep feeling and concern, yet in domestick relations, which are so near, and usual, and private, they feel longer and more deeply than those who look upon their homes as only a better part of the world which they belong to. Indeed, in affectionate and good men of a visionary cast, it is in some sort only realizing their hopes and desires, to turn them homeward. Arthur felt that it was so, and he loved his household the more that they gave him an earnest of one day realizing all his hopes and attachments.

Arthur's mother was peculiarly dear to him, in having a character so much like his own. For though the cares and attachments of life had long ago taken place of a fanciful existence in her, yet her natural turn of mind was strong enough to give to these something of the romance of her disposition. This had led to a more than usual openness and intimacy between Arthur and his mother, and now brought to his remembrance the hours they had sat together by the fire light, when he listened to her mild and melancholy voice, as she spoke of what she had undergone at the loss of her parents and husband. Her gentle rebuke of his faults, her affectionate look of approval when he had done well, her care that he should be a just man, and her motherly anxiety lest the world should go hard with him, all crowded into his mind, and he thought that every worldly attachment was hereafter to be a vain thing.

He had passed the night between violent, tumultuous grief, and numb insensibility. Stepping into the carriage, with a slow, weak motion, like one who was quitting his sick chamber for the first time, he began his journey homeward. As he lifted his eyes upward, the few stars that were here and there over the sky, seemed to look down in pity, and shed a religious and healing light upon him. But they soon went out, one after another, and as the last faded from his imploring sight, it was as if every thing good and holy had forsaken him. The faint tint in the east soon became a ruddy glow, and the sun, shooting upward, burst over every living thing in full glory. The sight went to Arthur's sick heart, as if it were in mockery of his misery.

Leaning back in his carriage, with his hand over his eyes,

he was carried along, hardly sensible it was day. The old servant, Thomas, who was sitting by his side; went on talking in a low monotonous tone; but Arthur only heard something sounding in his ears, scarcely heeding that it was a human voice. He had a sense of wearisomeness from the motion of the carriage, but in all things else the day passed as a melancholy dream.

Almost the first words Arthur spoke were those I have mentioned. As he looked out upon the setting sun, he shuddered through his whole frame, and then became sick and pale. He thought he knew the hill near him; and as they wound round it, some peculiar old trees appeared, and he was in a few minutes in the midst of the scenery near his home. The river before him reflecting the rich evening sky, looked as if poured out from a molten mine. The birds, gathering in, were shooting across each other, bursting into short, gay notes, or singing their evening songs in the trees. It was a bitter thing to find all so bright and cheerful, and so near his own home too. His horses' hoofs struck upon the old wooden bridge. The sound went to his heart. It was here his mother took her last leave of him, and blessed him.

As he passed through the village, there was a feeling of strangeness, that every thing should be just as it was when he left it. There was an undefined thought floating in his mind, that his mother's state should produce a visible change in all that he had been familiar with. But the boys were at their noisy games in the street, the labourers returning, talking together, from their work, and the old men sitting quietly at their doors. He concealed himself as well as he could, and bade Thomas hasten on.

As they drew near the house, the night was shutting in about it, and there was a melancholy gusty sound in the trees. Arthur felt as if approaching his mother's tomb. He entered the parlour. All was as gloomy and still as a deserted house. Presently he heard a slow, cautious step, over head. It was in his mother's chamber. His sister had seen him from the window. She hurried down, and threw her arms about her brother's neck, without uttering a word. As soon as he could speak, he asked, "Is she alive?"—he could not say, my mother. "She is sleeping," answered his sister, "and must not know to-night that you are here; she is too weak to bear it now." "I will go look at her then, while she sleeps," said he, drawing his handker-

chief from his face. His sister's sympathy had made him shed the first tears which had fallen from him that day, and he was more composed.

He entered the chamber with a deep and still awe upon him; and as he drew near his mother's bed-side, and looked on her pale, placid, and motionless face, he scarcely dared breathe, lest he should disturb the secret communion that the soul was holding with the world into which it was about to enter. The loss that he was about suffering, and his heavy grief, were all forgotten in the feeling of a holy inspiration, and he was, as it were, in the midst of invisible spirits, ascending and descending. His mother's lips moved slightly as she uttered an indistinct sound. He drew back, and his sister went near to her, and she spoke. It was the same gentle voice which he had known and felt from his childhood. The exaltation of his soul left him—he sunk down—and his misery went over him like a flood.



LESSON XVI.

The same concluded.

THE next day, as soon as his mother became composed enough to see him, Arthur went into her chamber. She stretched out her feeble hand, and turned towards him, with a look that blessed him. It was the short struggle of a meek spirit. She covered her eyes with her hand, and the tears trickled down between her pale, thin fingers. As soon as she became tranquil, she spoke of the gratitude she felt at being spared to see him before she died.

“My dear mother,” said Arthur—but he could not go on. His voice was choked, his eyes filled with tears, and the agony of his soul was visible in his face. “Do not be so afflicted, Arthur, at the loss of me. We are not to part for ever. Remember, too, how comfortable and happy you have made my days. Heaven, I know, will bless so good a son as you have been to me. You will have that consolation, my son, which visits but a few—you will be able to look back upon your past conduct to me, not without pain only, but with a holy joy. And think hereafter of the peace of mind you give me, now that I am about to die, in the thought that I am leaving your sister to your love and care. So long as you live, she will find you a father and brother

to her." She paused for a moment. "I have always felt that I could meet death with composure; but I did not know," she said, with a tremulous voice, her lips quivering—"I did not know how hard a thing it would be to leave my children, till now that the hour has come."

After a little while, she spoke of his father, and said, she had lived with the belief that he was mindful of her, and with the conviction, which grew stronger as death approached, that she should meet him in another world. She said but little more, as she grew weaker and weaker every hour. Arthur sat by in silence, holding her hand. He saw that she was sensible he was watching her countenance, for every now and then she opened her dull eye and looked towards him, and endeavoured to smile.

The day wore slowly away. The sun went down, and the melancholy and still twilight came on. Nothing was heard but the ticking of the watch, telling him with a resistless power, that the hour was drawing nigh. He gasped, as if under some invisible, gigantic grasp, which it was not for human strength to struggle against.

It was now quite dark, and by the pale light of the night-lamp in the chimney corner, the furniture in the room threw huge and uncouth figures over the walls. All was unsubstantial and visionary, and the shadowy ministers of death appeared gathering round, waiting the duty of the hour appointed them. Arthur shuddered for a moment with superstitious awe; but the solemn elevation which a good man feels at the sight of the dying, took possession of him, and he became calm again.

The approach of death has so much which is exalting, that our grief is, for the time, forgotten. And could one who had seen Arthur a few hours before, now have looked upon the grave and grand repose of his countenance, he would hardly have known him.

The livid hue of death was fast spreading over his mother's face. He stooped forward to catch the sound of her breathing. It grew quick and faint.—"My mother."—She opened her eyes, for the last time, upon him—a faint flush passed over her cheek—there was the serenity of an angel in her look—her hand just pressed his. It was all over.

His spirit had endured to its utmost. It sunk down from its unearthly height; and with his face upon his mother's pillow, he wept like a child. He arose with a violent effort, and stepping into the adjoining chamber, spoke to his aunt.

"It is past," said he. "Is my sister asleep?—Well, then, let her have rest; she needs it." He then went to his own chamber and shut himself in.

It is a merciful thing that the intense suffering of sensitive minds makes to itself a relief. Violent grief brings on a torpor, and an indistinctness, and dimness, as from long watching. It is not till the violence of affliction has subsided, and gentle and soothing thoughts can find room to mix with our sorrow, and holy consolations can minister to us, that we are able to know fully our loss, and see clearly what has been torn away from our affections. It was so with Arthur. Unconnected and strange thoughts, with melancholy but half-formed images, were floating in his mind, and now and then a gleam of light would pass through it, as if he had been in a troubled trance, and all was right again. His worn and tired feelings at last found rest in sleep.

It is an impression which we cannot rid ourselves of if we would, when sitting by the body of a friend, that he has still a consciousness of our presence—that though the common concerns of the world have no more to do with him, he has still a love and care of us. The face which we had so long been familiar with, when it was all life and motion, seems only in a state of rest. We know not how to make it real to ourselves, that the body before us is not a living thing.

Arthur was in such a state of mind, as he sat alone in the room by his mother, the day after her death. It was as if her soul had been in paradise, and was now holding communion with pure spirits there, though it still abode in the body that lay before him. He felt as if sanctified by the presence of one to whom the other world had been laid open—as if under the love and protection of one made holy. The religious reflections that his mother had early taught him, gave him strength; a spiritual composure stole over him, and he found himself prepared to perform the last offices to the dead.

Is it not enough to see our friends die, and part with them for the remainder of our days—to reflect that we shall hear their voices no more, and that they will never look on us again—to see that turning to corruption which was but just now alive, and eloquent, and beautiful with all the sensations of the soul? Are our sorrows so sacred and peculiar as to make the world as vanity to us, and the men of it as strangers, and shall we not be left to our afflictions for a few

hours? Must we be brought out at such a time to the concerned, or careless gaze of those we know not, or be made to bear the formal proffers of consolations from acquaintances who will go away and forget it all? Shall we not be suffered a little while, a holy and healing communion with the dead? Must the kindred stillness and gloom of our dwelling be changed for the solemn show of the pall, the talk of the passers-by, and the broad and piercing light of the common sun? Must the ceremonies of the world wait on us even to the open graves of our friends?

When the hour came, Arthur rose with a firm step and fixed eye, though his whole face was tremulous with the struggle within him. He went to his sister, and took her arm within his. The bell struck. Its heavy, undulating sound rolled forward like a sea. He felt a violent beating through his whole frame, which shook him that he reeled. It was but a momentary weakness. He moved on, passing those who surrounded him, as if they had been shadows. While he followed the slow hearse, there was a vacancy in his eye as it rested on the coffin, which showed him hardly conscious of what was before him. His spirit was with his mother's. As he reached the grave, he shrunk back and turned deadly pale; but sinking his head upon his breast, and drawing his hat over his face, he stood motionless as a statue till the service was over.

He had gone through all that the forms of society required of him. For as painful as the effort was, and as little suited as such forms were to his own thoughts upon the subject, yet he could not do any thing that might appear to the world like a want of reverence and respect for his mother. The scene was ended, and the inward struggle over; and now that he was left to himself, the greatness of his loss came up full and distinctly before him.

It was a dreary and chilly evening when he returned home. When he entered the house from which his mother had gone for ever, a sense of dreary emptiness oppressed him, as if his very abode had been deserted by every living thing. He walked into his mother's chamber. The naked bedstead, and the chair in which she used to sit, were all that was left in the room. As he threw himself back into the chair, he groaned in the bitterness of his spirit. A feeling of forlornness came over him which was not to be relieved by tears. She, whom he had watched over in her dying hour, and whom he had talked to as she lay before him in

death, as if she could hear and answer him, had gone from him. Nothing was left for the senses to fasten fondly on, and time had not yet taught him to think of her only as a spirit. But time and holy endeavours brought this consolation ; and the little of life that a wasting disease left him, was past by him, when alone, in thoughtful tranquillity ; and amongst his friends he appeared with that gentle cheerfulness which, before his mother's death, had been a part of his nature.

LESSON XVII.

Lines to a child on his voyage to France, to meet his Father.—
CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

Lo, how impatiently upon the tide
 The proud ship tosses, eager to be free.
 Her flag streams wildly, and her fluttering sails
 Pant to be on their flight. A few hours more,
 And she will move in stately grandeur on,
 Cleaving her path majestick through the flood,
 As if she were a goddess of the deep.
 O, 'tis a thought sublime, that man can force
 A path upon the waste, can find a way
 Where all is trackless, and compel the winds,
 Those freest agents of Almighty power,
 To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
 To distant climes. Thou, William, still art young,
 And dost not see the wonder. Thou wilt tread
 The buoyant deck, and look upon the flood,
 Unconscious of the high sublimity,
 As 'twere a common thing—thy soul unawed,
 Thy childish sports unchecked : while thinking *man*
 Shrinks back into himself—himself so mean
 'Mid things so vast,—and, rapt in deepest awe,
 Bends to the might of that mysterious Power,
 Who holds the waters in his hand, and guides
 The ungovernable winds.—'Tis not in man
 To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
 Which, from horizon to horizon spread,
 Meets the o'er-arching heavens on every side,
 Blending their hues in distant faintness there.

'Tis wonderful!—and yet, my boy, just such
 Is life. Life is a sea as fathomless,
 As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
 As calm and beautiful. The light of Heaven
 Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
 Of glory and of joy. Anon, dark clouds
 Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
 And hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.

And thou must sail upon this sea, a long,
 Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
 The foolish *must*. O! then, be early wise!
 Learn from the mariner his skilful art
 To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
 And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path
 'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port
 Unerringly secure. O! learn from him
 To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
 To guard thyself from Passion's sudden blasts,
 And make Religion thy magnetick guide,
 Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
 Points to the light that changes not, in Heaven.

Farewell—Heaven smile propitious on thy course,
 And favouring breezes waft thee to the arms
 Of love paternal.—Yes, and more than this—
 Blest be thy passage o'er the changing sea
 Of life; the clouds be few that intercept
 The light of joy; the waves roll gently on
 Beneath thy bark of hope, and bear thee safe
 To meet in peace thine other Father,—God.

LESSON XVIII.

Inscription for the entrance into a wood.—BRYANT.

STRANGER, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs
 Experience more than reason, that the world
 Is full of guilt and misery; and hast known
 Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
 To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood
 And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
 Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze

That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
 To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
 Of all that pain'd thee in the haunts of men,
 And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
 Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
 But not in vengeance. Misery is wed
 To guilt. And hence these shades are still the abodes
 Of undissembled gladness; the thick roof
 Of green and stirring branches, is alive
 And musical with birds, that sing and sport
 In wantonness of spirit; while, below,
 The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
 Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the glade
 Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
 That waked them into life. Even the green trees
 Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
 Looks in, and sheds a blessing on the scene.
 Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
 Existence, than the winged plunderer
 That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
 The old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees,
 That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
 Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots
 With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
 Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
 Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
 Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
 In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
 Lest from her midway perch, thou scare the wren
 That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
 That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
 Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
 Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

LESSON XIX.

Feelings excited by a long voyage—visit to a new continent.—
 W. IRVING.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has
 to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment

you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-deck, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own, or to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely

wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over;—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest;—their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more.”

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

“As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for me to see far a-head, even in the day-time; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of “a sail a-head!” but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all

asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just a-mid-ships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears, swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never heard nor saw any thing of them more!"

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the new world, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious ears have pondered.

From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristick of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable, that the ship was enabled to come at once at the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro,

a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other.

But I particularly noted one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanour.—She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor, who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his mess-mates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade; but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died.

He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features, it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

LESSON XX.

Brief description of Pompey's Pillar—Address and fearlessness of British Sailors.—IRWIN.

IN VISITING Alexandria, what most engages the attention of travellers, is the pillar of Pompey, as it is commonly called, situated at a quarter of a league from the southern gate. It is composed of red granite. The capital is Corinthian, with palm leaves, and not indented. It is nine feet

high. The shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece of 90 feet long, and nine in diameter. The base is a square of about 15 feet on each side. This block of marble, 60 feet in circumference, rests on two layers of stone bound together with lead; which, however, has not prevented the Arabs from forcing out several of them, to search for an imaginary treasure.

The whole column is 114 feet high. It is perfectly well polished, and only a little shivered on the eastern side. Nothing can equal the majesty of this monument: seen from a distance, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels. Approaching it nearer, it produces an astonishment mixed with awe. One can never be tired with admiring the beauty of the capital, the length of the shaft, or the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal. This last has been somewhat damaged by the instruments of travellers, who are curious to possess a relick of this antiquity; and one of the volutes of the column was immaturity brought down about twelve years ago, by a prank of some English captains, which is thus related by Mr. Irwin.

These jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing about the can on board one of the ships in the harbour, until a strange freak entered into one of their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted; and its apparent impossibility was but a spur for putting it into execution. The boat was ordered; and with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprising heroes pushed ashore to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's Pillar! At the spot they arrived; and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labour was vain; and they began to despair of success, when the genius who struck out the frolick happily suggested the means of performing it.

A man was despatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprised of what was going forward, and flocked in crowds to be witnesses of the address and boldness of the English. The governour of Alexandria was told that those seamen were about to pull down Pompey's Pillar. But whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warricur, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this under

taking. Had the Turkish empire risen in opposition, it would not at that moment have deterred them.

The kite was brought, and flown so directly over the Pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two-inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top; and in less than an hour a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch amid the shouts of the astonished multitude. To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain no less than eight persons very conveniently.

It is astonishing that no accident befell these madcaps, in a situation so elevated, that it would have turned a land man giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received, was the loss of the volute before mentioned, which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who had commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The discovery which they made amply compensated for this mischief; as, without their evidence, the world would not have known at this hour that there was originally a statue on this pillar, one foot and ankle of which are still remaining. The statue must have been of a gigantick size, to have appeared of a man's proportion at so great a height.

There are circumstances in this story which might give it an air of fiction, were it not authenticated beyond all doubt. Besides the testimonies of many eye-witnesses, the adventurers themselves have left us a token of the fact, by the initials of their names, which are very legible in black paint just beneath the capital.

LESSON XXI.

Interesting account of William Penn's treaty with the American Indians, previous to his settling in Pennsylvania.—
EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE country assigned to him by the royal charter was yet full of its original inhabitants; and the principles of Will-

iam Penn did not allow him to look upon that gift as a warrant to dispossess the first proprietors of the land. He had accordingly appointed his commissioners, the preceding year, to treat with them for the fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder; and the terms of the settlement being now nearly agreed upon, he proceeded, very soon after his arrival, to conclude the settlement, and solemnly to pledge his faith, and to ratify and confirm the treaty in sight both of the Indians and planters.

For this purpose a grand convocation of the tribes had been appointed near the spot where Philadelphia now stands; and it was agreed that he and the presiding Sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the spreading branches of a prodigious elm-tree, that grew on the bank of the river. On the day appointed, accordingly, an innumerable multitude of the Indians assembled in that neighbourhood; and were seen, with their dark visages and brandished arms, moving, in vast swarms, in the depth of the woods which then overshadowed the whole of that now cultivated region.

On the other hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends, advanced to meet them. He came of course unarmed—in his usual plain dress—without banners, or mace, or guard, or carriages; and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk network (which it seems is still preserved by Mr. Kett of Seething-hall, near Norwich,) and by having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. As soon as he drew near the spot where the Sachems were assembled, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn, that the nations were ready to hear him.

Having been thus called upon, he began: “The Great Spirit,” he said, “who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good.

They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love."

After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and the providing of sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians.

He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them Children or Brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the Sachem who wore the horn in the chapel, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he himself had remained with them to repeat it.

The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues—of which, however, no more seems to have been remembered, but that "they pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon should endure." And thus ended this famous treaty;—of which Voltaire has remarked, with so much truth and severity, "that it was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by an oath—and the only one that never was broken!"

Such, indeed, was the spirit in which the negotiation was entered into, and the corresponding settlement conducted, that, for the space of more than seventy years, and so long indeed as the Quakers retained the chief power in the government, the peace and amity which had been thus solemnly promised and concluded, never was violated; and a large and most striking, though solitary example afforded, of the facility with which they who are really sincere and friendly in their own views, may live in harmony even with those who are supposed to be peculiarly fierce and faithless.

We cannot bring ourselves to wish that there were nothing but Quakers in the world, because we fear it would be insupportably dull; but when we consider what tremendous evils daily arise from the petulance and profligacy, the ambition and irritability, of sovereigns and ministers, we cannot help thinking, it would be the most efficacious of all reforms to choose all those ruling personages out of that plain, pacifick, and sober-minded sect.

LESSON XXII.

Visit to the falls of Missouri—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

As Captains Lewis and Clark, approached the mountains, and had got considerably beyond the walls already described, at the meridian nearly of 110° , and the parallel of about $47^{\circ} 20'$, the same almost as that of the station of the Mandans, there was a bifurcation of the river, which threw them into considerable doubt as to which was the true Missouri, and the course which it behooved them to pursue. The northernmost possessed most strongly the characters of that river, and the men seemed all to entertain no doubt that it was the stream which they ought to follow.

The commanders of the expedition, however, did not decide, till after they had reconnoitred the country from the higher grounds, and then determined to follow the southern branch. On the eleventh of June, 1806, Capt. Lewis set out on foot with four men, in order to explore this river. They proceeded till the 13th, when, finding that the river bore considerably to the south, fearing that they were in an

error, they changed their course, and proceeded across the plain.

In this direction Captain Lewis had gone about two miles, when his ears were saluted with the agreeable sound of a fall of water; and as he advanced, a spray, which seemed driven by the high southwest wind, rose above the plain like a column of smoke, and vanished in an instant. Towards this point, he directed his steps; and the noise, increasing as he approached, soon became too tremendous to be mistaken for any thing but the great falls of the Missouri.

Having travelled seven miles after hearing the sound, he reached the falls about 12 o'clock. The hills, as he approached, were difficult of access, and about 200 feet high. Down these he hurried with impatience; and seating himself on some rocks under the centre of the falls, he enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous cataract, which, since the creation, had been lavishing its magnificence on the desert.

These falls extend, in all, over a distance of nearly twelve miles; and the medium breadth of the river varies from 300 to 600 yards. The principal fall is near the lower extremity, and is upwards of 80 feet perpendicular. The river is here nearly 300 yards wide, with perpendicular cliffs on each side, not less than 100 feet high. For 90 or 100 yards from the left cliff, the water falls in one smooth, even sheet, over a precipice at least 80 feet high. The remaining part of the river precipitates itself also with great rapidity; but being received, as it falls, by irregular and projecting rocks, forms a splendid prospect of white foam, 200 yards in length, and 80 in perpendicular elevation.

The spray is dissipated in a thousand shapes, flying up in high columns, and collecting into large masses, which the sun adorns with all the colouring of the rainbow. The fall, just described, must be one of the most magnificent and picturesque that is any where to be found. It has often been disputed, whether a cataract, in which the water falls in one sheet, or one where it is dashed irregularly among the rocks, is the finer object. It was reserved for the Missouri to resolve this doubt, by exhibiting both at once in the greatest magnificence.

There is another cascade, of about 47 feet, higher up the river, and the last of all is 26 feet; but the succession of inferiour falls, and of rapids of very great declivity, is astonishingly great; so that, from the first to the last, the

whole descent of the river is 384 feet.—“Just below the falls,” says Captain Lewis, “is a little island in the river, well covered with timber. Here, on a cotton-wood tree, an eagle had fixed its nest, and seemed the undisputed mistress of a spot, to invade which neither man nor beast could venture across the gulf that surrounds it; while it is farther secured by the mist that rises from the falls. This solitary bird has not escaped the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle’s nest a part of their description of the falls which they gave us, and which proves now to be correct in almost every particular, except that they did not do justice to their height.”

The river above the falls is quite unruffled and smooth, with numerous herds of buffaloes feeding on the plains around it. These plains open out on both sides, so that it is not improbable that they mark the bottom of an ancient lake, the outlet of which the river is still in the act of cutting down, and will require many ages to accomplish its work, or to reduce the whole to a moderate and uniform declivity. The eagle may then be dispossessed of his ancient and solitary domain.

LESSON XXIII.

On early rising.—HURDIS.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
 The breath of night’s destructive to the hue
 Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
 And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps,
 Soon as the sun departs: Why close the eyes
 Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon
 Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,
 Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed
 That nature boasts, to night’s unkindly damp.
 Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
 Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
 Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
 Give to repose the solemn hour she claims;
 And, from the forehead of the morning, steal
 The sweet occasion. O! there is a charm
 That morning has, that gives the brow of age
 A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth

Breathe perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,
 Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
 Indulging feverish sleep, or, wakeful, dream
 Of happiness no mortal heart has felt,
 But in the regions of romance. Ye fair,
 Like you it must be wooed or never won,
 And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask
 For milk of roses and Olympian dew.
 Cosmetick art no tincture can afford,
 The faded features to restore : no chain,
 Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
 Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

LESSON XXIV.

A summer morning.—THOMSON.

THE meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east :
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quickened step,
 Brown Night retires : Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limpers awkward : while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trips, and often, turning, gaze
 At early passenger. Musick awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
 Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake ;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song ?
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To be in dead oblivion, losing half

The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
Total extinction of the enlightened soul !
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered, and tossing through distempered dreams ?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse,
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk ?
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light !
Of all material beings first, and best !
Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourn
Of utmost Sātarn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophick eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life ;
How many forms of being wait on thee,
Inhaling spirit ! from the unfettered mind,
By thee sublimed, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptick road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.

Mean-time the expecting nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn ; while, round thy beaming car,
 High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-fingered Hours,
 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
 Of bloom ethereal, the light-footed Dews,
 And, softened into joy, the surly Storms.
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flushed the vernal year.

LESSON XXV.

Importance of Literature.—LORD LYTTLETON.

CADMUS AND HERCULES.

Hercules.

Do you pretend to sit as high on Olympus as Hercules ? Did you kill the Nemæan lion, the Erymanthian boar, the Lernean serpent, and Stympthalian birds ? Did you destroy tyrants and robbers ? You value yourself greatly on subduing one serpent : I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

Cadmus. It is not on account of the serpent, that I boast myself a greater benefactor to Greece than you. Actions should be valued by their utility, rather than their splendour. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which laws owe their precision and permanency. You subdued monsters ; I civilized men. It is from untamed passions, not from wild beasts, that the greatest evils arise to human society. By wisdom, by art, by the united strength of a civil community, men have been enabled to subdue the whole race of lions, bears, and serpents ; and, what is more, to bind by laws and wholesome regulations, the ferocious violence and dangerous treachery of the human disposition. Had lions been destroyed only in single combat, men had had but a bad time of it ; and what, but laws, could awe the men who killed the lions ? The genuine glory, the proper distinction of the rational species, arises from the perfection

of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and strength is often exerted in acts of oppression: but wisdom is the associate of justice. It assists her to form equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants, but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression. The operations of policy far surpass the labours of Hercules, preventing many evils which valour and might cannot even redress. You heroes regard nothing but glory; and scarcely consider whether the conquests which raise your fame, are really beneficial to your country. Unhappy are the people who are governed by valour not directed by prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle arts!

Hercules. I do not expect to find an admirer of my strenuous life, in the man who taught his countrymen to sit still and read; and to lose the hours of youth and action in idle speculation and the sport of words.

Cadmus. An ambition to have a place in the registers of fame, is the Eurystheus which imposes heroick labours on mankind. The Muses incite to action, as well as entertain the hours of repose; and I think you should honour them for presenting to heroes so noble a recreation, as may prevent their taking up the distaff, when they lay down the club.

Hercules. Wits as well as heroes can take up the distaff. What think you of their thin-spun systems of philosophy, or lascivious poems, or Milesian fables? Nay, what is still worse, are there not panegyricks on tyrants, and books that blaspheme the gods, and perplex the natural sense of right and wrong? I believe if Eurystheus were to set me to work again, he would find me a worse task than any he imposed, he would make me read over a great library; and I would serve it as I did the Hydra, I would burn as I went on, that one chimera might not rise from another, to plague mankind. I should have valued myself more on clearing the library, than on cleansing the Augean stables.

Cadmus. It is in those libraries only that the memory of your labour exists. The heroes of Marathon, the patriots of Thermopylæ, owe their fame to me. All the wise institutions of lawgivers, and all the doctrines of sages, had perished in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preserved them. O Hercules! it is not for the man who preferred Virtue to Pleasure, to be an enemy to the Muses.

Let Sardanapālus and the silken sons of luxury, who have wasted life in inglorious ease, despise the records of action, which bear no honourable testimony to their lives : but true merit, heroick virtue, should respect the sacred source of lasting honour.

Hercules. Indeed, if writers employed themselves only in recording the acts of great men, much might be said in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations ? Can it be of any consequence to the world what an idle man has been thinking ?

Cadmus. Yes it may. The most important and extensive advantages mankind enjoy, are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their closets. To them mankind are obliged for the facility and security of navigation. The invention of the compass has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to construct such wonderful machines, as perform what the united labour of millions, by the severest drudgery, could not accomplish. Agriculture too, the most useful of arts, has received its share of improvement from the same source. Poetry, likewise, is of excellent use, to enable the memory to retain with more ease, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts and examples of virtue. From the little root of a few letters, science has spread its branches over all nature, and raised its head to the heavens. Some philosophers have entered so far into the counsels of Divine Wisdom, as to explain much of the great operations of nature. The dimensions and distances of the planets, the causes of their revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are understood and explained. Can any thing raise the glory of the human species more, than to see a little creature, inhabiting a small spot, amidst innumerable worlds, taking a survey of the universe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the scheme of that wonderful connexion and correspondence of things so remote, and which it seems a great exertion of Omnipotence to have established ? What a volume of wisdom, what a noble theology do these discoveries open to us ? While some superiour geniuses have soared to these sublime subjects, other sagacious and diligent minds have been inquiring into the most minute works of the Infinite Artificer : the same care, the same providence, is exerted through the whole ; and we should learn from it, that, to true wisdom, utility and fitness appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

Hercules. I approve of science as far as it is assistant to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the discovery of the greater part of the globe, because it opens a wider field for the master spirits of the world to bustle in.

Cadmus. There spoke the soul of Hercules. But if learned men are to be esteemed for the assistance they give to active minds in their schemes, they are not less to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great ardour. The study of history will teach the legislator by what means states have become powerful; and in the private citizen, they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of sages point out a private path of virtue; and show that the best empire is self-government, and that subduing our passions is the noblest of conquests.

Hercules. The true spirit of heroism acts by a generous impulse, and wants neither the experience of history, nor the doctrines of philosophers to direct it. But do not arts and sciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive? and can you deny that wit and learning are often made subservient to very bad purposes?

Cadmus. I will own that there are some natures so happily formed, they scarcely want the assistance of a master, and the rules of art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do. But these favoured geniuses are few. As learning flourishes only where ease, plenty, and mild government subsist; in so rich a soil, and under so soft a climate, the weeds of luxury will spring up among the flowers of art: but the spontaneous weeds would grow more rank, if they were allowed the undisturbed possession of the field. Letters keep a frugal, temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely sensual and debauched. Every gift of Heaven is sometimes abused; but good sense and fine talents, by a natural law, gravitate towards virtue. Accidents may drive them out of their proper direction; but such accidents are an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if virtue cannot keep to her allegiance those men, who in their hearts confess her divine right, and know the value of her laws, on whose fidelity and obedience can she depend? May such geniuses never descend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion; but exert all their powers in the service of Virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of those, who, like Hercules, preferred her to Pleasure!

LESSON XXVI.

On the pleasure of acquiring knowledge.—ALISON.

In every period of life, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth, there are circumstances which make it productive of higher enjoyment. It is then that every thing has the charm of novelty; that curiosity and fancy are awake; and that the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility. Even in those lower branches of instruction which we call mere accomplishments, there is something always pleasing to the young in their acquisition. They seem to become every well-educated person; they adorn, if they do not dignify humanity; and, what is far more, while they give an elegant employment to the hours of leisure and relaxation, they afford a means of contributing to the purity and innocence of domestick life.

But in the acquisition of knowledge of the higher kind,—in the hours when the young gradually begin the study of the laws of nature, and of the faculties of the human mind, or of the magnificent revelations of the Gospel,—there is a pleasure of a sublimer nature. The cloud, which, in their infant years, seemed to cover nature from their view, begins gradually to resolve. The world in which they are placed, opens with all its wonders upon their eye; their powers of attention and observation seem to expand with the scene before them; and, while they see, for the first time, the immensity of the universe of God, and mark the majestick simplicity of those laws by which its operations are conducted, they feel as if they were awakened to a higher species of being, and admitted into nearer intercourse with the Author of Nature.

It is this period, accordingly, more than all others, that determines our hopes or fears of the future fate of the young. To feel no joy in such pursuits;—to listen carelessly to the voice which brings such magnificent instruction;—to see the veil raised which conceals the counsels of the Deity, and to show no emotion at the discovery, are symptoms of a weak and torpid spirit,—of a mind unworthy of the advantages it possesses, and fitted only for the humility of sensual and ignoble pleasure. Of those, on the contrary, who distinguish themselves by the love of knowledge,—who follow with ardour the career that is open to them, we are apt to form the most honourable *prés'ages*. It is the char

acter which is natural to youth, and which, therefore, promises well of their maturity. We foresee for them, at least, a life of pure and virtuous enjoyment, and we are willing to anticipate no common share of future usefulness and splendour.

In the second place, the pursuits of knowledge lead not only to happiness but to honour. "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left are riches and honour." It is honourable to excel even in the most trifling species of knowledge, in those which can amuse only the passing hour. It is more honourable to excel in those different branches of science which are connected with the liberal professions of life, and which tend so much to the dignity and well-being of humanity. It is the means of raising the most obscure to esteem and attention; it opens to the just ambition of youth, some of the most distinguished and respected situations in society; and it places them there, with the consoling reflection, that it is to their own industry and labour, in the providence of God, that they are alone indebted for them. But, to excel in the higher attainments of knowledge,—to be distinguished in those greater pursuits which have commanded the attention, and exhausted the abilities of the wise in every former age,—is, perhaps, of all the distinctions of human understanding, the most honourable and grateful.

When we look back upon the great men who have gone before us in every path of glory, we feel our eye turn from the career of war and of ambition, and involuntarily rest upon those who have displayed the great truths of religion, who have investigated the laws of social welfare, or extended the sphere of human knowledge. These are honours, we feel, which have been gained without a crime, and which can be enjoyed without remorse. They are honours also which can never die,—which can shed lustre even upon the humblest head,—and to which the young of every succeeding age will look up, as their brightest incentives to the pursuit of virtuous fame.

LESSON XXVII.

On the uses of knowledge.—ALISON.

THE first end to which all wisdom or knowledge ought to be employed, is to illustrate the wisdom or goodness of the Father of Nature. Every science that is cultivated by

men, leads naturally to religious thought, from the study of the plant that grows beneath our feet, to that of the Host of Heaven above us, who perform their stated revolutions in majestick silence, amid the expanse of infinity. When, in the youth of Moses, "the Lord appeared to him in Horeb," a voice was heard, saying, "draw nigh hither, and put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place where thou standest is holy ground." It is with such a reverential awe that every great or elevated mind will approach to the study of nature, and with such feelings of adoration and gratitude, that he will receive the illumination that gradually opens upon his soul.

It is not the lifeless mass of matter, he will then feel, that he is examining,—it is the mighty machine of Eternal Wisdom: the workmanship of Him, "in whom every thing lives, and moves, and has its being." Under an aspect of this kind, it is impossible to pursue knowledge without mingling with it the most elevated sentiments of devotion;—it is impossible to perceive the laws of nature without perceiving, at the same time, the presence and the Providence of the Lawgiver:—and thus it is, that, in every age, the evidences of religion have advanced with the progress of true philosophy; and that science, in erecting a monument to herself, has, at the same time, erected an altar to the Deity.

The knowledge of nature is not exhausted. There are many great discoveries yet awaiting the labours of science; and with them, there are also awaiting to humanity many additional proofs of the wisdom and benevolence "of Him that made us." To the hope of these great discoveries, few, indeed, can pretend:—yet let it ever be remembered, that he who can trace any one new fact, or can exemplify any one new instance of divine wisdom or benevolence in the system of nature, has not lived in vain; that he has added to the sum of human knowledge; and, what is far more, that he has added to the evidence of those greater truths, upon which the happiness of time and eternity depends.

The second great end to which all knowledge ought to be employed, is to the welfare of humanity. Every science is the foundation of some art, beneficial to men; and while the study of it leads us to see the beneficence of the laws of nature, it calls upon us also to follow the great end of the Father of Nature in their employment and application. I need not say what a field is thus opened to the benevo-

lence of knowledge : I need not tell you, that in every department of learning there is good to be done to mankind : I need not remind you, that the age in which we live has given us the noblest examples of this kind, and that science now finds its highest glory in improving the condition, or in allaying the miseries of humanity. But there is one thing of which it is proper ever to remind you, because the modesty of knowledge often leads us to forget it,—and that is, that the power of scientifick benevolence is far greater than that of all others, to the welfare of society.

The benevolence of the great, or the opulent, however eminent it may be, perishes with themselves. The benevolence even of sovereigns is limited to the narrow boundary of human life ; and, not unfrequently, is succeeded by different and discordant counsels. But the benevolence of knowledge is of a kind as extensive as the race of man, and as permanent as the existence of society. He, in whatever situation he may be, who, in the study of science, has discovered a new means of alleviating pain, or of remedying disease ; who has described a wiser method of preventing poverty, or of shielding misfortune ; who has suggested additional means of increasing or improving the beneficent productions of nature, has left a memorial of himself, which can never be forgotten ; which will communicate happiness to ages yet unborn ; and which, in the emphatick language of scripture, renders him a “ fellow-worker ” with God himself, in the improvement of his Creation.

The third great end of all knowledge is the improvement and exaltation of our own minds. It was the voice of the apostle, “ What manner of men ought ye to be, to whom the truths of the Gospel have come ? ” It is the voice of nature also, “ What manner of men ought ye to be, to whom the treasures of wisdom are opened ? ” Of all the spectacles, indeed, which life can offer us, there is none more painful, or unnatural, than that of the union of vice with knowledge. It counteracts the great designs of God in the distribution of wisdom ; and it assimilates men, not to the usual characters of human frailty, but to those dark and malignant spirits who fell from Heaven, and who excel in knowledge, only that they may employ it in malevolence.

To the wise and virtuous man, on the contrary,—to him whose moral attainments have kept pace with his intellectual, and who has employed the great talent with which he is intrusted to the glory of God, and to the good of human

ity,—are presented the sublimest prospects that mortality can know. “In my father’s house,” says our Saviour, “are many mansions ;”—mansions, we may dare to interpret, fitted to the different powers that life has acquired, and to the uses to which they have been applied.

Of that great scene, indeed, which awaits all, whether ignorant or wise, it becomes us to think with reverential awe. Yet we know, “that it will then be well with the good, though it will not be well with the wicked ;” and we are led, by an instinctive anticipation, to suppose that they who here have excelled in wisdom and benevolence, will be rewarded with higher objects, upon which they may be employed, and admitted into nearer prospects of the government of Eternal Wisdom. “In his light they shall see light.” “They shall see Him, not as through a glass, darkly ; but as he is. They shall know, even as they themselves are known.”

LESSON XXVIII.

No life pleasing to God, that is not useful to man :—An eastern narrative.—HAWKESWORTH.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign, Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality ; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich : Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused ; he became pensive and melancholy ; he spent his leisure in solitude ; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa ; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground : he applied to the business of state with reluctance ; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign ; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply : “May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay

the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarcely sufficient to prepare for death. All other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever: and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

"Mirza, terror and doubt have come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth: my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom, then, must the faithful be governed? By those only, who have no fear of judgement? by those only, whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may He who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his counte-

nance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. "My Lord!" said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman, who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign." The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words.

"To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty lord has honoured with dominion, be perpetual health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee!

"Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country. My dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill. I drank the running water from the spring, and ate such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched

all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet.

“One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared.

“When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself, Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and vanities of life: but thou hast as yet only done it in part; thou art still every day busied in the search of food; thy mind is not wholly at rest; neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity, but devotion?

“I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution: but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: ‘Cosrou, I am the angel, who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled like the fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be

the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from mortal to divine ; and that happiness which is the pledge of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.'

"At these words, I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust ; I returned to the city ; I dug up my treasure ; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I grew eminent beyond my merit ; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended ; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received. As the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet.

"Believe, then, that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane, which terminates in thyself ; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment. Here, thou canst do little more than pile error upon error : there, thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision ; and in the mean-time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power ; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest ; thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice. Let thy virtue be thus diffused ; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell ! May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee ; and against thy name, in the volume of His will, may happiness be written !"

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government ; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, "that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind."

LESSON XXIX.

The Planetary System.—MANGNALL.

FAIR star of Eve, thy lucid ray
Directs my thoughts to realms on high ;
Great is the theme, though weak the lay,
For my heart whispers God is nigh.

The Sun, vicegerent of his power,
Shall rend the veil of parting night,
Salute the spheres, at early hour,
And pour a flood of life and light.

Seven circling planets I behold,
Their different orbits all describe ;
Copernicus these wonders told,
And bade the laws of truth revive.

Mercury and Venus first appear,
Nearest the dazzling source of day ;
Three months compose *his* hasty year,
In seven *she* treads the heavenly way.

Next, Earth completes her yearly course ;
The Moon as satellite attends ;
Attraction is the hidden force,
On which creation's law depends.

Then Mars is seen of fiery hue ;
Jupiter's orb we next descry ;
His atmospherick belts we view,
And four bright moons attract the eye.

Mars, soon his revolution makes,
In twice twelve months the sun surrounds ;
Jupiter, greater limits takes,
And twelve long years declare his bounds.

With ring of light, see Saturn slow,
Pursue his path in endless space ;
By seven pale moons his course we know,
And thirty years that round shall trace.

The Georgium Sidus next appears,
By his amazing distance known ;
The lapse of more than eighty years,
In his account makes one alone.

Six moons are his, by Herschel shown,
Herschel, of modern times the boast ;
Discovery here is all his own,
Another planetary host !

And lo ! by astronomick scan,
Three stranger planets track the skies,
Part of that high majestick plan,
Whence those successive worlds arise.

Next Mars, Piazzis's orb is seen,
Four years six months, complete his round ;
Science shall renovated beam,
And gild Palermo's favoured ground.

Daughters of telescopic ray,
Pallas and Juno, smaller spheres,
Are seen near Jove's imperial way,
Tracing the heavens in destined years.

Comets and fixed stars I see,
With native lustre ever shine ;
How great ! how good ! how dreadful ! He,
In whom life, light, and truth combine.

Oh ! may I better know his will,
And more implicitly obey ;
Be God my friend, my father still,
From finite—to eternal day.



LESSON XXX.

Incentives to devotion.—H. K. WHITE.

Lo ! the unlettered hind, who never knew
To raise his mind excursive, to the heights
Of abstract contemplation, as he sits
On the green hillock by the hedge-row side,
What time the insect swarms are murmuring,
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds,
That fringe, with loveliest hues, the evening sky,
Feels in his soul the hand of nature rouse
The thrill of gratitude, to him who formed
The goodly prospect ; he beholds the God
Thron'd in the west ; and his reposing ear

Hears sounds angelick in the fitful breeze,
That floats through neighbouring copse or fairy brake,
Or lingers, playful, on the haunted stream.

Go with the cotter to his winter fire,
When, o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon ;
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought ; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds,
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys.
Hear him compare his happier lot, with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and dubious of his paths,
He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village mastiff's distant howl,
And sees far streaming, some lone cottage light ;
Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands, or overpowered,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weighed down with sleep ;
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.

'Thus the poor rustick warms his heart with praise
And glowing gratitude : he turns to bless
With honest warmth, his Maker and his God.
And shall it e'er be said, that a poor hind,
Nurs'd in the lap of ignorance, and bred
In want and labour, glows with noble zeal
To laud his Maker's attributes, while he
Whom starry science in her cradle rocked,
And Castaly enchastened with its dews,
Closes his eye upon the holy word ;
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,
Dares to declare his infidelity,
And openly contemn the Lord of Hosts !

Oh ! I would walk

A weary journey to the furthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind ; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity !
What is the pomp of learning ? the parade
Of letters and of tongues ? Even as the mists
Of the gray morn before the rising sun,

That pass away and perish. Earthly things
 Are but the transient pageants of an hour ;
 And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
 That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

LESSON XXXI.

Ode to Sickness.

The following ode was written by a young lady in the north of England, who, for many years, had been oppressed with a hopeless consumption.

Not to the rosy maid, whom former hours
 Beheld me fondly covet, tune I now
 The melancholy lyre : no more I seek
 Thy aid Hygeia ! sought so long in vain ;
 But 'tis to thee, O Sickness ! 'tis to thee
 I wake the silent strings ; accept the lay.

Thou art no tyrant waving the fierce scourge
 O'er unresisting victims—but a nymph
 Of mild though mournful mien, upon whose brow
 Patience sits smiling, and whose heavy eye,
 Though moist with tears, is always fixed on heaven.
 Thou wrapp'st the world in clouds, but thou canst tell
 Of worlds where all is sunshine, and, at length,
 When through this veil of sorrow thou hast led
 Thy patient sufferers, cheering them the while
 With many a smile of promise, thy pale hand
 Unlocks the bowers of everlasting rest ;
 Where Death's kind angel waits to dry their tears,
 And crown them with his amaranthine flowers.

Yet have I known thee long, and I have felt
 All that thou hast of sorrow—many a tear
 Has fallen on my cold cheek, and many a sigh,
 Call'd forth by thee, has swelled my aching breast ;
 Yet still I bless thee, O thou chastening power !
 For all I bless thee : thou hast taught my soul
 To rest upon itself, to look beyond
 The narrow bounds of time, and fix its hopes
 On the sure basis of eternity.

Mean-while, even in this transitory scene,
 Of what hast thou deprived me ? Has thy hand
 Closed up the book of knowledge ; drawn a veil
 O'er the fair face of nature ; or destroyed
 The tender pleasures of domestick life ?—
 Ah, no ! 'tis thine to call forth in the heart
 Each better feeling ; thou awaken'st there
 That unconfin'd philanthropy which feels
 For all the unhappy ; that warm sympathy
 Which, casting every selfish care aside,
 Finds its own bliss in seeing others blest :
 That melancholy, tender yet sublime,
 Which, feeling all the nothingness of earth,
 Exalts the soul to heaven :—and, more than these,
 That pure devotion, which, even in the hour
 Of agonizing pain, can fill the eyes
 With tears of ecstasy—such tears, perhaps,
 As angels love to shed.—

These are thy gifts, O Sickness ! these to me
 Thou hast vouchsaf'd and taught me how to prize.
 Shall my soul shrink from aught thou hast ordained !
 Shall I e'er envy the luxurious train
 Along whose path Prosperity has strewed
 Her gilded toys ? Ah ! let them still pursue
 Those shining trifles ; never shall they know
 Such pure and holy pleasures as await
 The heart refined by sufferings. Not to them
 Does Fancy sing her wild, romantick song ;
 'Tis not for them her glowing hand undraws
 The sacred veil that hides the angelick world.
 They hear not, in the musick of the wind,
 Celestial voices, that, in whispers sweet,
 Call to the flowers—the young and bashful flowers !
 They see not, at the shadowy hour of eve,
 Descending spirits, who, on silver wings,
 Glide through the air, and, to their harps divine,
 Sing in soft notes the vesper hymn of praise ;
 Or, pausing for a moment, as they turn
 Their radiant eyes on this polluted scene,
 Drop on their golden harps a pitying tear.

Prosperity ! I court thy gifts no more,
 Nor thine, O fair Hygeia ! Yet to thee
 I breathe one fervent prayer ; attend my strain,

If for my faded brow thy hand prepare
 Some future wreath, let me the gift resign :
 Transfer the rosy garland : let it bloom
 Around the temples of that friend beloved,
 On whose maternal bosom, even now,
 I lay my aching head ! and, as I mark
 The smile that plays upon her speaking face,
 Forget that I have ever shed a tear.

LESSON XXXII.

Reply to the Address of a Missionary at a Council of The Chiefs of "the Six Nations," in 1805,—by Sagnym Whathah, alias Red Jacket.—PHILANTHROPIST.

"Friend and Brother !

It was the will of the Great Spirit, that we should meet together this day. He orders all things ; and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly ; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favours we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

Brother ! Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun : the Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver ; their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us ; your forefathers crossed the great waters, and landed on this island : their numbers were small : they found us friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country, through fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat ; we took pity on them, and granted their request ; and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat, and,

in return, they gave us *poison*. The white people having now found our country, tidings were sent back, and more came amongst us; yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends: they called us *brothers*; we believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers so increased, that they wanted more land: they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and we became uneasy. Wars took place; Indians were hired to fight against Indians; and many of our people were destroyed. They also distributed liquor amongst us, which has slain thousands.

Brother! Once our seats were large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but, not satisfied, you want to force your religion upon us.

Brother! Continue to listen. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and that if we do not take hold of the religion which you teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of rightly understanding it? We only know what you tell us about it, and having been so often deceived by the white people, how shall we believe what they say?

Brother! You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

Brother! We do not understand these things: we are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to *our* forefathers, and has been handed down to us: it teaches us *to be thankful for all favours received, to love each other, and to be united: we never quarrel about religion.*

Brother! The Great Spirit made us all; but he has made a great difference between his white and his red children:—he has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may he not have

given us a different religion? The Great Spirit does right: he knows what is best for his children.

Brother! We do not want to destroy your religion, or to take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

Brother! We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbours. We will wait a little, and see what effect your preaching has had upon them. If we find it makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

Brother! You have now heard our answer, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are about to part, we will come and take you by the hand: and we hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

LESSON XXXIII.

Dialogue between Mercury, an English Duellist, and a North American Savage.—DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

Duellist.

MERCURY, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water; allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North American Savage, whom you brought hither at the same time that you conducted me to the shades. I never saw one of that species before, and am curious to know what the animal is. He looks very grim.—Pray, Sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having been bred up for some years in the town of New-York: but before I was a man, I returned to my countrymen, the valiant Mohawks, and having been cheated by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I wished never to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet, with the rest of my tribe, I took up the hatchet for them in the war against France, and was killed while I was upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied; for my friends were victorious, and before I was shot I had scalped seven men and five women and children. In a former war I had done still greater exploits. My name is the Bloody Bear: it was given me to denote my fierceness and valour.

Duellist. Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your

humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by birth, and by profession a gamester, and a man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat, but I do not understand cutting the throats of women and children.

Savage. Sir, that's our way of making war. Every nation has its own customs. But, by the grimness in your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was myself, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

Duellist. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me some money; after two or three years, being himself in great want, he asked me to pay him; I thought his demand an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde Park; the fellow could not fence; I was the most adroit swordsman in England. I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any snivelling signs of repentance; and he will follow me soon, for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of her fright, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort. For my part I had no wife. I always hated marriage.

Savage. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend. I say I won't go in a boat with that fellow, I will swim over the river; I can swim like a duck.

Mercury. Swim over the Styx! it must not be done: it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, so be quiet.

Savage. Do not tell me of laws; I am a savage! I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman; there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them, for they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. The English cannot be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Mercury. You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder: you who have massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradles?

Savage. I killed none but my enemies; I never killed my

own countryman; I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket and let it come over in the boat, but see that the murderer does not sit upon it or touch it; if he does I will burn it in the fire I see yonder. Farewell. I am resolved to swim over the water.

Mercury. By this touch of my wand I take all thy strength from thee. Swim now if thou canst.

Savage. This is a very potent enchanter. Restore me my strength, and I will obey thee.

Mercury. I restore it; but be orderly and do as I bid you, otherwise worse will befall you.

Duellist. Mercury, leave him to me, I will tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

Savage. I know thou art a scoundrel! Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend who lent thee money, for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight, or I will drive thee into the Styx.

Mercury. Stop, I command thee. No violence. Talk to him calmly.

Savage. I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had, to introduce you into good company. What could you do?

Duellist. Sir, I gamed as I told you.—Besides that, I kept a good table.—I ate as well as any man in England or France.

Savage. Eat! Did you ever eat the chine of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? There is fine eating! I have eaten twenty.—My table was always well served. My wife was the best cook for dressing man's flesh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine.

Duellist. I danced very finely.

Savage. I will dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the war dance, with more spirit and vigour than any man of my nation; let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod; or art thou ashamed to betray thy awkwardness? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast not yet seen. I would make thee caper and leap like a buck. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

Duellist. *S.*, heavens! must I bear this? What can

I do with this fellow ? I have neither sword nor pistol ; and his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Mercury. You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well-bred, but he will tell you some truths which you must hear in this place. It would have been well for you if you had heard them above. He asked of you what you could do besides eating and dancing ?

Duellist. I sang very agreeably.

Savage. Let me hear you sing your death-song, or the war-whoop. I challenge you to sing ;—the fellow is mute.—*Mercury,* this is a liar.—He tells us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duellist. The lie given me !—and, alas ! I dare not resent it. Oh, what a disgrace to the family of the Pushwells !

Mercury. Here, Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge ; but what excuse can the Englishman plead ? The custom of duelling ? An excuse this, that in these regions cannot avail. The spirit that made him draw his sword in the combat against his friend, is not the spirit of honour ; it is the spirit of the furies, of Alecto herself. To her he must go, for she has long dwelt in his merciless bosom.

Savage. If he is to be punished, turn him over to me. I understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah,* I begin with this kick, as a tribute to your boasted honour. Get you into the boat, or I will give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

Duellist. Oh my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen !

LESSON XXXIV.

The Mice.—FENELON.

A MOUSE, weary of living in the continual alarm attendant on the carnage committed among her nation by *Mitis and Rodilardus*, thus addressed herself to the tenant of a hole near her own.

“ An excellent thought has just come into my head :—I

* *Pronounced Sar rah.*

read in some book which I gnawed a few days ago, that there is a fine country, called the Indies, in which mice are in much greater security than here. In that region, the sages believe that the soul of a mouse has been that of a king, a great captain, or some wonderful saint, and that after death it will probably enter the body of a beautiful woman or mighty potentate. If I recollect rightly, this is called metempsychosis. Under this idea, they treat all animals with paternal charity, and build and endow hospitals for mice, where they are fed like people of consequence. Come then, my good sister, let us hasten to a country, the customs of which are so excellent, and where justice is done to our merits." Her neighbour replied, "But, sister, do not cats enter these hospitals? if they do, metempsychosis must take place very soon, and in great numbers; and a talon or a tooth might make a fakir, or a king; a miracle we can very well do without." "Do not fear," said the first mouse, "in these countries order is completely established; the cats have their houses as well as we ours, and they have their hospitals for the sick separate from ours." After this conversation, our two mice set out together, contriving the evening before she set sail, to creep along the cordage of a vessel that was to make a long voyage.

They got under weigh, and were enraptured with the sight of the sea, which took them from the abominable shores on which cats exercise their tyranny. The sail was pleasant, and they reached Surat, not like merchants, to acquire riches, but to receive good treatment from the Hindoos. They had scarcely entered one of the houses fitted up for mice, when they aspired to the best accommodation. One of them pretended to recollect having formerly been a Bramin on the coast of Malabar, and the other protested that she had been a fine lady of the same country, with long ears; but they displayed so much impertinence, that the Indian mice lost all patience. A civil war commenced, and no quarter was given to the two Franks who pretended to impose laws on the others; when, instead of being eaten by cats, they were strangled by their own brethren. From this it is evident, that it is useless to go far in search of safety; as, if we are not modest and wise, we only go into danger; and if we are so, we may be secure at home.

LESSON XXXV.

The Lord and the Judge.—LOMONOSOV.*

THE God of gods stood up—stood up to try
The assembled gods of earth. “How long,” he said,
“How long will ye protect impiety,
And let the vile one raise his daring head ?

’Tis yours my laws to justify—redress
All wrong, however high the wronger be ;
Nor leave the widow and the fatherless
To the cold world’s uncertain sympathy.

’Tis yours to guard the steps of innocence,
To shield the naked head of misery ;
Be ’gainst the strong, the helpless one’s defence,
And the poor prisoner from his chains to free.”

They hear not—see not—know not—for their eyes
Are covered with thick mists—they *will* not see :
The sick earth groans with man’s iniquities,
And heaven is tired with man’s perversity.

Gods of the earth ! ye Kings ! who answer not
To man for your misdeeds, and vainly think
There’s none to judge you :—know, like ours, your lot
Is pain and death :—ye stand on judgement’s brink.

And ye like fading autumn-leaves will fall ;
Your throne but dust—your empire but a grave—
Your martial pomp a black funereal pall—
Your palace trampled by your meanest slave.

God of the righteous ! O our God ! arise,
O hear the prayer thy lowly servants bring :
Judge, punish, scatter, Lord ! thy enemies,
And be alone earth’s universal king.



LESSON XXXVI.

The House-builder.—KHEMNITZER.*

WHATE’ER thou purposest to do,
With an unwearied zeal pursue ;
To-day is thine—improve to-day,
Nor trust to-morrow’s distant ray.

* From Bowring’s Specimens of Russian Poets.

A certain man a house would build ;
 The place is with materials filled ;
 And every thing is ready there—
 Is it a difficult affair ?
 Yes ! till you fix the corner-stone ;
 It wont erect itself alone.
 Day rolls on day, and year on year,
 And nothing yet is done—
 There's always something to delay
 The business to another day.

And thus in silent waiting stood
 The piles of stone and piles of wood ;
 Till Death, who in his vast affairs
 Ne'er puts things off—as men in theirs—
 And thus, if I the truth must tell,
 Does his work *finally* and *well*—
 Winked at our hero as he past,
 “ Your house is finished, Sir, at last ;
 A narrower house—a house of clay—
 Your palace for *another day* ! ”

LESSON XXXVII.

Hope triumphant in death.—CAMPBELL.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
 Oh ! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power !
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day—
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin !
 And all the Phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
 Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !
 Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun !
 Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terrou-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabrick to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrours clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roil
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of Dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On Heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamant car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfur'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

LESSON XXXVIII.

Lines written during a thunder storm.—DMITRIEV.*

It thunders ! Sons of dust, in reverence bow !
Ancient of days ! Thou speakest from above :
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terrour now ;
That hand which scatters peace and joy and love.
Almighty ! trembling like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice—alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord ! what is man ? Up to the sun he flies—
Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust :
There is he lost midst heaven's high mysteries,
And *here* in error and in darkness lost :
Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
Like a poor sailor—by the tempest tost
In a frail bark—the sport of destiny,
He sleeps—and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breathest ;—and the obedient storm is still :
Thou speakest ;—silent the submissive wave :
Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill,
And the hush'd billows roll across his *grave*.
Sourceless and endless God ! compared with Thee,
Life is a shadowy, momentary dream :
And time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.



LESSON XXXIX.

Interview between Waverley and Fergus Mac-Ivor, at Carlisle, previous to the execution of the latter.—WAVERLEY.

AFTER a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothick gate of Carlisle castle. But he paced it long in every direction, before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened, and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard, and was admitted. The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy

* Bowring's Specimens of Russian Poets.

and vaulted apartment in the central part of the castle; a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII's time, or somewhat later. The grating of the huge old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison, to fling himself into his friend's arms.

"My dear Edward," he said, in a firm and even cheerful voice, "this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure; and how does Rose? and how is our old whimsical friend the Baron? Well, I am sure, from your looks—and how will you settle precedence between the three ermines passant, and the bear and boot-jack?"—"How, O how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment?"—"Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure—on the 16th of November last, for example, when we marched in, side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these ancient towers. But I am no boy, to sit down and weep because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully.

"You are rich," he continued, "Waverley, and you are generous; when you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan, and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, who knows our manners, and lives near our country, will apprise you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?"—Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which afterwards he so amply redeemed, that his memory still lives in these glens by the name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.—"Would to God," continued the chieftain, "I could bequeath to you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race: or at least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms; and be to you what he has been to me, the kindest—the bravest—the most devoted——"

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth, fell fast for that of his foster-brother. "But," said he, drying them, "that cannot be. You cannot be to them Vich Ian

Vohr; and these three magick words," said he, half smiling, "are the only *Open Sesamè* to their feelings and sympathies; and poor Evan must attend his foster-brother in death, as he has done through his whole life."—"And I am sure," said Maccombich, raising himself from the floor, on which, for fear of interrupting their conversation, he had lain so still, that, in the obscurity of the apartment, Edward was not aware of his presence,—“I am sure Evan never desired nor deserved a better end than just to die with his chieftain.”

A tap at the door now announced the arrival of the priest; and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion, in the mode which the church of Rome prescribes. In about an hour he was re-admitted. Soon after, a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners. “You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage; we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy; and when they free us, they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm.”

Shortly after, the drums of the garrison beat to arms. “This is the last turn out,” said Fergus, “that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part let us speak of Flora,—a subject which awakes the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me.”—“We part not *here?*” said Waverley. “O yes, we do, you must come no farther. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself,” he said proudly; “nature has her tortures as well as art, and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful disorder in the space of a short half hour! And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly, may kill a living friend to look upon.

“This same law of high treason,” he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, “is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland: her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose, one day or other, when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies, they will blot it from their records, as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head! they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some

satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, that I love so dearly!"

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet, was now heard in the court-yard of the castle.—An officer appeared, and intimated that the high sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich: "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in a hollow square.

Within their ranks was the sledge or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the executioner, a horrid looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothick archway that opened on the draw-bridge, were seen on horseback the high sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military power did not permit to come farther.

"This is well got up for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terrour. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir ere we could kill a dozen of them. They look bold enough now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus turning round embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholick gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward.

There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the governour of the castle and the high sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the high sheriff. When the formality

concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and with a firm and steady voice replied, "God save King *James!*" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead march, as it is called, was instantly heard; and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military musick died away as the procession moved on; the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway through which they had been filing for several minutes; the court-yard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupified, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend.—At length, a female servant of the governour, struck with surprise and compassion at the stupified misery which his countenance expressed, asked him if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice ere he comprehended her; but at length it recalled him to himself.—Declining the courtesy, by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the castle, walked as swiftly as he could through the empty streets, till he regained his inn; then threw himself into an apartment and bolted the door.

In about an hour and an half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes, performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprised him that all was over, and that the military and populace were returning from the dreadful scene. I will not attempt to describe his sensations.

LESSON XL.

Egyptian Mummies, Tombs, and Manners.—BELZONI.

GOURNOU is a tract of rocks, about two miles in length, at the foot of the Lybian mountains, on the west of Thebes, and was the burial-place of the great city of a hundred gates. Every part of these rocks is cut out by art, in the

form of large and small chambers, each of which has its separate entrance ; and, though they are very close to each other, it is seldom that there is any interior communication from one to another. I can truly say, it is impossible to give any description sufficient to convey the smallest idea of those subterranean abodes and their inhabitants. There are no sepulchres in any part of the world like them ; there are no excavations, or mines, that can be compared to these truly astonishing places ; and no exact description can be given of their interior, owing to the difficulty of visiting these recesses. The inconveniency of entering into them is such, that it is not every one who can support the exertion.

A traveller is generally satisfied when he has seen the large hall, the gallery, the staircase, and as far as he can conveniently go : besides, he is taken up with the strange works he observes cut in various places, and painted on each side of the walls ; so that when he comes to a narrow and difficult passage, or a descent to the bottom of a well or cavity, he declines taking such trouble, naturally supposing that he cannot see in these abysses any thing so magnificent as what he sees above, and consequently deeming it useless to proceed any farther.

Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters into the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it, and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all ; the entry or passage where the bodies are, is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than a vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass.

After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest ! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions ; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or

torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow.

After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sank altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other.

Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than what a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on; however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads, rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads.

The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri; of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelop the mummy. The people of Gournou, who make a trade of antiquities of this sort, are very jealous of strangers, and keep them as secret as possible; deceiving travellers, by pretending that they have arrived at the end of the pits, when they are scarcely at the entrance. * * *

I must not omit, that among these tombs we saw some which contained the mummies of animals intermixed with

human bodies. There were bulls, cows, sheep, monkeys, foxes, bats, crocodiles, fishes, and birds in them: idols often occur; and one tomb was filled with nothing but cats, carefully folded in red and white linen, the head covered by a mask representing the cat, and made of the same linen. I have opened all these sorts of animals. Of the bull, the calf, and the sheep, there is no part but the head which is covered with linen, and the horns project out of the cloth; the rest of the body being represented by two pieces of wood, eighteen inches wide, and three feet long, in a horizontal direction, at the end of which was another, placed perpendicularly, two feet high, to form the breast of the animal. The calves and sheep are of the same structure, and large in proportion to the bulls. The monkey is in its full form, in a sitting posture. The fox is squeezed up by the bandages, but in some measure the shape of the head is kept perfect. The crocodile is left in its own shape, and after being well bound round with linen, the eyes and mouth are painted on this covering. The birds are squeezed together, and lose their shape, except the ibis, which is found like a fowl ready to be cooked, and bound round with linen like all the rest. * * *

The next sort of mummy that drew my attention, I believe I may with reason conclude to have been appropriated to the priests. They are folded in a manner totally different from the others, and so carefully executed, as to show the great respect paid to those personages. The bandages are stripes of red and white linen intermixed, covering the whole body, and producing a curious effect from the two colours. The arms and legs are not enclosed in the same envelope with the body, as in the common mode, but are bandaged separately, even the fingers and toes being preserved distinct. They have sandals of painted leather on their feet, and bracelets on their arms and wrists. They are always found with the arms across the breast, but not pressing it; and though the body is bound with such a quantity of linen, the shape of the person is carefully preserved in every limb. The cases in which mummies of this sort are found, are somewhat better executed, and I have seen one that had the eyes and eyebrows of enamel, beautifully executed in imitation of nature. * * *

The dwelling-place of the natives is generally in the passages, between the first and second entrance into a tomb. The walls and the roof are as black as any chimney. The

inner door is closed up with mud, except a small aperture sufficient for a man to crawl through. Within this place the sheep are kept at night, and occasionally accompany their masters in their vocal concert. Over the door-way there are always some half-broken Egyptian figures, and the two foxes, the usual guardians of burial-places. A small lamp, kept alive by fat from the sheep, or rancid oil, is placed in a niche in the wall, and a mat is spread on the ground; and this formed the grand divan' wherever I was.

There the people assembled round me, their conversation turning wholly on antiquities. Such a one had found such a thing, and another had discovered a tomb. Various articles were brought to sell to me, and sometimes I had reason to rejoice at having stayed there. I was sure of a supper of milk and bread served in a wooden bowl; but whenever they supposed I should stay all night, they always killed a couple of fowls for me, which were baked in a small oven heated with pieces of mummy cases, and sometimes with the bones and rags of the mummies themselves. It is no uncommon thing to sit down near fragments of bones: hands, feet, or skulls, are often in the way; for these people are so accustomed to be among the mummies, that they think no more of sitting on them than on the skins of their dead calves. I also became indifferent about them at last, and would have slept in a mummy pit as readily as out of it.

Here they appear to be contented. The labourer comes home in the evening, seats himself near his cave, smokes his pipe with his companions, and talks of the last inundation of the Nile, its products, and what the ensuing season is likely to be. His old wife brings him the usual bowl of lentils and bread moistened with water and salt, and (when she can add a little butter) it is a feast. Knowing nothing beyond this, he is happy. The young man's chief business is to accumulate the amazing sum of a hundred piastres (eleven dollars and ten cents,) to buy himself a wife, and to make a feast on the wedding-day.

If he have any children, they want no clothing: he leaves them to themselves till mother Nature pleases to teach them to work, to gain money enough to buy a shirt or some other rag to cover themselves; for while they are children they are generally naked or covered with rags. The parents are roguishly cunning, and the children are schooled by their example, so that it becomes a matter of course to cheat strangers. Would any one believe that, in such a

state of life, luxury and ambition exist? If any woman be destitute of jewels, she is poor, and looks with envy on one more fortunate than herself, who perhaps has the worth of half a crown round her neck; and she who has a few glass beads, or some sort of coarse coral, a couple of silver brooches, or rings on her arms and legs, is considered as truly rich and great. Some of them are as complete coquettes in their way as any to be seen in the capitals of Europe.

When a young man wants to marry, he goes to the father of the intended bride, and agrees with him what he is to pay for her. This being settled, so much money is to be spent on the wedding-day feast. To set up housekeeping nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat, which is the bed. The spouse has a gown and jewels of her own; and, if the bridegroom present her with a pair of bracelets of silver, ivory, or glass, she is happy and fortunate indeed.

The house is ready, without rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the roof; and there is no door, for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. They make a kind of box of clay and straw, which, after two or three days' exposure to the sun, becomes quite hard. It is fixed on a stand, an aperture is left to put all their precious things into it, and a piece of mummy-case forms the door. If the house does not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds at their command; I might say several thousands, but they are not all fit to receive inhabitants.

LESSON XLI.

Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition, London .
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AND thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,

T'hou hast a tongue—come let us hear its tune;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy !
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
 To whom should we assign the sphinx's fame ?
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
 Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,
 Then say what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played ?
 Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles
 Are vain ;—Egyptian priests ne'er owned their juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh glass to glass ;
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :—
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
 We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;
 The Roman empire has begun and ended ;
 New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
 March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantick Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold :—
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled :—
Have children climb'd those knees, and kissed that face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !—
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgement morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue ; that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

LESSON XLII.

Green River.—BRYANT.

WHEN breezes are soft, and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink.
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters, its shallows are bright
With coloured pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where the eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away ;
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root ;
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone.
O, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum ;

The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breeze of the summer air,
And the swimmer comes, in the season of heat,
To bathe in those waters so pure and sweet.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream ! by the village side,
But windest away from haunts of men,
To silent valley, and shaded glen.
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely—save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides ;
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look ;
Or haply some idle dreamer like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed ;
And thy own wild musick, gushing out
With mellow murmur, or fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy musick I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade, or flashing with light,
While o'er thee, the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings ;—
But I wish that fate had left me free
'To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart ;
And I envy thy stream as it glides along
Through its beautiful banks, in a trance of song.
Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud ;
I sometimes come to this quiet place,
To breathe the air that ruffles thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream ;
For, in thy lonely and lovely stream,
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

LESSON XLIII.

The mutual relation between sleep and night.—PALEY.

THE relation of sleep to night appears to have been expressly intended by our benevolent Creator. Two points are manifest; first, that the animal frame requires sleep; secondly, that night brings with it a silence, and a cessation of activity, which allow of sleep being taken without interruption, and without loss. Animal existence is made up of action and slumber: nature has provided a season for each. An animal which stood not in need of rest, would always live in day-light. An animal, which, though made for action, and delighting in action, must have its strength repaired by sleep, meets, by its constitution, the returns of day and night. In the human species, for instance, were the bustle, the labour, the motion of life upheld by the constant presence of light, sleep could not be enjoyed without being disturbed by noise, and without expense of that time which the eagerness of private interest would not contentedly resign. It is happy, therefore, for this part of the creation, I mean that it is conformable to the frame and wants of their constitution, that nature, by the very disposition of her elements, has commanded, as it were, and imposed upon them, at moderate intervals, a general intermission of their toils, their occupations, and their pursuits.

But it is not for man, either solely or principally, that night is made. Inferiour, but less perverted natures, taste its solace, and expect its return, with greater exactness and advantage than he does. I have often observed, and never observed but to admire, the satisfaction, no less than the regularity, with which the greatest part of the irrational world yield to this soft necessity, this grateful vicissitude; how comfortably the birds of the air, for example, address themselves to the repose of the evening; with what alertness they resume the activity of the day.

Nor does it disturb our argument to confess, that certain species of animals are in motion during the night, and at rest in the day. With respect even to them, it is still true, that there is a change of condition in the animal, and an external change corresponding with it. There is still the relation, though inverted. The fact is, that the repose of other animals sets these at liberty, and invites them to their food or their sport.

If the relation of sleep to night, and in some instances, its converse, be real, we cannot reflect without amazement upon the extent to which it carries us. Day and night are things close to us; the change applies immediately to our sensations; of all the phænomena of nature, it is the most obvious, and the most familiar to our experience: but, in its cause, it belongs to the great motions which are passing in the heavens. Whilst the earth glides round her axle, she ministers to the alternate necessities of the animals dwelling upon her surface, at the same time that she obeys the influence of those attractions which regulate the order of many thousand worlds. The relation therefore of sleep to night, is the relation of the inhabitants of the earth to the rotation of their globe: probably it is more; it is a relation to the system, of which that globe is a part; and, still further, to the congregation of systems, of which theirs is only one. If this account be true, it connects the meanest individual with the universe itself; a chicken, roosting upon its perch, with the spheres revolving in the firmament.

LESSON XLIV.

Social worship agreeable to the best impulses of our nature.—
MRS. BARBAULD.

SENTIMENTS of admiration, love, and joy, swell the bosom with emotions which seek for fellowship and communication. The flame indeed may be kindled by silent musing; but when kindled it must infallibly spread. The devout heart, penetrated with large and affecting views of the immensity of the works of God, the harmony of his laws, and the extent of his beneficence, bursts into loud and vocal expressions of praise and adoration; and from a full and overflowing sensibility, seeks to expand itself to the utmost limits of creation. The mind is forcibly carried out of itself, and, embracing the whole circle of animated existence, calls on all above, around, below, to help to bear the burden of its gratitude. Joy is too brilliant a thing to be confined within our own bosoms; it burnishes all nature, and with its vivid colouring gives a kind of factitious life to objects without sense or motion. There cannot be a more striking proof of the social tendency of these feelings, than the strong propensity we have to *suppose* auditors when there are none.

When men are wanting, we address the animal creation; and rather than have none to partake of our feelings, we find sentiment in the musick of birds, the hum of insects, and the low of kine: nay, we call on rocks and streams and forests to witness and share our emotions. Hence the royal shepherd, sojourning in caves and solitary wastes, calls on the hills to rejoice, and the floods to clap their hands: and the lonely poet, wandering in the deep recesses of uncultivated nature, finds a temple in every solemn grove, and swells his chorus of praise with the winds that bow the lofty cedars. And can he, who, not satisfied with the wide range of animated existence, calls for the sympathy of the inanimate creation, refuse to worship with his fellow men? Can he who bids "Nature attend," forget to "join every living soul" in the universal hymn? Shall we suppose companions in the stillness of deserts, and shall we overlook them amongst friends and townsmen? It cannot be! Social worship, for the devout heart, is not more a duty than it is a real want.

LESSON XLV.

Dialogue between Lord Bacon and Shakspeare.—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.*

Lord Bacon, (in his study.) Now, my pen, rest awhile. The air of this dark and thought-stirring chamber must not be breathed too long at a time, lest my wits grow sluggish by reason of too much poring. I will go forth and walk. But first let me restore to their shelves these wormwood schoolmen. Come, gray-beard Aristotle, mount thou first, and tell the spiders not to be astonished if their holes are darkened, for a seraphick doctor is about to follow. Scotus and Ramus, why these dog-ears? It was once a different sort. And now, as I lift each book, methinks its cumbrous leaves club all their syllogisms, and conspire to weigh down that feeble arm, which has just been employed in transcribing the *Novum Organon*. Alas! that folly and falsehood should be so hard to grapple with—but he that hopes to

* This dialogue was abridged by the editor of "The Scrap Book" from a Series of Essays in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, entitled "Time's Magick Lantern."

make mankind the wiser for his labours must not be soon tired. My single brain is matched against the errors of thousands; and yet every time I return to reflect upon the laws of nature, she meets my thoughts with a more palpable sanction, and a voice seems to whisper from the midst of her machinery, that I have not inquired in vain.—Ho! who waits in the antichamber there? Does any one desire an audience?

Page. The Queen has sent unto your lordship, Mr. William Shakspeare the player.

Bacon. Indeed!—I have wished to see that man. Show him in. Report says, her majesty has lately tasked him to write a play upon a subject chosen by herself. Good-morrow, Mr. Shakspeare.

Shakspeare. Save your lordship! here is an epistle from her majesty.

Bacon. (*Reads.*) “The Queen desires, that as Mr. Shakspeare would fain have some savour of the Queen’s own poor vein of poesy, he may be shown the book of sonnets, written by herself, and now in the keeping of my Lord Chancellor, who indeed may well keep what he hath so much flattered; although she does not command him to hide it altogether from the knowing and judicious.”

Shakspeare. How gracious is her majesty! Sure the pen, for which she exchanges her sceptre, cannot choose but drop golden thoughts.

Bacon. You say well, Mr. Shakspeare. But let us sit down and discourse awhile. The sonnets will catch no harm by our delay, for true poetry, they say, hath a bloom which time cannot blight.

Shakspeare. True, my lord. Near to Castalia there bubbles also a fountain of petrifying water, wherein the muses are wont to dip whatever posies have met the approval of Apollo; so that the slender foliage, which originally sprung forth in the cherishing brain of a true poet, becomes hardened in all its leaves, and glitters as if it were carved out of rubies and emeralds. The elements have afterwards no power over it.

Bacon. Such will be the fortune of your own productions.

Shakspeare. Ah, my lord! do not encourage me to hope so. I am but a poor unlettered man, who seizes whatever rude conceits his own natural vein supplies him with, upon the enforcement of haste and necessity; and therefore I fear that such as are of deeper studies than myself, will

find many flaws in my handiwork to laugh at both now and hereafter.

Bacon. He that can make the multitude laugh and weep as you do, Mr. Shakspeare, need not fear scholars.—A head naturally fertile and for'getive is worth many libraries, inasmuch as a tree is more valuable than a basket of fruit, or a good hawk better than a bag full of game, or the little purse which a fairy gave to Fortunatus more inexhaustible than all the coffers in the treasury. More scholarship might have sharpened your judgement, but the particulars whereof a character is composed, are better assembled by force of imagination than of judgement, which, although it perceive coherences, cannot summon up materials, nor melt them into a compound, with that felicity which belongs to imagination alone.

Shakspeare. My lord, thus far I know, that the first glimpse and conception of a character in my mind is always engendered by chance and accident. We shall suppose, for instance, that I am sitting in a tap-room, or standing in a tennis-court. The behaviour of some one fixes my attention. I note his dress, the sound of his voice, the turn of his countenance, the drinks he calls for, his questions and retorts, the fashion of his person, and, in brief, the whole out-goings and in-comings of the man.—These grounds of speculation being cherished and revolved in my fancy, it becomes straightway possessed with a swarm of conclusions and beliefs concerning the individual. In walking home, I picture out to myself, what would be fitting for him to say or do upon any given occasion, and these fantasies being recalled at some after period, when I am writing a play, shape themselves into divers mannikins, who are not long of being nursed into life. Thus comes forth Shallow, and Slender, and Mercutio, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Bacon. These are characters who may be found alive in the streets. But how frame you such interlocutors as Brutus and Coriolanus?

Shakspeare. By searching histories, in the first place, my lord, for the germ. The filling up afterwards comes rather from feeling than observation. I turn myself into a Brutus or a Coriolanus for the time; and can, at least in fancy, partake sufficiently of the nobleness of their nature, to put proper words into their mouths. Observation will not supply the poet with every thing. He must have a stock of exalted sentiments in his own mind.

Bacon. In truth, Mr. Shakspeare, you have observed the world so well, and so widely, that I can scarce believe you ever shut your eyes. I too, although much engrossed with other studies, am, in part, an observer of mankind. Their dispositions, and the causes of their good or bad fortune, cannot well be overlooked even by the most devoted questioner of physical nature. But note the difference of habits. No sooner have I observed and got hold of particulars, than they are taken up by my judgement to be commented upon, and resolved into general laws. Your imagination keeps them to make pictures of. My judgement, if she find them to be comprehended under something already known by her, lets them drop, and forgets them; for which reason, a certain book of essays, which I am writing, will be small in bulk, but I trust not light in substance.—Thus do men severally follow their inborn dispositions.

Shakspeare. Every word of your lordship's will be an adage to after times. For my part, I know my own place, and aspire not after the abstruser studies: although I can give wisdom a welcome when she comes in my way. But the inborn dispositions, as your lordship has said, must not be warped from their natural bent, otherwise nothing but sterility will remain behind. A leg cannot be changed into an arm. Among stage-players, our first object is to exercise a new candidate, until we discover where his vein lies.

Bacon. I am told that you do not invent the plots of your own plays, but generally borrow them from some common book of stories, such as Bocaccio's Decameron, or Cynthia's Novels. That practice must save a great expediture of thought and contrivance.

Shakspeare. It does, my lord. I lack patience to invent the whole from the foundation.

Bacon. If I guess aright, there is nothing so hard and troublesome as the invention of coherent incidents; and yet, methinks, after it is accomplished, it does not show so high a strain of wit as that which paints separate characters and objects well. Dexterity would achieve the making of a plot better than genius, which delights not so much in tracing a curious connexion among events, as in adorning a fantasy with bright colours, and eking it out with suitable appendages. Homer's plot hangs but ill together. It is indeed no better than a string of popular fables and superstitions, caught up from among the Greeks; and I believe that they who, in the time of Pisis'tratus, collected this poem,

did more than himself to digest its particulars. His praise must therefore be found in this, that he reconceived, amplified, and set forth, what was but dimly and poorly conceived by common men.

Shakspeare. My knowledge of the tongues is but small, on which account I have read ancient authors mostly at second hand. I remember, when I first came to London, and began to be a hanger-on at the theatres, a great desire grew in me for more learning than had fallen to my share at Stratford; but fickleness and impatience, and the bewilderment caused by new objects, dispersed that wish into empty air. Ah, my lord, you cannot conceive what a strange thing it was for so impressible a rustick, to find himself turned loose in the midst of Babel! My faculties wrought to such a degree, that I was in a dream all day long. My bent was not then toward comedy, for most objects seemed noble and of much consideration. The musick at the theatre ravished my young heart; and amidst the goodly company of spectators, I beheld, afar off, beauties who seemed to out-paragon Cleopatra of Egypt. Some of these primitive fooleries were afterwards woven into Romeo and Juliet.

Bacon. Your Julius Cæsar and your Richard the Third please me better. From my youth upward I have had a brain politick and discriminative, and less prone to marveling and dreaming than to scrutiny. Some part of my juvenile time was spent at the court of France, with our ambassador, Sir Amias Paulet; and, to speak the truth, although I was surrounded by many dames of high birth and rare beauty, I carried oftener Machiavelli* in my pocket than a book of madrigals, and heeded not although these wantons made sport of my grave and scholar-like demeanour. When they would draw me forth to an encounter of their wit, I paid them off with flatteries, till they forgot their aim in thinking of themselves. Michael Angelo said of Painting, that she was jealous, and required the whole man, undivided. I was aware how much more truly the same thing might be said of Philosophy, and therefore cared not how much the ruddy complexion of my youth was sullied over the midnight lamp, or my outward comeliness sacrificed to my inward advancement.

Shakspeare. Speaking of bodily habitudes, is it true that your lordship swoons whenever the moon is eclipsed, even though unaware of what is then passing in the heavens?

* Pronounced Mac-è-a-vell-ye.

Bacon. No more true, than that the moon eclipses whenever I swoon.

Shakspeare. I had it from your chaplain, my lord.

Bacon. My chaplain is a worthy man ; he has so great a veneration for me, that he wishes to find marvels in the common accidents of my life.

Shakspeare. The same chaplain also told me, that a certain arch in Trinity College, Cambridge, would stand until a greater man than your lordship should pass through it.

Bacon. Did you ever pass through it, Mr. Shakspeare ?

Shakspeare. No, my lord. I never was at Cambridge.

Bacon. Then we cannot yet decide which of us two is the greater man. I am told that most of the professors there pass under the arch without fear, which indeed shows a wise contempt of the superstition.

Shakspeare. I rejoice to think that the world is yet to have a greater man than your lordship, since the arch must fall at last.

Bacon. You say well, Mr. Shakspeare ; and now, if you will follow me into another chamber, I will show you the Queen's Book of Sonnets.

LESSON XLVI.

On the relative value of good sense and beauty, in the female sex.—LITERARY GAZETTE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the lessons of moralists, and the declamations of philosophers, it cannot be denied that all mankind have a natural love, and even respect, for external beauty. In vain do they represent it as a thing of no value in itself, as a frail and perishable flower ; in vain do they exhaust all the depths of argument, all the stores of fancy, to prove the worthlessness of this amiable gift of nature. However persuasive their reasonings may appear, and however we may, for a time, fancy ourselves convinced by them, we have in our breasts a certain instinct, which never fails to tell us, that all is not satisfactory, and though we may not be able to prove that they are wrong, we feel a conviction that it is impossible that they should be right.

They are certainly right in blaming those who are rendered vain by the possession of beauty, since vanity is at all times a fault : but there is a great difference between being

vain of a thing, and being happy that we have it ; and that beauty, however little *merit* a woman can claim to herself for it, is really a quality which she may reasonably rejoice to possess, demands, I think, no very laboured proof. Every one naturally wishes to please. To this end we know how important it is that the first impression we produce should be favourable. Now this first impression is commonly produced through the medium of the eye ; and this is frequently so powerful as to resist for a long time the opposing evidence of subsequent observation. Let a man of even the soundest judgement be presented to two women, equally strangers to him, but the one extremely handsome, the other without any remarkable advantages of person, and he will, without deliberation, attach himself first to the former. All men seem in this to be actuated by the same principle as Socrates, who used to say, that when he saw a beautiful person, he always expected to see it animated by a beautiful soul.

The ladies, however, often fall into the fatal error of imagining that a fine person is, in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment, and those who are so happy as to be endowed with it, rely, with vain confidence, on its irresistible power, to retain hearts as well as to subdue them.—Hence the lavish care bestowed on the improvement of exterior and perishable charms, and the neglect of solid and durable excellence ; hence the long list of arts that administer to vanity and folly, the countless train of glittering accomplishments, and the scanty catalogue of truly valuable acquirements, which compose, for the most part, the modern system of fashionable female education. Yet so far is beauty from being in our eyes an excuse for the want of a cultivated mind, that the women who are blessed with it, have, in reality, a much harder task to perform, than those of their sex who are not so distinguished. Even our self-love here takes part against them ; we feel ashamed of having suffered ourselves to be caught like children, by mere outside, and perhaps even fall into the contrary extreme.

Could “the statue that enchants the world,”—the Venus de Medicis, at the prayer of some new Pygmalion, become suddenly animated, how disappointed would he be, if she were not endowed with a soul, answerable to the inimitable perfection of her heavenly form ? Thus it is with a fine woman, whose only accomplishment is external excellence.

She may dazzle for a time ; but when a man has once thought, " what a pity that such a masterpiece should be but a walking statue !" her empire is at an end.

On the other hand, when a woman, the plainness of whose features prevented our noticing her at first, is found, upon nearer acquaintance, to be possessed of the more solid and valuable perfections of the mind, the pleasure we feel in being so agreeably undeceived, makes her appear to still greater advantage : and as the mind of man, when left to itself, is naturally an enemy to all injustice, we, even unknown to ourselves, strive to repair the wrong we have involuntarily done her, by a double portion of attention and regard.

If these observations be founded in truth, it will appear that, though a woman with a cultivated mind may justly hope to please, without even any superiour advantages of person, the loveliest creature that ever came from the hand of her Creator can hope only for a transitory empire, unless she unite with her beauty the more durable charm of intellectual excellence.

The favoured child of nature, who combines in herself these united perfections, may be justly considered as the masterpiece of the creation—as the most perfect image of the Divinity here below. Man, the proud lord of the creation, bows willingly his haughty neck beneath her gentle rule. Exalted, tender, beneficent is the love that she inspires. Even Time himself shall respect the all-powerful magick of her beauty. Her charms may fade, but they shall never wither ; and memory still, in the evening of life, hanging with fond affection over the blanchèd rose, shall view, through the veil of lapsed years, the tender bud, the dawning promise, whose beauties once blushed before the beams of the morning sun.

LESSON XLVII.

*A morning in the Highlands of Scotland.—Punishment of a Spy whose employers had betrayed Rob Roy MacGregor.**

ROB ROY.

I SHALL never forget the delightful sensation with which

* At the time this celebrated Highland Chieftain was taken prisoner, Morris had been sent as a hostage for his personal safety, which being violated, excited the wrath so powerfully described in this extract.

I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut, in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beams of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in its course under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed the borders of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity. Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and exalted.

* * * * *

It was under the burning influence of revenge that the wife of MacGregor commanded that the hostage, exchanged for her husband's safety, should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch, already half dead with terrour, in whose agonized features, I recognised, to my horrour and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent, and, with cheeks as pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the life of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul.—In the inconsistency of his terrour, he said, he was but the agent of others, and he

muttered the name of Rashleigh.—He prayed but for life—for life he would give all he had in the world;—it was but life he asked—life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations;—he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of MacGregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

“I could have bid you live,” she said, “had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind.—But you—wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow,—you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed,—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long-descended,—you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher’s dog in the shambles, batten on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun.”

She gave a brief command, in Gaelick, to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. As the murderers, or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognised me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, “O, Mr. Osbaldistone, save me!—save me!”

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf, but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, over which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The

heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters of the lake, and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was for ever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

LESSON XLVIII.

April Day.—ANONYMOUS.*

ALL day the low-hung clouds have dropt
Their garnered fulness down;
All day that soft, gray mist hath wrapt
Hill, valley, grove, and town.
There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature;—
Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;—
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.
I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.
Nor leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen,
'Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.
Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honey-suckle buds
Have swelled to double growth: that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.

* Extracted from the Review of "The Widow's Tale, and other poems, by the author of Ellen Fitzarthur," in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, 1822.

That black's cleaving cones have burst,
 The milk-white flowers revealing ;
 Even now, upon my senses first
 Methinks their sweets are stealing.
 The very earth, the steamy air,
 Is all with fragrance rife !
 And grace and beauty every where
 Are flushing into life.
 Down, down they come—those fruitful stores !
 Those earth-rejoicing drops !
 A momentary deluge pours,
 Then thins, decreases, stops.
 And ere the dimples on the stream
 Have circled out of sight,
 Lo ! from the west, a parting gleam
 Breaks forth of amber light.

LESSON XLIX.

The dead Lamb.—ANONYMOUS.*

THE shepherd saunters last :—but why
 Comes with him, pace for pace,
 That ewe ? and why, so piteously,
 Looks up the creature's face ?—
 Swung in his careless hand, she sees
 (Poor ewe !) a dead, cold weight,
 The little one her soft, warm fleece
 So fondly cherished late.
 But yesterday, no happier dam
 Ranged o'er those pastures wide,
 Than she, fond creature ! when the lamb
 Was sporting by her side.
 It was a new-born thing :—the rain
 Pour'd down all night—its bed
 Was drenched and cold. Morn came again,
 But the young lamb was dead.
 Yet the poor mother's fond distress
 Its every art had tried,

* Author of "The Widow's Tale and other poems."

To shield, with sleepless tenderness,
The weak one at her side.
Round it, all night, she gathered warm
Her woolly limbs—her head
Close curved across its feeble form ;
Day dawned, and it was dead.
She saw it dead :—she felt, she knew
It had no strength, no breath—
Yet, how could she conceive, poor ewe !
The mystery of death ?
It lay before her stiff and cold—
Yet fondly she essayed
To cherish it in love's warm fold :
Then restless trial made,
Moving, with still reverted face,
And low, complaining bleat,
To entice from their damp resting place
Those little stiffening feet.
All would not do, when all was tried :
Love's last fond lure was vain :
So, quietly by its dead side,
She laid her down again.

LESSON L.

The White Bear.—PERCIVAL.

THE white bear of Greenland and Spitzbergen is considerably larger than the brown bear of Europe or the black bear of North America. This animal lives upon fish and seals, and is seen not only upon land in the countries bordering on the North Pole, but often upon floats of ice several leagues at sea. The following relation is extracted from the "Journal of a Voyage for making discoveries towards the North Pole."

Early in the morning, the man at the mast-head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course towards the ship. They had, without question, been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse, killed a few days before, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach.

They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still left, upon the ice. These the old bear carried away singly; laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was taking away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat, they wounded the dam, but not mortally.

It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds to mark the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast, in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh which she had fetched away, and placed it before them. Seeing that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up. It was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off; and, stopping when she had gotten to some distance, she looked back and moaned. When she found that she could not entice them away, she returned, and smelling around them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before: and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship and growled at the murderers, who then shot her with a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs and died licking their wounds.

LESSON LI.

The Miseries of War.—ROBERT HALL.

THOUGH the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home; yet at each suc-

cessive moment, life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war: death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph of Death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the strong.

It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in peace children bury their parents, in war parents bury their children: nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, every thing but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

But, to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger, or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment: every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

In these last extremities we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene then must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe! If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads

almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to sooth their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death ! Unhappy man ! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust ?

We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword : confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms ; their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads amongst their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword ! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power !

Conceive but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighbourhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors ? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but their infants ; the

inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil! In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin!

LESSON LII.

Nature and Poetry favourable to virtue.—Humility recommended in judging of the ways of Providence.—BEATTIE.

O NATURE, how in every charm supreme!
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due!
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
 And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who, to th' enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Then hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amused my childhood, and informed my youth.
 O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide:
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
 For well I know wherever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
 Save when, against the winter's drenching rain,
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar
 Her legend when the beldam 'gan impart,
 Or chant the old heroick ditty o'er,
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart:
 Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;
 And halls, and knights and feats of arms displayed ;
 Or merry swains who quaff the nut-brown ale,
 And sing, enamoured of the nut-brown maid ;
 The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;
 Or hags that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,*
 'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the beldam would rehearse,
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
 O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart, by lust of lucre seared to stone ?
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
 Those hopeless orphan-babes, by thy fell arts undone.

Behold, with berries smeared, with brambles torn,†
 The babes now famished, lay them down to die :
 Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
 Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :
 " For from the town the man returns no more."
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
 This deed, with fruitless tears, shalt soon deplore,
 When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy
 store.

A stifled smile of stern, vindictive joy
 Brightened one moment Edwin's starting tear :
 " But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
 And innocence thus die by doom severe ?"—
 O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
 The assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
 Dark, even at noontide, is our mortal sphere ;
 But, let us hope ;—to doubt is to rebel ;
 Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

* Allusion to Shakspeare.

Macbeth.—How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
 What is't ye do ?

Witches.—A deed without a name.

MACBETH.—[ACT IV. Scene I.

† See the fine old ballad, called *The Children in the Wood*.

Nor be thy generous indignation checked,
 Nor checked the tender tear to Misery given ;
 From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
 This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
 But dreadful is their doom whom doubt has driven
 To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
 Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
 Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
 But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer's day,
 Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
 Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
 If but a cloud obscure the solar ray,
 If but a momentary shower descend !
 Or shall frail man heaven's high decree gainsay,
 Which bade* the series of events extend
 Wide through unnumbered worlds and ages without end !

One part, one little part, we dimly scan,
 Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem.
 Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem ;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
 O then renounce that impious self-esteem, .
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
 For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

LESSON LIII.

Consideration of the excuses that are offered to palliate a neglect of religion.—BUCKMINSTER.

FIRST, it is often said, that time is wanted for the duties of religion. The calls of business, the press of occupation, the cares of life, will not suffer me, says one, to give that time to the duties of piety, which otherwise I would gladly bestow. Say you this without a blush? You have no time, then, for the especial service of that great Being, whose goodness alone has drawn out to its present length your cobweb thread of life ; whose care alone has continued you

* Pronounced bad.

in possession of that unseen property, which you call your time. You have no time, then, to devote to that great Being, on whose existence the existence of the universe depends; a Being so great, that if his attention could for an instant be diverted, you fall never again to rise; if his promise should fail, your hopes, your expectations vanish into air; if his power should be weakened, man, angel, nature perishes.

But, let me ask, by what right do you involve yourself in this multiplicity of cares? Why do you weave around you this web of occupation, and then complain, that you cannot break it? Will you say, that your time is your own, and that you have a right to employ it in the manner you please? Believe me, it is not your own. It belongs to God, to religion, to mankind. You possess not an hour, to which one of these puts not in a preferable claim; and are such claimants to be dismissed without allotting to them a moment?

But for what else can you find no leisure? Do you find none for amusement? Or is amusement itself your occupation? Perhaps pleasure is the pressing business of your life; perhaps pleasure stands waiting to catch your precious moments as they pass. Do you find none for the pursuit of curious and secular knowledge? If you find none, then, for religion, it is perhaps because you wish to find none; it would be, you think, a tasteless occupation, an insipid entertainment.

But this excuse is founded on a most erroneous conception of the nature of religion. It is supposed to be something, which interrupts business, which wastes time, and interferes with all the pleasant and profitable pursuits of life. It is supposed to be something which must be practised apart from every thing else, a distinct profession, a peculiar occupation. The means of religion, meditation, reading, and prayer, will, and ought, indeed, to occupy distinct portions of our time. But religion itself demands not distinct hours. Religion will attend you not as a troublesome, but as a pleasant and useful companion in every proper place, and every temperate occupation of life. It will follow you to the warehouse or to the office; it will retreat with you to the country, it will dwell with you in town; it will cross the seas, or travel over mountains, or remain with you at home. Without your consent, it will not desert you in prosperity, or forget you in adversity. It

will grow up with you in youth, and grow old with you in age ; it will attend you with peculiar pleasure to the hovels of the poor, or the chamber of the sick ; it will retire with you to your closet, and watch by your bed, or walk with you in gladsome union to the house of God ; it will follow you beyond the confines of the world, and dwell with you in heaven for ever, as its native residence.

Again, it is said, am I not as good as others ? Why is an attention to religion, an unpopular piety, a rigid virtue required of me, which cannot be found in the circle of my acquaintance, or in the world at large ? Why am I urged to set up as a reformer, or expose myself to the scorn of mankind ? But the majority of men are poor ; does this however check the ardour of your pursuit of wealth ; or do you avoid a new acquisition, because you fear it will expose you to the envy of your inferiours ? The majority of mankind are ignorant ; but is ignorance therefore honourable, or is learning contemptible or invidious ?

We have now supposed, that piety and unsullied virtue would sometimes be attended with scorn. But even this is an unwarranted supposition. Piety is venerated by the impious. Unyielding virtue is admired by the corrupt ; disinterested goodness by the selfish ; temperance, chastity, humanity, by the intemperate, unchaste, and ambitious. Consider, too, to what extravagances this excuse would lead. It places you loosely floating on the inconstant tide of popular manners. If this rises, you indeed are raised ; if it falls, you descend, however imperceptibly, on its surface. It is an excuse, which might be offered with equal propriety by the corrupt inhabitant of Sodom, as by you.

LESSON LIV.

Subject Continued.

It is said, religion is dull, unsocial, uncharitable, enthusiastick, a damper of human joy, a morose intruder upon human pleasure. If this were true, nothing could be more incongruous than the parable, which represents it as an entertainment. But if this be the character of religion, it is surely the very reverse of what we should suppose it to be, and the reverse indeed of what it ought to be. Perhaps, in your distorted vision, you have mistaken sobriety

for dulness, equanimity for moroseness, disinclination to bad company for aversion to society, abhorrence of vice for uncharitableness, and piety for enthusiasm.

No doubt, at the table of boisterous intemperance, religion, if she were admitted as a guest, would wear a very dull countenance. In a revel of debauchery, and amidst the brisk interchange of profanity and folly, religion might appear indeed a dumb, unsocial intruder, ignorant of the rhetorick of oaths and the ornaments of obscenity. These are scenes, it must be acknowledged, of what is falsely called pleasure, in which religion, if embodied and introduced, would be as unwelcome a guest, as the emblematick coffin, which the Egyptians used to introduce in the midst of their entertainments. From such instances, however, to accuse religion of being unfriendly to the enjoyment of life, is as absurd as to interpret unfavourably the silence of a foreigner, who understands not a word of our language.

But as long as intemperance is not pleasure, as long as profaneness, impurity, or scandal is not wit, as long as excess is not the perfection of mirth, as long as selfishness is not the surest enjoyment, and as long as gratitude, love, reverence, and resignation are not superstitious affections, so long religion lays not an icy hand on the true joys of life. Without her all other pleasures become tasteless, and at last painful. To explain to you, indeed, how much she exalts, purifies and prolongs the pleasures of sense and imagination, and what peculiar sources of consolation, cheerfulness, and contentment she opens to herself, would lead us at present into too wide a range.

Excuses for irreligion are drawn from the failings and imperfections of christians. There, says the profligate, are your boasted saints. They have their faults, as well as those who make not so great pretensions to piety. Thus it happens, that some remains of imperfection, some constitutional infirmity, some unamiable weakness of good men, is brought forward and exhibited in all the triumph of illiberality to the gaze of a censorious world. The character of the mind is drawn from a single trait, from some casual wrinkle, some unlucky deformity. The point, in which a good man is as frail as others, is selected and contemplated with renewed pleasure, while those points, in which he is superiour to other men, are unobserved or unacknowledged. This is partial, unjust, uncharitable, iniquitous.

But the excuse closes not here. Of what religion has

failed to remove it is most absurdly called the cause. If apparently devout and pious habits are ever found associated with a temper, which is not open as day to melting charity, it is religion which hardens the heart, it is religion which locks the coffers. Whatever passion it has failed to subdue, or whatever fault it has been unable to prevent, it is impiously said to encourage. Equally absurd would it be, to attribute the weakness of a broken bone to the kind attentions of the surgeon, the pain of a wound to the balmy hand which would assuage it.

But of all the faults of christians, from which excuses for irreligion are drawn, the occasional extravagances into which pious men have fallen afford the most plausible apologies. The history of religion is ransacked for instances of persecution, of austerities, and enthusiastick irregularities, and when they are all collected, the cold-hearted, thoughtless irreligionist exclaims, these are the fruits of piety!

But why is it never considered, that the same ardent temperament, the same energy of passions, if they had been united with any other subject, would have rushed into similar extremes? In a mind of such a mould, religion, as is often said, is the occasion only, not the cause of extravagance. When enthusiasm, however, is the result of mere ignorance, as it most commonly is, the excuse entirely fails. Ignorance is not devotion, nor the mother of devotion; zeal is not religion, enthusiasm is not piety, solitude is not purity, spiritual pride is not conscious innocence, and the preternatural heat of the passions is not the warmth of love to God or man.

You would not judge of the usual moisture of any region from the occasional inundation of its rivers. The influence of true religion is mild, and soft, and noiseless, and constant as the descent of the evening dew on the tender herbage, nourishing and refreshing all the amiable and social virtues; but enthusiasm is violent, sudden, rattling as a summer shower, rooting up the fairest flowers, and washing away the richest mould in the pleasant garden of society.

Excuses for a neglect of religion are suggested by different seasons of life. Youth, in the fulness of its spirits, defers it to the sobriety of manhood; manhood, encumbered with cares, defers it to the leisure of old age; old age, weak and hesitating, is unable to enter on an untried mode of life. The excuses of youth are those which are most

frequently offered, and most easily admitted. The restrictions of religion, though proper enough for maturer age are too severe, it is said, for this frolicsome and gladsome period. Its consolations, too, they do not want. Leave them to prop the feeble limbs of old age, or to cheer the sinking spirits of adversity. False and pernicious maxim! As if, at the end of a stated number of years, a man could become religious in a moment! As if the husbandman, at the end of summer, could call up a harvest from the soil which he had never tilled! As if manhood, too, would have no excuses! And what are they? That he has grown too old to amend. That his parents took no pains with his religious education, and therefore his ignorance is not his own fault. That he must be making provision for old age; and the pressure of cares will allow him no time to attend to the evidences, or learn the rules of religion. Thus life is spent in framing apologies, in making and breaking resolutions, and protracting amendment, till death places his cold hand on the mouth open to make its last excuse, and one more is added to the crowded congregation of the dead.

LESSON LV.

Subject Concluded.

THE excuses, which we have already considered, are trifling, however, compared with the following.

It is said, "it is by no means certain, that there is a future state of retribution beyond the limits of the world. Who has ever seen it? It is not certain, that the religion, which you urge us to embrace, comes from God. Many objections may be made to its evidences." Most of the irreligion, which prevails among the more informed classes of society, results from a lurking skepticism, which infests their thoughts, and, in relation to religion, leads them to act in direct opposition to all the maxims, which usually govern the conduct of men.

It is indeed true, that the existence of a future world is not to us as certain as the existence of the present; neither can we ever have that intuitive assurance of the being of a God, that we necessarily possess of our own existence; neither can the facts of the gospel history, which happened

two thousand years ago, be impressed on our belief with that undoubting conviction, which we have of the reality of scenes, which are passing immediately before our eyes.

But the question is not, whether the gospel history can be demonstrated. Few subjects which occupy human contemplation admit strict and mathematical proof. The whole life of man is but a perpetual comparison of evidence, and balancing of probabilities. And upon the supposition that religious truths are only probable, the excuse we have mentioned will not relieve irreligion from the charge of presumptuous and consummate folly.

But it is said, many objections have been made to the evidences of revelation; and many of its difficulties remain yet unexplained. It is true, that objections have been often made and often answered, and not only answered, but refuted. But some difficulties, it is said, yet remain. It is true, they do remain; and the excuse shall be admitted, when any other subject of equal importance shall be produced, in which difficulties do not remain. The most plausible objections, which have been made to any truth within the circle of human knowledge, are those which have been offered against the existence of a material world; but did this ever check an operation in mechanicks, or excuse from his daily task a single labourer?

A man of ingenuity might offer a thousand objections against the probability of your living till the morrow; but would this rob you of a moment's rest, or frustrate a single plan, which you had meditated for the approaching day? If we subtract from the difficulties, which attend revelation, those which have been erected by the injudicious zeal of some of its friends in attempting to prove too much, we shall find, that, in the vast storehouse of facts which history presents, for none can there be produced a greater mass of evidence than for the birth, the death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ—and upon the supposition of their truth, irreligion is nothing better than distraction.

Another excuse, however, is offered, which perhaps has greater secret influence in quieting the conscience than any other. We are desired to look at the list of great names, who have been adversaries of christianity. Can that evidence, it is asked, be satisfactory, which failed to convince such minds as these?—If the probable truth of revelation is to be ascertained in this manner, the dispute will soon be at an end; for it would be no difficult task to produce, from

among the friends of revelation, a greater number of greater names within the last hundred years, than all the hosts of infidelity can furnish in eighteen centuries since the birth of Christ.

But I believe these instances are not alleged to disprove the truth, but only to weaken the importance of christianity. They are alleged only to excuse an inattention to religion, and show that it is not very dangerous to err with such great names on our side. Truths, it is said, which such understandings disbelieved, surely cannot be of infinite importance. Nothing would tend more to remove such apologies, than a fair, impartial, and full account of the education, the characters, the intellectual processes, and the dying moments of such men. Then it would be seen, that their virtues were the result of the very principles they had assailed, but from whose influence they were unable wholly to escape. Then it would be seen, that they had gained by their skepticism no new pleasures, no tranquillity of mind, no peace of conscience during life, and no consolation in the hour of death.

Such are the excuses which irreligion offers. Could you have believed, that they were so empty, so unworthy, so hollow, so absurd? And shall such excuses be offered to the God of heaven and earth? By such apologies shall man insult his Creator? Shall he hope to flatter the ear of Omnipotence, and beguile the observation of an omniscient spirit? Think you, that such excuses will gain new importance in their ascent to the throne of the Majesty on high? Will you trust the interests of eternity in the hands of these superficial advocates?

You have pleaded your incessant occupation. Exhibit then the result of your employment. Have you nothing to produce but these bags of gold, these palaces, and farms, these bundles of cares, and heaps of vexations? Is the eye of Heaven to be dazzled by an exhibition of property, an ostentatious show of treasures? You surely produce not all these wasted hours, to prove that you have had no time for religion. It is an insult to the Majesty of Heaven. Again, you have pleaded your youth, and you have pleaded your age. Which of these do you choose to maintain at the bar of Heaven? Such trifling would not be admitted in the intercourse of men, and do you think it will avail more with Almighty God?

It must however be acknowledged, that the case of the irreligious is not desperate, while excuses are thought proper

and necessary. There is some glimmering of hope, that the man who apologizes is willing to amend. God preserve us from that obduracy of wickedness, which disdains to palliate a crime; from that hardihood of unbelief, which will not give even a weak reason, and which derides the offer of an excuse. But the season of apologies is passing away. All our eloquent defences of ourselves must soon cease. Death stiffens the smooth tongue of flattery, and blots out, with one stroke, all the ingenious excuses, which we have spent our lives in framing.

At the marriage-supper, the places of those who refused to come, were soon filled by a multitude of delighted guests. The God of Heaven needs not our presence to adorn his table, for whether we accept, or whether we reject his gracious invitation, whether those who were bidden taste or not of his supper, his house shall be filled. Though many are called and few chosen, yet Christ has not died in vain, religion is not without its witnesses, or heaven without its inhabitants. Let us then remember, that one thing is needful, and that there is a better part than all the pleasures and selfish pursuits of this world, a part which we are encouraged to secure, and which can never be taken away

LESSON LVI.

Apostrophe to Mount Parnassus.—BYRON.*

O THOU Parnassus! whom I now survey,
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring, snow-clad, through thy native sky,
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel that I thus essay to sing?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims, passing by,
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse shall wave her
 wing.

Oft have I dreamed of thee! whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore;

* Written in *Castri*, the ancient Delphi; at the foot of Parnassus now called *Liakura*.

And now I view thee, 'tis, alas ! with shame
 That I, in feeblest accents, must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore,
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee ;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on thee !

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
 Shall I, unmoved, behold the hallowed scene
 Which others rave of, though they know it not ^h
 Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
 And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
 Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
 Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
 Or glides, with glassy foot, o'er yon melodious wave.

LESSON LVII.

Mount Chamouny :—The hour before Sunrise.—COLERIDGE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course ? so long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, Oh Chamouny !
 The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly, while *thou*, dread mountain form,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
 How silently ! Around thee and above
 Deep is the sky and black : transpicuous deep
 An éb'on mass ! methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again
 It seems thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity.
 Oh dread and silent form ! I gazed on thee
 Till thou, still present to my bodily eye,
 Didst vanish from my thought.—Entranc'd in prayer,
 I worshipp'd the Invisible alone,
 Yet thou, methinks, wast working on my soul
 E'en like some deep enchanting melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it.
 But I awake, and with a busier mind
 And active will, self-conscious, offer now,

Not as before, involuntary prayer
And passive adoration.

Hand and voice

Awake, awake! and thou, my heart, awake!
Green fields, and icy cliffs! all join my hymn!
And thou, O silent mountain, sole and bare,
O! blacker than the darkness, all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, oh wake, and utter praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars in the earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee father of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad,
Who called you forth from night and utter death?
From darkness let you loose, and icy dens,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?—

And who commanded and the silence came,
“Here shall the billows stiffen and have rest”?
Ye ice-falls! ye that from yon dizzy heights
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty noise,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge,
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with lovely flowers
Of living blue spread garlands at your feet?
God! God! the torrents like a shout of nations
Utter; the ice-plain bursts, and answers, God!—
God! sing the meadow streams with gladsome voice,
And pine groves with their soft and soul-like sound.

The silent snow-mass, loosening, thunders, God!
Ye dreadless flowers, that fringe the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, bounding by the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain blast!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds,
Ye signs and wonders of the elements,

Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!
 And thou, oh silent form, alone and bare,
 Whom as I lift again my head, bowed low
 In silent adoration, I again behold,
 And to thy summit upward from thy base
 Sweep slowly, with dim eyes suffused with tears,—
 Awake thou mountain form! Rise like a cloud,
 Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread Ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great Hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
 Earth with her thousand voices calls on God.

LESSON LVIII.

Maternal affection.—SCRAP BOOK.

WOMAN'S charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty has an irresistible bewitchingness;—the blooming bride led triumphantly to the hymenæal altar awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight;—but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these. Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies,—the angelick smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and on which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks round in vain for such another object on earth.

Maternity, extatick sound! so twined round our hearts, that they must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our first love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are, first, uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is

no man, but a monster.—He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking that “Of such is the kingdom of heaven!” or see the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse of life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.

LESSON LIX.

The last days of Herculaneum.—SCRAP BOOK.

A GREAT city—situated amidst all that nature could create of beauty and of profusion, or art collect of science and magnificence—the growth of many ages—the residence of enlightened multitudes—the scene of splendour, and festivity, and happiness—in one moment withered as by a spell—its palaces, its streets, its temples, its gardens, ‘glowing with eternal spring,’ and its inhabitants in the full enjoyment of all life’s blessings, obliterated from their very place in creation, not by war, or famine, or disease, or any of the natural causes of destruction to which earth had been accustomed—but in a single night, as if by magick, and amid the conflagration, as it were, of nature itself, presented a subject on which the wildest imagination might grow weary without even equalling the grand and terrible reality. The eruption of Vesuvius, by which Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed, has been chiefly described to us in the letters of Pliny the younger to Tacitus, giving an account of his uncle’s fate, and the situation of the writer and his mother. The elder Pliny had just returned from the bath, and was retired to his study, when a small speck or cloud, which seemed to ascend from Mount Vesuvius, attracted his attention. This cloud gradually increased, and at length assumed the shape of a pine tree, the trunk of earth and vapour, and the leaves, “red cinders.” Pliny ordered his galley, and, urged by his philosophick spirit, went forward to inspect the phenomenon. In a short time, however, philosophy gave way to humanity, and he zealously and adventurously employed his galley in saving the inhabitants of the various beautiful villas which studded that enchanting coast. Amongst others he went to the assistance of his friend Pomponianus, who was then at Stabiae. The storm of fire, and the tempest of the earth, increased; and the

wretched inhabitants were obliged, by the continual rocking of their houses, to rush out into the fields with pillows tied down by napkins upon their heads, as their sole defence against the shower of stones which fell on them. This, in the course of nature, was in the middle of the day; but a deeper darkness than that of a winter night had closed around the ill-fated inmates of Herculaneum. This artificial darkness continued for three days and nights, and when, at length, the sun again appeared over the spot where Herculaneum stood, his rays fell upon an ocean of lava! There was neither tree, nor shrub, nor field, nor house, nor living creature; nor visible remnant of what human hands had reared—there was nothing to be seen but one black extended surface still streaming with mephitick vapour, and heaved into calcined waves by the operation of fire and the undulations of the earthquake! Pliny was found dead upon the seashore, stretched upon a cloth which had been spread for him, where it was conjectured he had perished early, his corpulent and apoplectick habit rendering him an easy prey to the suffocating atmosphere.

LESSON LX.

New mode of Fishing.—SCRAP BOOK.

SEVERAL years ago, a farmer, who resided in the immediate neighbourhood of Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, kept a gander, who had not only a great trick of wandering himself, but also delighted in piloting forth his cackling harem, to weary themselves in circumnavigating their native lake, or in straying amidst forbidden fields on the opposite shore. Wishing to check this vagrant habit, he one day seized the gander just as he was about to spring into his favourite element, and tying a large fish-hook to his leg, to which was attached part of a dead frog, he suffered him to proceed upon his voyage of discovery. As had been anticipated, this bait soon caught the eye of a greedy pike, which swallowing the deadly hook, not only arrested the progress of the astonished gander, but forced him to perform half a dozen somersets on the surface of the water! For some time the struggle was most amusing—the fish pulling, and the bird screaming with all its might—the one attempting to fly, and the other to swim, from the invisible enemy—the gander the one mo

ment losing and the next regaining his centre of gravity, and casting between whiles many a rueful look at his snow-white fleet of geese and goslings, who cackled forth their sympathy for their afflicted commodore. At length victory declared in favour of the feathered angler, who, bearing away for the nearest shore, landed on the smooth green grass one of the finest pikes ever caught in the Castle-loch. This adventure is said to have cured the gander of his propensity for wandering; but on this point we are inclined to be a little skeptical—particularly as we lately heard, that, at the Reservoir near Glasgow, the country people are in the habit of employing ducks in this novel mode of fishing. We cannot, to be sure, vouch for this last fact; but, in the days of yore, hawks were taught to bring down woodcocks and muirfowl, and why might not a similar course of training enable ducks to bring up pikes and perches?

LESSON LXI.

A Winter Scene.—BRYANT.

BUT Winter has yet brighter scenes;—he boasts
Splendours beyond what gorgeous Summer knows,
Or Autumn, with his many fruits and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come, when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
When the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad, arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look, the massy trunks
Are eased in the pure crystal; branch and twig
Shine in the lucid covering; each light rod,
Nodding and twinkling in the stirring breeze,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
Still streaming, as they move, with coloured light.
But round the parent stem the long, low boughs
Bend in a glittering ring, and arbours hide
The glassy floor. O! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of Earth, where the gems grow,
And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud
With amethyst and topaz, and the place
Lit up, most royally, with the pure beam

That dwells in them. Or, haply, the vast hall
 Of fairy palace, that out-lasts the night,
 And fades not in the glory of the sun ;
 Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
 And crossing arches, and fantastick aisles
 Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
 Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye :—
 Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault ;
 There the blue sky, and the white drifting cloud
 Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
 Of sporting fountains, frozen as they rose,
 And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
 And all their sluices sealed: All, all is light,
 Light without shade. But all shall pass away
 With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
 Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
 Like the far roar of rivers ; and the eve
 Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

LESSON LXII.

The Seasons.—MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

————— I solitary court
 The inspiring breeze, and meditate upon the book
 Of nature, ever open ; aiming thence
 Warm from the heart to learn the moral song.—

PERSONS of reflection and sensibility contemplate with interest the scenes of nature. The changes of the year impart a colour and character to their thoughts and feelings. When the seasons walk their round, when the earth buds, the corn ripens, and the leaf falls, not only are the senses impressed, but the mind is instructed ; the heart is touched with sentiment, the fancy amused with visions. To a lover of nature and of wisdom, the vicissitude of seasons conveys a proof and exhibition of the wise and benevolent contrivance of the Author of all things.

When suffering the inconveniences of the ruder parts of the year, we may be tempted to wonder why this rotation is necessary ;—why we could not be constantly gratified with vernal bloom and fragrance, or summer beauty and profusion. We imagine that, in a world of our creation, there would always be a blessing in the air, and flowers and fruits on the earth. The chilling blast and driving

snow, the desolated field, withered foliage, and naked tree, should make no part of the scenery which we would produce. A little thought, however, is sufficient to show the folly, if not impiety of such distrust in the appointments of the great Creator.

The succession and contrast of the seasons give scope to that care and foresight, diligence and industry, which are essential to the dignity and enjoyment of human beings, whose happiness is connected with the exertion of their faculties. With our present constitution and state, in which impressions on the senses enter so much into our pleasures and pains, and the vivacity of our sensations is affected by comparison, the uniformity and continuance of a perpetual spring would greatly impair its pleasing effect upon our feelings.

The present distribution of the several parts of the year, is evidently connected with the welfare of the whole, and the production of the greatest sum of being and enjoyment. That motion in the earth, and change of place in the sun, which cause one region of the globe to be consigned to cold, decay, and barrenness, impart to another heat and life, fertility and beauty. Whilst in our climate the earth is bound with frost, and the 'chilly smothering snows' are falling, the inhabitants of another behold the earth, first planted with vegetation and apparelled in verdure, and those of a third are rejoicing in the appointed weeks of harvest.

Each season comes, attended with its benefits, and beauties, and pleasures. All are sensible of the charms of spring. Then the senses are delighted with the feast, that is furnished on every field, and on every hill. The eye is sweetly delayed on every object to which it turns. It is grateful to perceive how widely, yet chastely, nature hath mixed her colours and painted her robe; how bountifully she hath scattered her blossoms and flung her odours. We listen with joy to the melody she hath awakened in the groves, and catch health from the pure and tepid gales that blow from the mountains.

When the summer exhibits the whole force of active nature, and shines in full beauty and splendour; when the succeeding season offers its 'purple stores and golden grain,' or displays its blended and softened tints; when the winter puts on its sullen aspect, and brings stillness and repose, affording a respite from the labours which have occupied the preceding months, inviting us to reflection, and compen-

sating for the want of attractions abroad by fireside delights and home-felt joys ; in all this interchange and variety we find reason to acknowledge the wise and benevolent care of the God of seasons.

We are passing from the finer to the ruder portions of the year. The sun emits a fainter beam, and the sky is frequently overcast. The gardens and fields have become a waste, and the forests have shed their verdant honours. The hills are no more enlivened with the bleating of flocks, and the woodland no longer resounds with the song of birds. In these changes we see evidences of our instability, and images of our transitory state.

‘ So flourishes and fades majestick man.’—

Our life is compared to a falling leaf. When we are disposed to count on protracted years, to defer any serious thoughts of futurity, and to extend our plans through a long succession of seasons ; the spectacle of the ‘ fading, many-coloured woods,’ and the naked trees, affords a salutary admonition of our frailty. It should teach us to fill the short year of life, or that portion of it which may be allotted to us, with useful employments and harmless pleasures ; to practise that industry, activity, and order, which the course of the natural world is constantly preaching.

Let not the passions blight the intellect in the spring of its advancement ; nor indolence nor vice canker the promise of the heart in the blossom. Then shall the summer of life be adorned with moral beauty ; the autumn yield a harvest of wisdom and virtue ; and the winter of age be cheered with pleasing reflections on the past. and bright hopes of the future.



LESSON LXIII.

[In the *Zoönomia* of Dr. DARWIN, among various instances recorded by that philosophical physician of what he calls maniacal hallucination, or mental delusion, is the case of a young farmer of Warwickshire, whose story was well authenticated in the publick papers of the time. A poor elderly woman in his neighbourhood was in the habit, urged by the pinching necessities of an inclement winter, of taking a few sticks from his grounds and his hedge, to preserve the fading fire in her forlorn cottage. Suspecting the delinquent, the hardhearted hind watched and detected her. After wrenching from her the scanty fag-

got, blows and reproaches succeeded. Struck with the misery of her situation, and the cruelty of her oppressor, she kneeled, and, rearing her withered hands to the cold moon, prayed that "he might never again know the blessing of warmth." The consciousness of wrong, the solemnity of the hour, the pathetic tone, "sharp misery," and impassioned gesture of the miserable matron, at once extinguished the dim reason of the rustick. He immediately complained of a preternatural chilness, was continually calling for more fire and clothes, and conceived himself to be in a freezing state, till the time of his death, which happened shortly after. On this singular story is founded the following ballad, which is in the genuine spirit of ancient English song, and shows, by proof irrefragable, that simplicity, and the language of ordinary life, may be connected with the most exquisite poetry. *Farmer's Museum.*]

Goody Blake and Harry Gill.—WORDSWORTH.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,
His voice was like the voice of three.
Auld Goody Blake was old and poor,
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door,
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,
And then her three hours' work at night!
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.

—This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,
Her hut was on a cold hill side,
And in that country coals are dear,
For they come far by wind and tide.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage,
But she, poor woman, dwelt alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer day,
Then at her door the canty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh! then how her old bones would shake
You would have said if you had met her
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dread;
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her! whene'er in winter,
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scattered many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile before-hand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring,
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vow'd that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.

And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand ;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again !—on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake !
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her :
Stick after stick did Goody pull,
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had fill'd her apron full.
When with her load she turn'd about,
The by-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last !"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall ;
And kneeling on the sticks, she pray'd,
To God that is the judge of all.

She pray'd, her wither'd hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God ! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm !"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turn'd away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill :
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas that day for Harry Gill !

That day he wore a riding coat,
 But not a whit the warmer he :
 Another was on Thursday brought,
 And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
 And blankets were about him pinn'd :
 Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
 Like a loose casement in the wind.
 And Harry's flesh it fell away ;
 And all who see him say 'tis plain,
 That live as long as live he may,
 He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
 Abed or up, to young or old ;
 But ever to himself he mutters,
 " Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
 Abed or up, by night or day ;
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still :
 Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
 Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

LESSON LXIV.

Supposed feelings of Adam on being called into existence.—*
 BUFFON.

I REMEMBER the moment when my existence commenced : it was a moment replete with joy, amazement, and anxiety. I neither knew what I was, where I was, nor from whence I came. I opened my eyes ; what an increase of sensation ! The light, the celestial vault, the verdure of the earth, the transparency of the waters, gave animation to my spirits, and conveyed pleasures which exceed the powers of expression.

* The above extract is taken from Buffon's Natural History, and contains a very vivid description of the slow and painful process by which human beings acquire what may be called the use and knowledge of their senses. The idea, that Adam had to undergo nearly the same discipline as a little child, before he acquired a knowledge of himself and of that sublime creation of which he was then the sole heir, is, of course, altogether imaginary, and merely assumed for the purpose of illustration.

I at first believed that all these objects existed within me, and formed a part of myself. When totally absorbed in this idea, I turned my eyes to the sun : his splendour overpowered me. I voluntarily shut out the light, and felt a slight degree of pain. During this moment of darkness, I imagined that I had lost the greatest part of my being.

When reflecting, with grief and astonishment, upon this great change, I was roused with a variety of sounds. The singing of birds, and the murmuring of the breezes, formed a concert, which excited the most sweet and enchanting emotions. I listened long, and was convinced that these harmonious sounds existed within me.

Totally occupied with this new species of existence, I had already forgot the light, though the first part of my being that I had recognised. I again, by accident, opened my eyes, and was delighted to find myself recover the possession of so many brilliant objects. This pleasure surpassed every former sensation, and suspended, for a time, the charming melody of sound.

I fixed my eyes on a thousand objects ; I soon perceived that I had the power of losing and of recovering them, and that I could, at pleasure, destroy and renew this beautiful part of my existence.

I could now see without astonishment, and hear without anxiety, when a gentle breeze wafted perfumes to my nostrils. This new and delightful sensation agitated my frame, and gave a fresh addition to my self-love.

Totally occupied by all these sensations, and loaded with pleasures so delicate and so extensive, I suddenly arose, and was transported by the perception of an unknown power.

I had made but a single step, when the novelty of my situation rendered me immoveable. My surprise was extreme. I thought my being fled from me : the movement I had made confounded the objects of vision ; and the whole creation seemed to be disordered.

I raised my hand to my head ; I touched my forehead and my eyes ; and I felt every part of my body. The hand now appeared to be the principal organ of my existence. The perceptions afforded by this instrument were so distinct and so perfect ; the pleasures conveyed by it were so superiour to those of light and sound, that, for some time, I attached myself entirely to this substantial part of my being, and I perceived that my ideas began to assume a consistence and reality which I had never before experienced. Every

part of my body, which I touched with my hand, reflected the sensation, and produced in my mind a double idea.

By this exercise I soon learned, that the faculty of feeling was expanded over every part of my frame ; and I began to recognise the limits of my existence, which till now seemed to be of an immense extent.

I surveyed my body, and I judged it to be of a size so immense, that all other objects, in comparison, seemed to be only luminous points. I followed my hand with my eyes, and observed all its motions. Of all these objects my ideas were confused and fallacious. I imagined that the motion of my hand was a kind of fugitive existence, a mere succession of similar causes ; I brought my hand near my eye ; it then seemed to be larger than my whole body ; for it concealed from my view almost every other object.

I began to suspect that there was some illusion in the sensation conveyed by the eyes. I distinctly perceived that my hand was only a small part of my body ; but I was unable to comprehend how it should appear so enormously large. I therefore resolved to depend for information upon the sense of feeling alone, which had never deceived me and to be on my guard against all the other modes of sensation.

This precaution was extremely useful to me. I renewed my motions, and walked with my face turned toward the heavens. I struck against a palm tree, and felt a slight degree of pain. Seized with terrour, I ventured to lay my hand upon the object, and discovered it to be a being distinct from myself, because it gave me not, like touching my own body, a double sensation : I turned from it with horror, and perceived, for the first time, that there was something external, something which did not constitute a part of my own existence.

It was with difficulty that I could reconcile myself to this discovery ; but, after reflecting on the event which had happened, I concluded that I ought to judge concerning external objects in the same manner as I had judged concerning the parts of my body ; and the sense of feeling alone could ascertain their existence. I resolved, therefore, to feel every object that I saw. I had a desire of touching the sun ; I accordingly stretched forth my hands to embrace the heavens ; but they met, without feeling any intermediate object.

Every experiment I made served only to increase my as-

tonishment; for all objects appeared to be equally near; and it was not till after an infinite number of trials, that I learned to use my eye as a guide to my hand. As the hand gave me ideas totally different from the impressions I received by the eye, my sensations were contradictory; the judgements I formed were imperfect; and my whole existence was disorder and confusion.

Reflecting deeply on the nature of my being, the contradictions I had experienced filled me with humility: the more I meditated, my doubts and difficulties increased. Fatigued with so many uncertainties, and with anxious emotions which successively arose in my mind, my knees bended, and I soon found myself in a situation of repose. This state of tranquillity added fresh force to my senses. I was seated under the shade of a beautiful tree. Fruit of a vermilion hue hung down, in the form of grapes, within reach of my hand. These fruits I gently touched, and they instantly separated from the branch. In laying hold of one of them, I imagined I had made a great conquest; and I rejoiced in the faculty of containing in my hand an entire being which made no part of myself. Its weight, though trifling, seemed to be an animated resistance, which I had a pleasure in being able to conquer.

I held the fruit near my eyes: I examined its form and its colours. A delicious odour allured me to bring it near my lips, and I inhaled long draughts of its perfumes. When entirely occupied with the sweetness of its fragrance, my mouth opened, and I discovered that I had an internal sense of smelling, which was more delicate and refined than that conveyed by the nostrils. In fine, I tasted the fruit. The novelty of the sensation, and the exquisiteness of the savour, filled me with astonishment and transport. Till now I had only enjoyed pleasures; but taste gave me an idea of voluptuousness. The enjoyment was so congenial and intimate, that it conveyed to me the notion of possession or property. I thought that the substance of the fruit had become part of my own, and that I was endowed with the power of transforming bodies.

Charmed with this idea of power, and with the pleasures I felt, I continued to pull and to eat. But an agreeable languor gradually impaired my senses; my limbs grew heavy; and my mind seemed to lose its natural activity. I perceived this inaction by the febleness of my thoughts: the dulness of my sensations rounded all external objects,

and conveyed only weak and ill-defined ideas. At this instant my eyes shut, and my head reclined upon the grass.

Every thing now disappeared: darkness and confusion reigned. The train of my ideas was interrupted; and I lost the consciousness of my existence. My sleep was profound; but, having no mode of measuring time, I knew nothing of its duration. My awakening appeared to be a second birth: for I only perceived that I had ceased to exist. This temporary annihilation gave me the idea of fear, and made me conclude that my existence was not permanent.

Another perplexity arose: I suspected that sleep had robbed me of some part of my powers: I tried my different senses, and endeavoured to recognise all my former faculties. When surveying my body, in order to ascertain its identity, I was astonished to find at my side another form perfectly similar to my own! I conceived it to be another *self*; and, instead of losing by sleep, I imagined myself to be doubled.

I ventured to lay my hand upon this new being: with rapture and astonishment I perceived that it was not myself, but something much more glorious and desirable; and I imagined that my existence was about to dissolve, and to be wholly transfused into this second part of my being.

I perceived her to be animated by the touch of my hand: I saw her catch the expression in my eyes; and the lustre and vivacity of her own made a new source of life thrill in my veins.

At this instant the sun had finished his course; I perceived, with pain, that I lost the sense of seeing; and the present obscurity recalled in vain the idea of my former sleep.

LESSON LXV.

Scottish Musick;—its peculiarity accounted for.—BEATTIE.

THE Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged and a clime so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the labours of

agriculture ; the mournful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes that intersect the country ; the portentous noises which every change of the wind, and every increase and diminution of the waters are apt to raise in a lonely region, full of echoes, and rocks, and caverns ; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon ; objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts even of an ordinary native in the hour of silence and solitude.

What then would it be reasonable to expect from the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets, of such a region ? Strains, expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions ? No ; their style must have been better suited to their circumstances. And so we find, in fact, that their musick is. The wildest irregularity appears in its composition : the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible.—And that their poetry is almost uniformly mournful, and their views of nature dark and dreary, will be allowed by all who admit the authenticity of Ossian ; and not doubted by any who believe those fragments of Highland poetry to be genuine, which many old people, now alive, of that country, remember to have heard in their youth, and were then taught to refer to a pretty high antiquity.

Some of the southern provinces of Scotland present a very different prospect. Smooth and lofty hills covered with verdure ; clear streams winding through long and beautiful valleys ; trees produced without culture, here straggling or single, and there crowding into little groves and bowers ; with other circumstances peculiar to the districts alluded to, render them fit for pasturage, and favourable to romantick leisure and tender passion.

Several of the old Scotch songs take their names from the rivulets, villages, and hills adjoining to the Tweed near Melrose ; a region distinguished by many charming varieties of rural scenery, and which, whether we consider the face of the country or the genius of the people, may properly enough be termed the Arcadia of Scotland. And all their songs are sweetly and powerfully expressive of love and tenderness, and other emotions suited to the tranquillity of pastoral life.

LESSON LXVI.

Fortitude of the Indian Character.—ADAIR'S TRAVELS.

A PARTY of the Seneca Indians came to war against the Katawbas, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress: on his perceiving them he sprung off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward.

The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice; and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined, that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments to which he was destined, would have so impaired his health, and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings.

Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians: and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies:—for when they were taking him, unopposed, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore.

He now ascended the steep bank, but, though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the

water, and others running, like bloodhounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly. He chose to take leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favours they had done, and intended to do him. So, stopping a moment, to bid them defiance, in the genuine style of Indian gallantry, he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies.

He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested, till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him:—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him; but there was now every thing to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge by cutting them off.—Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot—clothed himself, and took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, except when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree.

As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had been taken prisoner and doomed to the fiery torture, after having killed seven of his enemies. The bodies of these he dug up, burnt them to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph.—Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war council they concluded, that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and even after that, in his naked condition, he must surely be an enemy wizard; and that, as he was now well armed, he would destroy them all should they continue the pursuit:—they therefore very prudently returned home.

LESSON LXVII.

The widow and her son.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church, which stood in a country filled with ancient families, and contained within its cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us:

“Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!—”

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world, by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to Heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me.

I stood on a knoll, round which a stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still, sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave.—They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow.

While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church-door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummary of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor

mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposite the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to sooth—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastick spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to sooth—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can

look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

LESSON LXVIII.

The same,—Concluded.

IT was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—“Oh, sir!” said the good woman, “he was such a likely lad, so sweetly tempered, so kind to every one round him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one’s heart good to see him of a Sunday, drest out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George’s arm, than on her goodman’s; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.”

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect, as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days,

she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage-door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George!" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded.—He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends

all the other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and, if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and have none to sooth—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments; the stately hatchments; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride; and turned to this poor widow bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the

congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

LESSON LXIX.

The American Republick.—BYRON.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone,
 Over three fractions of the groaning globe :—
 Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own
 A sceptre, and endures a purple robe :
 If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
 His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time ;
 For tyranny of late has cunning grown,
 And, in its own good season, tramples down
 The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
 Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
 Are kept apart, and nursed in the devotion
 Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
 Bequeathed—a heritage of heart and hand,
 And proud distinction from each other land,
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
 As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
 Full of the magick of exploded science—
 Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
 Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
 Above the far Atlantick ! She has taught
 Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
 The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,
 May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
 Rights cheaply earned with blood. Still, still, for ever
 Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
 That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
 Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
 Dammed, like the dull canal, with locks and chains,

And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering :—better be
 Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
 Than stagnate in our marsh ;—or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
 One freeman more, AMERICA, to thee !

LESSON LXX.

An Evening Sketch.—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE birds have ceased their song,
 All, save the black cap, that, amid the boughs
 Of yon tall ash tree, from his mellow throat,
 In adoration of the setting sun,
 Chants forth his evening hymn.

'Tis twilight now ;
 The sovereign sun behind his western hills
 In glory hath declined. The mighty clouds,
 Kissed by his warm effulgence, hang around
 In all their congregated hues of pride,
 Like pillars of some tabernacle grand,
 Worthy his glowing presence ; while the sky,
 Illumined to its centre, glows intense,
 Changing its sapphire majesty to gold.
 How deep is the tranquillity ! the trees
 Are slumbering through their multitude of boughs
 Even to the leaflet on the frailest twig !
 A twilight gloom pervades the distant hills ;
 An azure softness mingling with the sky.
 The fisherman drags to the yellow shore
 His laden nets ; and, in the sheltering cove,
 Behind yon rocky point, his shallop moors,
 To tempt again the perilous deep at dawn.

The sea is waveless, as a lake ingulf'd
 'Mid sheltering hills—without a ripple spreads
 Its bosom, silent, and immense—the hues
 Of flickering day have from its surface died,
 Leaving it garb'd in sunless majesty.

With bosoming branches round, yon village hangs
 Its row of lofty elm trees ; silently
 Towering in spiral wreaths to the soft sky,
 The smoke from many a cheerful hearth ascends,
 Melting in ether.

As I gaze, behold
 The evening star illumines the blue south,
 Twinkling in loveliness. O ! holy star,
 Thou bright dispenser of the twilight dews,
 Thou herald of Night's glowing galaxy,
 And harbinger of social bliss ! how oft,
 Amid the twilights of departed years,
 Resting beside the river's mirror clear,
 On trunk of massy oak, with eyes upturn'd
 To thee in admiration, have I sat
 Dreaming sweet dreams till earth-born turbulence
 Was all forgot ; and thinking that in thee,
 Far from the rudeness of this jarring world,
 There might be realms of quiet happiness !

LESSON LXXI.

Autumn.—ALISON.

THERE is an "even tide" in the year,—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light,—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy ; and if, by this word, be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy ;—yet, it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetick in its influence, that they, who have known it, feel, as if instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched, but to fine issues.

1. It is a season, which tends to wean us from the passions of the world. Every passion, however base or unworthy, is yet eloquent. It speaks to us of present enjoyment ;—it tells us of what men have done, and what men may do, and it supports us every where by the example of many around us. When we go out into the fields in the even-

ing of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time.

A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of Heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the cause, the society has awakened, we pause amid the apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "of the way-faring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring,—the pride of our summer will also fade into decay;—and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever.

We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain." Such is the first impression which the present scene of nature is fitted to make upon us. It is this first impression which intimates the thoughtless and the gay; and, indeed, if there were no other reflections that followed, I know not that it would be the business of wisdom to recommend such meditations. It is the consequences, however, of such previous thoughts, which are chiefly valuable; and among these there are two which may well deserve our consideration.

2. It is the peculiar character of the melancholy which such seasons excite, that it is general. It is not an individual remonstrance;—it is not the harsh language of human wisdom, which too often insults, while it instructs us. When the winds of autumn sigh around us, their voice speaks not to us only, but to our kind; and the lesson they teach us is not that we alone decay, but that such also is the fate of all the generations of man.—"They are the green leaves of the tree of the desert, which perish and are renewed."

In such a sentiment there is a kind of sublimity mingled with its melancholy;—our tears fall, but they fall not for ourselves;—and, although the train of our thoughts may have begun with the selfishness of our own concerns, we feel that, by the ministry of some mysterious power, they

end in awakening our concern for every being that lives.— Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass,—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave ;—the wicked, wherever active, “will cease from troubling,” and the weary, wherever suffering, “will be at rest.”

Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our own passions ;—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all ;—we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls, with the leaves that fall around us ; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

3. If there were no other effects of such appearances of nature upon our minds, they would still be valuable,—they would teach us humility,—and with it they would teach us charity. In the same hour in which they taught us our own fragility, they would teach us commiseration for the whole family of man.—But there is a farther sentiment which such scenes inspire, more valuable than all ; and we know little the designs of Providence, when we do not yield ourselves in such hours to the beneficent instincts of our imagination.

It is the unvarying character of nature, amid all its scenes, to lead us at last to its Author ; and it is for this final end that all its varieties have such dominion upon our minds. We are led by the appearances of spring to see his bounty ; and we are led by the splendours of summer to see his greatness. In the present hours, we are led to a higher sentiment ; and, what is most remarkable, the very circumstances of melancholy are these which guide us most securely to put our trust in him.

We are witnessing the decay of the year ;—we go back in imagination, and find that such, in every generation, has been the fate of man ;—we look forward, and we see that to such ends all must come at last ;—we lift our desponding eyes in search of comfort, and we see above us, One, “who is ever the same, and to whose years there is no end.” Amid the vicissitudes of nature, we discover that central

majesty "in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning." We *feel* that there is a God; and from the tempestuous sea of life, we hail that polar star of nature, to which a sacred instinct had directed our eyes, and which burns with undecaying ray to lighten us among all the darkness of the deep.

From this great conviction, there is another sentiment which succeeds. Nature, indeed, yearly perishes; but it is early renewed. Amid all its changes, the immortal spirit of Him that made it remains; and the same sun which now marks with his receding ray the autumn of the year, will again arise in his brightness, and bring along with him the promise of the spring and all the magnificence of summer.

Under such convictions, hope dawns upon the sadness of the heart. The melancholy of decay becomes the very herald of renewal;—the magnificent circle of nature opens upon our view;—we anticipate the analogous resurrection of our being;—we see beyond the grave a greater spring, and we people it with those who have given joy to that which is passed. With such final impressions, we submit ourselves gladly to the destiny of our being. While the sun of mortality sinks, we hail the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and, in hours when all the honours of nature are perishing around us, we prostrate ourselves in deeper adoration before Him who "sitteth upon its throne."

Let, then, the young go out, in these hours, under the descending sun of the year, into the fields of nature. Their hearts are now ardent with hope,—with the hopes of fame, of honour, or of happiness; and in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all may be enjoyed. Let the scenes which they now may witness, moderate, but not extinguish their ambition:—while they see the yearly desolation of nature, let them see it as the emblem of mortal hope;—while they feel the disproportion between the powers they possess, and the time they are to be employed, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world;—and while, in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to a being incapable of decay.

LESSON LXXII.

Moss Side.—WILSON.*

GILBERT AINSLIE was a poor man ; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing gray. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied ; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labour, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life ; but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined ; and through all the mist, and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on, from year to year, in that calm and resigned contentment, which unconsciously cheers the hearth-stone of the blameless poor.

With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well ; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere ; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt ; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals ; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house ; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three ; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their

* The volume of beautiful and affecting tales, entitled "*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*," from which this piece and some others in this Selection are taken, is attributed to John Wilson, Esq. upon the authority of McDermid, Editor of *The Scrap Book*.

daily comforts, for the sake of the dead ; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons were farm-servants in the neighbourhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing, or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them, or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land ; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens, —its low holms encircled by the rocky walls of some bonny burn,—its green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees,—its yellow cornfields,—its bare, pastoral hill-sides, and all its healthy moors, on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-flying bees.

Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye ; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden, by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark colour of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair ; but then it was fair indeed ; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps lured thither by some green barley field for its undisturbed nest, rose ringing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity.

The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals ; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre ; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moor-land ; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover, the beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and Heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features.

The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter, who was out at service, came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and hired servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick,—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potato-field beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm, noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of musick, that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk,—sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn or psalm.

One after the other, they all continued going up to the bed-side, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropt with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by fits and starts

although, indeed, nature sometimes will wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for Heaven.

“Do you think the child is dying?” said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well, in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, “While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity.” There was no loud lamentation at these words—all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears; yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror.

There were wandering, and wavering, and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green, silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the sunny side of the Birk-knowe. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life—too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favourite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bed-side, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while, in silence. In about a quarter of an hour, they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began

to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your days travel and toil of humanity."

In a short, silent half hour, the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened, but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them,—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

LESSON LXXIII.

The same,—Concluded.

WHILE they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned his head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off.

Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared,"—said the youth, with a tear in his eye,—"I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length, he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dis-

honour." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence.

At this moment his wife came from her child's bed-side, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our bairn* is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bed-side.

Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribband and an ivory comb that she had brought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball.

And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up, weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he, whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither,

* Child.

when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his Manse,* except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room, and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short, palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb, irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy.

The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honoured minister took the book;

He waled a portion with judicious care:
And Let us worship God, he said, with solemn air.

A chapter was read—a prayer said;—and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all

Manse, the parsonage, or minister's house. † Chose.

the gold that ever was mined ? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than that she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles ?” There was no reply ; but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

“Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father,” said the eldest daughter. “We have all some little things of our own—a few pounds—and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret’s bed, who cares ? We will sleep on the floor ; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring. We need fear nothing, want nothing ; blessed be God for all his mercies.”

Gilbert went into the sick-room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. “This letter,” said he mildly, “is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children.” The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie fifteen hundred pounds. “This sum,” said Gilbert, “is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose Providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all.”

“You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father,” said the youngest boy. “And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father,” said the eldest. “You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us ; but hard work for young sinews ; and you may sit now oftener in your arm-chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep thrashing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light, before the late dawning.”

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and setting of the

stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed, could scarcely be said to have slept; and when, about morning, little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half-conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.



LESSON LXXIV.

The Grave Stones,—A Fragment.—JAMES GRAY.

THE grass is green and the spring floweret blooms,
And the tree blossoms all as fresh and fair
As death had never visited the earth;
Yet every blade of grass, and every flower,
And every bud and blossom of the spring,
Is the memorial that nature rears
Over a kindred grave.—Ay, and the song
Of woodland wooer, or his nuptial lay,
As blithe as if the year no winter knew,
Is the lament of universal death.
The merry singer is the living link
Of many a thousand years of death gone by,
And many a thousand in futurity,—
The remnant of a moment, spared by him
But for another meal to gorge upon.
This globe is but our father's cemetery—
The sun, and moon, and stars that shine on high
The lamps that burn to light their sepulchre,
The bright escutcheons of their funeral vault.
Yet does man move as gayly as the barge,
Whose keel sings through the waters, and her sails

Kythe* like the passing meteor of the deep ;
Yet ere to-morrow shall those sunny waves,
That wanton round her, as they were in love,
Turn dark and fierce, and swell, and swallow her :
So is he girt by death on every side,
As heedless of it.—Thus he perishes.
Such were my thoughts upon a summer eve,
As forth I walked to quaff the cooling breeze.
The setting sun was curtaining the west
With purple and with gold, so fiercely bright,
That eye of mortal might not look on it—
Pavilion fitting for an angel's home.
The sun's last ray fell slanting on a thorn
With blossoms white, and there a blackbird sat
Bidding the sun adieu, in tones so sweet
As fancy might awake around his throne.
My heart was full, yet found no utterance,
Save in a half-breathed sigh and moistening tear.
I wandered on, scarce knowing where I went,
Till I was seated on an infant's grave.
Alas ! I knew the little tenant well :
She was one of a lovely family,
That oft had clung around me like a wreath
Of flowers, the fairest of the maiden spring—
It was a new-made grave, and the green sod
Lay loosely on it ; yet affection there
Had reared the stone, her monument of fame.
I read the name—I loved to hear her lisp—
'Twas not alone, but every name was there
That lately echoed through that happy dome.
I had been three weeks absent ; in that time
The merciless destroyer was at work,
And spared not one of all the infant group.
The last of all I read the grandsire's name,
On whose white locks I oft had seen her cheek,
Like a bright sunbeam on a fleecy cloud,
Rekindling in his eye the fading lustre,
Breathing into his heart the glow of youth.
He died at eighty of a broken heart,
Bereft of all for whom he wished to live.

* *Kythe* or *kithe* ; *Show*, used here as a neuter verb : The oldest English poets use it actively. "No kithe hire jealousy."—*Crauer*.

LESSON LXXV.

Stanzas written at Midnight.—D. MOIR.

'Tis night—and in darkness the visions of youth
 Flit solemn and slow in the eye of the mind ;
 The hope they excited hath perished, and truth
 Laments o'er the wrecks they are leaving behind.

'Tis midnight—and wide o'er the regions of riot
 Are spread, deep in silence, the wings of repose ;
 And man, soothed from revel, and lulled into quiet,
 Forgets in his slumbers the weight of his woes.

How gloomy and dim is the scowl of the heaven,
 Whose azure the clouds with their darkness invest ;
 Not a star o'er the shadowy concave is given,
 To omen a something like hope to the breast.

Hark ! how the lone night-wind uptosses the forest !
 A downcast regret through the mind slowly steals :
 But ah ! 'tis the tempest of fortune that sorest
 The bosom of man in his solitude feels !

Where, where are the spirits in whom was my trust,
 Whose bosoms with mutual affection did burn ?
 Alas ! they have gone to their homes in the dust,
 The grass rustles drearily over their urn :

While I, in a populous solitude, languish,
 'Mid foes that beset me, and friends that are cold ;
 Ah ! the pilgrim of earth oft has felt in his anguish,
 That the heart may be widowed before it is old !

Affection can sooth but its votaries an hour,
 Doomed soon in the flames that it raised to depart ;
 And, ah ! disappointment has poison and power
 To ruffle and sour the most patient of heart.

Too oft, 'neath the barb-pointed arrows of malice,
 Has merit been destined to bear and to bleed ;
 And they, who of pleasure have emptied the chalice,
 Have found that the dregs were full bitter indeed.

Let the storms of adversity lower ; 'tis in vain—
 Tho' friends should forsake me, and foes should combine—
 Such may kindle the breasts of the weak to complain,
 They only can teach resignation to mine :
 For far o'er the regions of doubt and of dreaming,
 The spirit beholds a less perishing span ;
 And bright through the tempest the rainbow is streaming,
 The sign of forgiveness from Heaven to man !

LESSON LXXVI.

Slavery.—COWPER.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews, bought and sold, have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;

They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through every vein
 Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

LESSON LXXVII.

The same Subject.—MONTGOMERY.

THE broken heart, which kindness never heals,
 The home-sick passion which the negro feels,
 When toiling, fainting in the land of canes,
 His spirit wanders to his native plains;
 His little lovely dwelling there he sees,
 Beneath the shade of his paternal trees,
 The home of comfort:—then before his eyes
 The terrors of captivity arise.

—'Twas night:—his babes around him lay at rest,
 Their mother slumbered on their father's breast:
 A yell of murder rang around their bed;
 They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled;
 Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
 They caught, they bound, they drove them far away;
 The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
 In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood;
 Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
 To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
 Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
 That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.

The negro, spoiled of all that nature gave—
 The freeborn man, thus shrunk into a slave;
 His passive limbs to measured tasks confined,
 Obeyed the impulse of another mind;
 A silent, secret, terrible control,
 That ruled his sinews, and repress'd his soul.
 Not for himself he waked at morning-light,
 Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night;
 His rest, his labour, pastime, strength, and health,
 Were only portions of a master's wealth;
 His love—O, name not love, where Britons doom
 The fruit of love to slavery from the womb.—

Thus spurned, degraded, trampled, and oppress'd,
The negro-exile languished in the west,
With nothing left of life but hated breath,
And not a hope except the hope in death,
To fly for ever from the Creole-strand,
And dwell a freeman in his father's land.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave ?
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood ·
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere ;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the waters shine ;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchancing sweetness in the scene,
But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies ;
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves ;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
But, grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

LESSON LXXVIII.

The Slave Trade.—*Extract from a Discourse delivered at Plymouth, Mass. Dec. 22, 1820, in commemoration of the first settlement of New-England.*—By DANIEL WEBSTER.

If the blessings of our political and social condition have not now been too highly estimated, we cannot well overrate the responsibility which they impose upon us. We hold these institutions of government, religion, and learning, to be transmitted as well as enjoyed. We are in the line of conveyance through which whatever has been obtained by the

spirit and efforts of our ancestors, is to be communicated to our children.

We are bound to maintain publick liberty, and, by the example of our own systems, to convince the world, that order, and law, religion and morality, the rights of conscience, the rights of persons, and the rights of property, may all be preserved and secured, in the most perfect manner, by a government entirely and purely elective. If we fail in this, our disaster will be signal, and will furnish an argument, stronger than has yet been found, in support of those opinions, which maintain that government can rest safely on nothing but power and coercion. As far as experience may show errors in our establishments, we are bound to correct them; and if any practices exist, contrary to the principles of justice and humanity, within the reach of our laws or our influence, we are inexcusable if we do not exert ourselves to restrain and abolish them.

I deem it my duty, on this occasion, to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffick, at which every feeling of humanity must revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither publick sentiment, nor the law, has yet been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffick; and I would call upon all the true sons of New-England, to coöperate with the laws of man, and the justice of heaven.

If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffick, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer—I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters

are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those, who by stealth, and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New-England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever, or wherever there may be a sinner, bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust.

I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates that ever infested them. That ocean which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence, to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll its treasures with a conscious pride; that ocean which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of this oppression when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes?—What is it to him, but a wide spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death?—Nor do the skies smile longer; nor is the air fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and cursed traffick has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him

LESSON LXXIX.

Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books.—COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
 While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

“In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
 And your lordship” he said “will undoubtedly find,
 That the Nose has had spectacles always to wear,
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind.”

Then holding the spectacles up to the court——
 “Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is! in short,
 Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“Again, would your worship a moment suppose,
 (’Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
 Pray, who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

“On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Then, shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how)
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*——
 That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By day-light or candle-light,—Eyes should be shut !

LESSON LXXX.

Song of Rebecca, the Jewess.—AUTHOR OF IVANHOE.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father’s God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With Priest's and Warriour's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though not unseen !
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray :
And, oh ! where stoops on *Judah's* path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censor round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize,
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

LESSON LXXXI.

On the reasonableness of Christian faith.—BUCKMINSTER.

It is a common artifice, of those who wish to depreciate the value of this essential principle of a christian's life, to represent faith as something opposed to reason. So far is this from being true, that faith is, in fact, the most reasonable thing in the world ; and, wherever religion is not concerned, the universal practice of mankind evinces, that such a principle is indispensable to the most common exercise of the

understanding, and to the daily conduct of life. Faith is reasonable, because it is the involuntary homage which the mind pays to the preponderance of evidence. Faith, that is not founded on testimony, is no longer faith.

And as it is *sufficient evidence* only, on which a rational faith can be supported, so if the whole of this evidence is intelligibly presented to a sound understanding, it will not fail to command belief. An eye, not affected by disease, easily distinguishes colours; and we unavoidably believe the existence of the objects within the sphere of its vision. Now the laws of moral probability are just as sure as the laws of vision. That the same exhibition of facts, or the same process of reasoning, does not produce equal conviction on different minds, is not more surprising than that the same glasses will not make objects equally distinct to eyes differently affected. But to conclude, from this variety of effect, that the objects presented do not exist, or that the laws of vision are ill-founded and absurd, would be no more unreasonable than to assume the folly of religious faith, or to doubt the rational conviction of a pious and impartial inquirer, merely because the whole world are not believers.

We cannot wonder, that the evidences, on which our christian faith is built, do not produce universal conviction, when we remember, that this is a religion, which contradicts many of the selfish propensities of the heart, and is at war with all the lusts to which we are habitually enslaved. It is a religion, which condemns many of our habits, and requires us to moderate our growing attachment to a world we cannot bear to leave; a religion, which often opposes our passions, which shows us the folly of our fondest expectations, which alarms our sleeping fears, undervalues the objects of our estimation, requires the surrender of our prejudices, and makes it necessary for us to be in readiness to yield up even our comforts and our life.

Astonishing would it be, indeed, if a system like this should command universal belief, if prejudice should have nothing to object, captiousness nothing to cavil at, and indifference no excuses. Astonishing, indeed, would it be, if the evidences of such a revelation should be received, with equal facility, by the worldly and the spiritual, the careless and the inquisitive, the proud and the humble, the ambitious and the un aspiring, the man immersed in pleasure and dissipation, and the man who has been long disciplined in the school of disappointment and affliction.

Neither is religious faith unreasonable, because it includes miraculous events, nor because it embraces a series of truths, which no individual reason could have ascertained, or of which it may not, even now, see the necessity. It is on this account, however, that we so often hear faith opposed to reason; but, on the same principle, faith in any extraordinary occurrence would be opposed to reason.

The only objection to the credibility of miracles is, that they are contrary to general experience; for to say, that they are contrary to universal experience, is to assume the very fact in question. Because they are supernatural, no testimony, it is maintained, can make it reasonable to believe them. This would not be just, even if the miracles which religious faith embraces were separate, insulated facts, which had no connexions with any other interesting truths; much less when they make part of a grand system, altogether worthy the interposition of God to establish.

The extraordinary nature of miraculous facts, considered by themselves, is, it is true, a presumption against them, but a presumption, which sufficient testimony ought as fairly to remove, as it does remove the previous improbability of ordinary facts, not supernatural. A man, born and living within the tropicks, who had never seen water congealed, would no doubt think it a very strange story, if a traveller from the north should assure him, that the same substance, which he had always seen liquid, was every year, in other countries, converted into a solid mass capable of sustaining the greatest weights.

What could more decisively contradict all the experience of the tropical inhabitant, and even the experience of those with whom he had always been connected? Yet should we not think it very unreasonable, if he should, in this case, persist in discrediting the testimony even of a single man, whose veracity he had no reason to suspect, and much more, if he should persist in opposition to the concurrent and continually increasing testimony of numbers? Let this be an illustration of the reasonableness of your faith in miracles.

As it respects the credibility of revelation, you have this alternative. Will you believe, that the pure system of christian faith, which appeared eighteen hundred years ago, in one of the obscurest regions of the Roman empire, at the moment of the highest mental cultivation and of the lowest moral degeneracy, which superseded at once all the curious

fabricks of pagan philosophy, which spread almost instantaneously through the civilized world in opposition to the prejudices, the pride and the persecution of the times, which has already had the most beneficial influence on society, and been the source of almost all the melioration of the human character, and which is now the chief support of the harmony, the domestick happiness, the morals and the intellectual improvement of the best part of the world—will you believe, I say, that this system originated in the unaided reflections of twelve Jewish fishermen on the sea of Galilee, with the son of a carpenter at their head? Or will you admit a supposition, which solves all the wonders of this case, which accounts at once for the perfection of the system, and the miracle of its propagation,—that Jesus was, as he professed to be, the prophet of God, and that his apostles were, as they declared, empowered to perform the miracles, which subdued the incredulity of the world.

I appeal to you, ye departed masters of pagan wisdom, Plato, Socrates, Cicero, which of these alternatives is the most rational, the most worthy of a philosophical assent? Your systems have passed away, like the light clouds, which chase one another over the hemisphere; but the gospel of Jesus Christ, the sun of righteousness, pursues its equal and luminous career, uninterrupted and unobscured. Surely, if a miracle of the New Testament is incredible, what will you say of the enormous faith of a man, who believes in that monster of improbability, which we have described the simply human origin and progress of christianity?



LESSON LXXXII.

On the importance of Christian faith.—BUCKMINSTER.

THE value of christian faith may be estimated from the consolations it affords.

Who would look back upon the history of the world with the eye of incredulity, after having once read it with the eye of faith? To the man of faith it is the story of God's operations. To the unbeliever it is only the record of the strange sports of a race of agents, as uncontrolled, as they are unaccountable. To the man of faith every portion of history is part of a vast plan, conceived, ages ago, in the mind of Omnipotence, which has been fitted precisely to the

period it was intended to occupy. The whole series of events forms a magnificent and symmetrical fabrick to the eye of pious contemplation; and though the dome be in the clouds, and the top, from its loftiness, be indiscernible to mortal vision, yet the foundations are so deep and solid, that we are sure they are intended to support something permanent and grand.

To the skeptick all the events of all the ages of the world are but a scattered crowd of useless and indigested materials. In his mind all is darkness, all is incomprehensible. The light of prophecy illuminates not to him the obscurity of ancient annals. He sees in them neither design nor operation, neither tendencies nor conclusions. To him the wonderful knowledge of one people is just as interesting, as the desperate ignorance of another. In the deliverance, which God has sometimes wrought for the oppressed, he sees nothing but the fact; and in the oppression and decline of haughty empires, nothing but the common accidents of national fortune. Going about to account for events, according to what he calls general laws, he never for a moment considers, that all laws, whether physical, political, or moral, imply a legislator, and are contrived to serve some purpose. Because he cannot always, by his short-sighted vision, discover the tendencies of the mighty events, of which this earth has been the theatre, he looks on the drama of existence around him as proceeding without a plan. Is that principle, then, of no importance, which raises man above what his eyes see, or his ears hear, or his touch feels, at present, and shows him the vast chain of human events, fastened eternally to the throne of God, and returning, after embracing the universe, again to link itself to the footstool of Omnipotence?

Would you know the value of this principle of faith to the bereaved? Go, and follow a corpse to the grave. See the body deposited there, and hear the earth thrown in upon all that remains of your friend. Return now, if you will, and brood over the lesson, which your senses have given you, and derive from it what consolation you can. You have learned nothing but an unconsoling fact. No voice of comfort issues from the tomb. All is still there, and blank and lifeless, and has been so for ages.

You see nothing but bodies dissolving and successively mingling with the clods, which cover them, the grass growing over the spot, and the trees waving in sullen majesty

over this region of eternal silence. And what is there more? Nothing?—Come, faith, and people these deserts! Come, and reanimate these regions of forgetfulness! Mothers! take again your children to your arms, for they are living. Sons! your aged parents are coming forth in the vigour of regenerated years. Friends! behold, your dearest connexions are waiting to embrace you. The tombs are burst. Generations, long since lost in slumbers, are awaking. They are coming from the east and the west, from the north and from the south, to constitute the community of the blessed.

But it is not in the loss of friends alone, that faith furnishes consolations, which are inestimable. With a man of faith not an affliction is lost, not a change is unimproved. He studies even his own history with pleasure, and finds it full of instruction. The dark passages of his life are illuminated with hope: and he sees, that, although he has passed through many dreary defiles, yet they have opened at last into brighter regions of existence. He recalls, with a species of wondering gratitude, periods of his life, when all its events seemed to conspire against him. Hemmed in by straitened circumstances, wearied with repeated blows of unexpected misfortune, and exhausted with the painful anticipation of more, he recollects years, when the ordinary love of life could not have retained him in the world. Many a time he might have wished to lay down his being in disgust, had not something more than the senses provide us with kept up the elasticity of his mind. He yet lives, and has found that light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

The man of faith discovers some gracious purpose in every combination of circumstances. Wherever he finds himself, he knows that he has a destination—he has, therefore, a duty. Every event has, in his eye, a tendency and an aim. Nothing is accidental, nothing without a purpose, nothing unattended with benevolent consequences. Every thing on earth is probationary, nothing ultimate. He is poor—perhaps his plans have been defeated—he finds it difficult to provide for the exigencies of life—sickness is permitted to invade the quiet of his household—long confinement imprisons his activity, and cuts short the exertions, on which so many depend—something apparently unlucky mars his best plans—new failures and embarrassments among his friends present themselves, and throw additional obstructions in his way—the world look on, and say, all these things are against him.

Some wait coolly for the hour, when he shall sink under the complicated embarrassments of his cruel fortune. Others, of a kinder spirit, regard him with compassion, and wonder how he can sustain such a variety of wo. A few there are, a very few I fear, who can understand something of the serenity of his mind, and comprehend something of the nature of his fortitude. There are those, whose sympathetic piety can read and interpret the characters of resignation on his brow. There are those, in fine, who have felt the influence of faith.

In this influence there is nothing mysterious, nothing romantick, nothing of which the highest reason may be ashamed. It shows the christian his God, in all the mild majesty of his parental character. It shows you God, disposing in still and benevolent wisdom the events of every individual's life, pressing the pious spirit with the weight of calamity to increase the elasticity of the mind, producing characters of unexpected worth by unexpected misfortune, invigorating certain virtues by peculiar probations, thus breaking the fetters which bind us to temporal things, and

From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.

When the sun of the believer's hopes, according to common calculations, is set, to the eye of faith it is still visible. When much of the rest of the world is in darkness, the high ground of faith is illuminated with the brightness of religious consolation.

Come, now, my incredulous friends, and follow me to the bed of the dying believer. Would you see, in what peace a christian can die? Watch the last gleams of thought, which stream from his dying eyes. Do you see any thing like apprehension? The world, it is true, begins to shut in. The shadows of evening collect around his senses. A dark mist thickens and rests upon the objects, which have hitherto engaged his observation. The countenances of his friends become more and more indistinct. The sweet expressions of love and friendship are no longer intelligible. His ear wakes no more at the well-known voice of his children, and the soothing accents of tender affection die away, unheard, upon his decaying senses. To him the spectacle of human life is drawing to its close, and the curtain is descending, which shuts out this earth, its actors, and its scenes. He is no longer interested in all that is done under the sun

O ! that I could now open to you the recesses of his soul ; that I could reveal to you the light, which darts into the chambers of his understanding. He approaches the world, which he has so long seen in faith. The imagination now collects its diminished strength, and the eye of faith opens wide.

Friends ! do not stand, thus fixed in sorrow, around this bed of death. Why are you so still and silent ? Fear not to move—you cannot disturb the last visions, which entrance this holy spirit. Your lamentations break not in upon the songs of seraphs, which enwrap his hearing in ecstasy. Crowd, if you choose, around his couch—he heeds you not—already he sees the spirits of the just advancing together to receive a kindred soul. Press him not with importunities ; urge him not with alleviations. Think you he wants now these tones of mortal voices—these material, these gross consolations ? No ! He is going to add another to the myriads of the just, that are every moment crowding into the portals of heaven !

He is entering on a nobler life. He leaves you—he leaves *you*, weeping children of mortality, to grope about a little longer among the miseries and sensualities of a worldly life. Already he cries to you from the regions of bliss. Will you not join him there ? Will you not taste the sublime joys of faith ? There are your predecessors in virtue ; there, too, are places left for your contemporaries. There are seats for you in the assembly of the just made perfect, in the innumerable company of angels, where is Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and God, the judge of all.

LESSON LXXXIII.

“ All things are of God.”—MOORE.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,

And we can almost think we gaze
 Through opening vistas into heaven ;
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes ;—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower that Summer wreath
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye :
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

LESSON LXXXIV.

The Coral Grove.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a Coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
 That never are wet with the falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain's drift,
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air.
 There, with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
 There, with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending, like corn on the upland lea.

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
 And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
 Has made the top of the wave his own :
 And when the ship from his fury flies,
 Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
 When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
 And dæmons are waiting the wreck on the shore ;
 Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
 There the waters murmur tranquilly
 Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

LESSON LXXXV.

SONNET

Written in a church-yard.—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

A SWEET and soothing influence breathes around
 The dwellings of the dead. Here on this spot,
 Where countless generations sleep forgot,
 Up from the marble tomb and grassy mound,
 There cometh on my ear a peaceful sound,
 That bids me be contented with my lot,
 And suffer calmly. O ! when passions hot,
 When rage or envy doth my bosom wound ;
 Or wild designs—a fair deceiving train—
 Wreathed in their flowery fetters me enslave ;
 Or keen misfortune's arrowy tempests roll
 Full on my naked head,—O, then, again
 May these still, peaceful accents of the grave,
 Arise like slumbering musick on my soul.

LESSON LXXXVI.

Night.—DENNIE'S LAY PREACHER.

“ Watchman, what of the night ? ”

Isaiah xxi. 11.

To this query of Isaiah, the watchman replies, “ That the morning cometh, and also the night.” The brevity

of this answer has left it involved in something of the obscurity of the season when it was given. I think that night, however sooty and ill-favoured it may be pronounced by those who were born under a day-star, merits a more particular description. I feel peculiarly disposed to arrange some ideas in favour of this season. I know that the majority are literally *blind* to its merits; they must be prominent indeed to be discerned by the *closed* eyes of the snorer, who thinks that night was made for nothing but sleep. But the student and the sage are willing to believe that it was formed for higher purposes; and that it not only recruits exhausted spirits, but sometimes informs inquisitive, and amends wicked ones.

Duty, as well as inclination, urges the Lay Preacher to sermonize, while others slumber. To read numerous volumes in the morning, and to observe various characters at noon, will leave but little time, except the night, to digest the one or speculate upon the other. The night, therefore, is often dedicated to composition, and while the light of the paly planets discovers at his desk the Preacher, more than they, he may be heard repeating emphatically with Dr. Young,

“Darkness has much Divinity for me.”

He is then alone, he is then at peace. No companions near, but the silent volumes on his shelf, no noise abroad, but the click of the village clock, or the bark of the village dog. The deacon has then smoked his sixth, and *last* pipe, and asks not a question more, concerning Josephus, or the church. Stillness aids study, and the sermon proceeds. Such being the obligations to night, it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge them. As my watchful eyes can discern its dim beauties, my warm heart shall feel, and my prompt pen shall describe, the uses and the pleasures of the nocturnal hour.

Watchman, what of the night? I can with propriety imagine this question addressed to myself; I am a professed lucubator, and who so well qualified to delineate the sable hours, as

“A meager, muse-rid mope, adust and thin?”

However injuriously night is treated by the sleepy moderns, the vigilance of the ancients could not overlook its benefits and joys. In as early a record, as the book of Genesis, I find that Isaac, though he devoted his assiduous days to

action, reserved speculation till night. "He went out to meditate in the field at the eventide." He chose that sad, that solemn hour, to reflect upon the virtues of a beloved, and departed mother. The tumult and glare of day suited not with the sorrow of his soul. He had lost his most amiable, most genuine friend, and his unostentatious grief was eager for privacy and shade. Sincere sorrow rarely suffers its tears to be seen. It was natural for Isaac to select a season to weep in, which should resemble "the colour of his fate." The darkness, the solemnity, the stillness of the eve, were favourable to his melancholy purpose. He forsook, therefore, the bustling tents of his father, the pleasant "south country," and "well of Lahairoi," he went out and pensively meditated at the eventide.

The Grecian and Roman philosophers firmly believed that "the dead of midnight is the noon of thought." One of them is beautifully described by the poet, as soliciting knowledge from the skies, in private and nightly audience, and that neither his theme, nor his nightly walks were forsaken till the sun appeared and dimmed his "nobler intellectual beam." We undoubtedly owe to the studious nights of the ancients most of their elaborate and immortal productions. Among them it was necessary that every man of letters should trim the midnight lamp. The day might be given to the forum or the circus, but the night was the season for the statesman to project his schemes, and for the poet to pour his verse.

Night has likewise with great reason been considered in every age as the astronomer's day. Young observes, with energy, that "*an undevout astronomer is mad.*" The privilege of contemplating those brilliant and numerous myriads of planets which bedeck our skies is peculiar to night, and it is our duty, both as lovers of moral and natural beauty, to bless that season, when we are indulged with such a gorgeous display of glittering and useful light. It must be confessed that the seclusion, calmness, and tranquillity of midnight, is most friendly to serious, and even airy contemplations.

I think it treason to this sable power, who holds divided empire with day, constantly to shut our eyes at her approach. To long sleep, I am decidedly a foe. As it is expressed by a quaint writer, we shall all have enough of that in the grave. Those, who cannot break the silence of night by vocal throat, or eloquent tongue, may be permitted to disturb it by a *snore*. But he, among my readers, who possesses

the power of fancy and strong thought, should be vigilant as a watchman. Let him sleep abundantly for health, but sparingly for slôth. It is better, sometimes, to consult a page of philosophy than the pillow.

LESSON LXXXVII.

Midnight Musings.—W. IRVING.

I AM now alone in my chamber. The family have long since retired. I have heard their steps die away, and the doors clap to after them. The murmur of voices and the peal of remote laughter no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

I have sat by the window and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the distant village; and the moon, rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowing lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted by streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick coming fancies" concerning those spiritual beings which

"———Walk the earth
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the early fathers that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the bodies' existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet, the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is made the subject of serious discussion, and its prevalence in all ages and countries, even among newly discovered nations that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be eradicated, as it is a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul; its mysterious connexion with the body; or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist: but whence it came, and when it entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, are all matters of mere speculation, and contradictory theories. If, then, we are thus ignorant of this spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or deny its powers and operations, when released from its fleshly prison-house?

Every thing connected with our spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made:" we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the manner in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been enveloped, and there is none, in the whole circle of visionary creeds, that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of mortal separation.

What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare?—that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours?—that beauty and innocence, which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endearments?

A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honoured were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

It would take away, too, from that loneliness and destitution, which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and find that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily, on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it.—I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, or revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love in this world ; that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do even retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth ; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they have loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world : they would take away from the bounds and barriers that hem us in and keep us from each other. Our existence is doomed to be made up of transient embraces and long separations. The most intimate friendship—of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist ! We take each other by the hand ; and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness ; and we rejoice together for a few short moments ; and then days, months, years intervene, and we have no intercourse with each other. Or if we dwell together for a season, the grave soon closes its gates, and cuts off all further communion ; and our spirits must remain in separation and widowhood, until they meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul shall dwell with soul, and there shall be no such thing as death, or absence, or any other interruption of our union.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

Spring.—DENNIE.

“Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.—Ecclesiastes, xi. 7.

THE sensitive Gray in a frank letter to his friend West, assures him that, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt him from the fire-side, he will, like all other things, be the better for his influence; for the sun is an old friend, and an excellent nurse. This is an opinion, which will be easily entertained by every one, who has been cramped by the icy hand of Winter, and who feels the gay and renovating influence of Spring. In those mournful months, when vegetables and animals are alike coerced by cold, man is tributary to the howling storm and the sullen sky; and is, in the pathetick phrase of Johnson, a “slave to gloom.” But when the earth is disencumbered of her load of snows, and warmth is felt, and twittering swallows are heard, he is again jocund and free. Nature renews her charter to her sons, and rejoicing mortals, in the striking language of the poet, “revisit light, and feel its sovereign, vital lamp.” Hence is enjoyed, in the highest luxury,

“Day, and the sweet approach of even, and morn,
And sight of vernal bloom, and summer’s rose,
And flocks, and herds, and human face divine.”

It is nearly impossible for me to convey to my readers an idea of the “vernal delight,” felt, at this period, by the Lay Preacher, far declined in the vale of years. My spectral figure, pinched by the rude gripe of January, becomes as thin as that “dagger of lath,” employed by the vaunting Falstaff; and my mind, affected by the universal desolation of Winter, is nearly as vacant of joy and bright ideas, as the forest is of leaves, and the grove is of song.

Fortunately, for my happiness, this is only periodical spleen. Though, in the bitter months, surveying my extenuated body, I exclaim, with the melancholy prophet, “My leanness, my leanness, wo unto me!” and though, adverting to the state of my mind, I behold it, “all in a robe of darkest grain;” yet, when April and May reign in sweet vicissitude, I give, like Horace, care to the winds: and perceive the whole system excited, by the potent stimulus of sunshine.

An ancient bard, of the happiest descriptive powers, and who noted objects, not only with the eye of a poet, but with

the accuracy of a philosopher, says, in a short poem, devoted to the praises of mirth, that

“ Young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday.”

In merry Spring-time, not only birds, but melancholick, old fellows, like myself, sing. The sun is the poet's, the invalid's, and the hypochondriack's friend. Under clement skies, and genial sunshine, not only the body is corroborated, but the mind is vivified, and the heart becomes “open as day.” I may be considered fanciful in the assertion, but I am positive that many, who, in November, December, January, February, and March, read nothing but Mandeville, Rochefoucault,* and Hobbes, and cherish malignant thoughts, at the expense of poor human nature, abjure their evil books and sour theories, when a softer season succeeds. I have, myself, in Winter, felt hostile to those, whom I could smile upon in May, and clasp to my bosom in June. Our moral qualities, as well as natural objects, are affected by physical laws; and I can easily conceive that benevolence, no less than the sun flower, flourishes and expands under the luminary of day.

With unaffected earnestness, I hope that none of my readers will look upon the agreeable visitation of the sun, at this beauteous season, as the impertinent call of a crabbed monitor, or an importunate dun. I hope that none will churlishly tell him “how they hate his beams.” I am credibly informed that several of my city friends, many fine ladies, and the worshipful society of loungers, consider the early call of the above red-faced personage, as downright intrusion. It must be confessed that he is fond of prying into chambers and closets, but, not like a rude searcher, or libertine gallant', for injurious or licentious purposes. His designs are beneficent, and he is one of the warmest friends in the world.

Notwithstanding his looks are sometimes a little suspicious, and he presents himself with the fiery eye and flushed cheek of a jolly toper, yet this is only a new proof of the fallacy of physiognomy, for he is the most regular being in the universe. He keeps admirable hours, and is steady, diligent, and punctual to a proverb. Conscious of his shining merit, and dazzled by his regal glory, I must rigidly inhibit all from attempting to exclude his person. I caution

* Pronounced *Rōsh-fōo-cō*.

sluggards to abstain from the use of shutters, curtains, and all other villanous modes of insulting my ardent friend. My little garden, my only support, and myself, are equally the objects of his care, and were it not for the constant loan of his great lamp, I could not always see to write

THE LAY PREACHER.

LESSON LXXXIX.

Extract from 'A Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian.'—BLAIR.

BESIDES human personages, divine or supernatural agents are often introduced into epick poetry; forming what is called the machinery of it; which most criticks hold to be an essential part. The marvellous, it must be admitted, has always a great charm for the bulk of readers. It gratifies the imagination, and affords room for striking and sublime description. No wonder, therefore, that all poets should have a strong propensity towards it.

But I must observe, that nothing is more difficult, than to adjust properly the marvellous with the probable. If a poet sacrifice probability, and fill his work with extravagant supernatural scenes, he spreads over it an appearance of romance and childish fiction; he transports his readers from this world, into a fantastick, visionary region; and loses that weight and dignity which should reign in epick poetry. No work, from which probability is altogether banished, can make a lasting or deep impression. Human actions and manners, are always the most interesting objects which can be presented to a human mind.

All machinery, therefore, is faulty which withdraws these too much from view; or obscures them under a cloud of incredible fictions. Besides being temperately employed, machinery ought always to have some foundation in popular belief. A poet is by no means at liberty to invent what system of the marvellous he pleases: He must avail himself either of the religious faith, or the superstitious credulity, of the country wherein he lives; so as to give an air of probability to events which are most contrary to the common course of nature.

In these respects, Ossian appears to me to have been remarkably happy. He has indeed followed the same

course with Homer. For it is perfectly absurd to imagine, as some critics have done, that Homer's mythology was invented by him, in consequence of profound reflections on the benefit it would yield to poetry. Homer was no such refining genius. He found the traditionary stories on which he built his Iliad, mingled with popular legends, concerning the intervention of the gods; and he adopted these, because they amused the fancy.

Ossian, in like manner, found the tales of his country full of ghosts and spirits: It is likely he believed them himself; and he introduced them, because they gave his poems that solemn and marvellous cast, which suited his genius. This was the only machinery he could employ with propriety; because it was the only intervention of supernatural beings, which agreed with the common belief of the country. It was happy; because it did not interfere, in the least, with the proper display of human characters and actions; because it had less of the incredible, than most other kinds of poetical machinery; and because it served to diversify the scene, and to heighten the subject by an awful grandeur, which is the great design of machinery.

As Ossian's mythology is peculiar to himself, and makes a considerable figure in his other poems, as well as in Fingal, it may be proper to make some observations on it, independent of its subserviency to epick composition. It turns for the most part on the appearances of departed spirits.

These, consonantly to the notions of every rude age, are represented not as purely immaterial, but as thin airy forms, which can be visible or invisible at pleasure; their voice is feeble; their arm is weak; but they are endowed with knowledge more than human. In a separate state, they retain the same dispositions which animated them in this life. They ride on the wind; they bend their airy bows; and pursue deer formed of clouds. The ghosts of departed bards continue to sing. The ghosts of departed heroes frequent the fields of their former fame. "They rest together in their caves, and talk of mortal men. Their songs are of other worlds. They come sometimes to the ear of rest, and raise their feeble voice."

All this presents to us much the same set of ideas, concerning spirits, as we find in the eleventh book of the Odyssey, where Ulysses visits the regions of the dead: And in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, the ghost of Patroclus, after appearing to Achilles, vanishes precisely like

one of Ossian's, emitting a shrill, feeble cry, and melting away like smoke.

But though Homer's and Ossian's ideas concerning ghosts were of the same nature, we cannot but observe that Ossian's ghosts are drawn with much stronger and livelier colours than those of Homer. Ossian describes ghosts with all the particularity of one who had seen and conversed with them, and whose imagination was full of the impression they had left upon it. Crugal's ghost, in particular, in the beginning of the second book of Fingal, may vie with any appearance of this kind, described by any epick or tragick poet whatever.

Most poets would have contented themselves with telling us, that he resembled, in every particular, the living Crugal; that his form and dress were the same, only his face more pale and sad; and that he bore the mark of the wound by which he fell. But Ossian sets before our eyes a spirit from the invisible world, distinguished by all those features, which a strong astonished imagination would give to a ghost. "A dark red stream of fire comes down from the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam; he that lately fell by the hand of Swaran, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beam of the setting moon. His robes are of the clouds of the hill. His eyes are like two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast. The stars dim-twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream."

The circumstance of the stars being beheld, "dim-twinkling through his form," is wonderfully picturesque; and conveys the most lively impression of his thin and shadowy substance. The attitude in which he is afterwards placed, and the speech put into his mouth, are full of that solemn and awful sublimity, which suits the subject. "Dim, and in tears, he stood and stretched his pale hand over the hero. Faintly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lego. My ghost, O Connal! is on my native hills; but my cōrse is on the sands of Ulin. Thou shalt never talk with Crugal, or find his lone steps in the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla; and I move like the shadow of mist. Connal, son of Colgar! I see the dark cloud of death. It hovers over the plains of Lena. The sons of green Erin shall fall. Remove from the field of ghosts. Like the darkened moon he retired in the midst of the whistling blast."

Several other appearances of spirits might be pointed out as among the most sublime passages of Ossian's poetry. The circumstances of them are considerably diversified; and the scenery always suited to the occasion. "Oscar slowly ascends the hill. The meteors of night set on the heath before him. A distant torrent faintly roars. Unfrequent blasts rush through aged oaks. The half-enlightened moon sinks dim and red behind her hill. Feeble voices are heard on the heath. Oscar drew his sword."

Nothing can prepare the fancy more happily for the awful scene that is to follow. "Trenmor came from his hill, at the voice of his mighty son. A cloud, like the steed of the stranger, supported his airy limbs. His robe is of the mist of Lano, that brings death to the people. His sword is a green meteor, half-extinguished. His face is without form, and dark. He sighed thrice over the hero: And thrice, the winds of the night roared around. Many were his words to Oscar. He slowly vanished, like a mist that melts on the sunny hill."

To appearances of this kind, we can find no parallel among the Greek or Roman poets. They bring to mind that noble description in the book of Job: "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes:—There was silence, and I heard a voice—Shall mortal man be more just than God?"*

LESSON XC.

The Dungeon.—LYRICAL BALLADS.

AND this place our forefathers made for man!
 This is the process of our love and wisdom,
 To each poor brother who offends against us—
 Most innocent, perhaps:—And what if guilty?
 Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
 Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
 By ignorance and parching poverty.
 His energies roll back upon his heart,

* Job iv. 13—17.

And stagnate and corrupt ; till, changed to poison,
 They break out on him like a loathsome plague-spot :
 Then we call in our pampered mountebanks—
 And *this* is their best cure !—uncomforted
 And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
 And savage faces, at the clanking hour
 Seen, through the steams and vapour of his dungeon,
 By the lamp's dismal twilight !—So he lies
 Circled with evil, till his very soul
 Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
 By fellowship with desperate deformity !

With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
 Healest thy wandering and distempered child.
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
 Till he relent, and can no more endure
 To be a jarring and discordant thing,
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
 But, bursting into tears wins back his way ;
 His angry spirit healed and humanized
 By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

LESSON XCI.

To the Rosemary.—H. K. WHITE.

SWEET scented flower ! who'rt wont to bloom
 On January's front severe,
 And o'er the wintry desert drear
 To waft thy waste perfume !
 Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now
 And I will bind thee round my brow ;
 And, as I twine the mournful wreath,
 I'll weave a melancholy song,
 And sweet the strain shall be, and long
 The melody of death.

Come funeral flower ! who lov'st to dwell
 With the pale cōrse in lonely tomb,
 And throw across the desert gloom
 A sweet, decaying smell—

Come, press my lips and lie with me
 Beneath the lowly alder tree :
 And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
 And not a care shall dare intrude,
 To break the marble solitude,
 So peaceful and so deep.

And hark ! the wind-god, as he flies,
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,
 And, sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious musick dies.
 Sweet flower, that requiem wild is mine ;
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead ;
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
 Where, as I lie by all forgot,
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

LESSON XCII.

A Sabbath in Scotland.—Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.—GRAHAME.

It is not only in the sacred fane,
 That homage should be paid to the Most High :
 There is a temple, one not made with hands—
 The vaulted firmament : far in the woods,
 Almost beyond the sound of city-chime,
 At intervals heard through the breezeless air ;
 When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
 Save where the linnet lights upon the spray ;
 When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
 Save where the bee alights upon the bloom ;—
 There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
 The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon ;
 Silence, his praise ; his disembodied thoughts,
 Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
 Beyond the empyrean.—

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
 The Sabbath service of the shepherd-boy,
 In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
 To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
 Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,

Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son ;
 Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
 And wonders why he weeps ; the volume closed,
 With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
 The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
 With meikle* care beneath the lowly roof,
 Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
 Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.

Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
 The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
 Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
 Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
 In peace they home resort. O blissful days !
 When all men worship God as conscience wills.
 Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
 A virtuous race, to godliness devote.

* * * * *

They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
 To death ;—old men, and youths, and simple maids,
 With them each day was holy ; but that morn
 On which the angel said, *See where the Lord*
Was laid, joyous arose ; to die that day
 Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
 O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
 The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
 Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
 A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
 With green sward gay, and flowers that stranger seem.

Amid the heathery wild, that all around
 Fatigues the eye : in solitudes like these
 Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
 A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws :
 There, leaning on his spear (one of the array,
 Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
 On England's banner, and had powerless struck
 The infatuate monarch and his wavering host)
 The lyart† veteran heard the word of God
 By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
 In gentle stream ; then rose the song, the loud
 Acclaim of praise ; the wheeling plover ceased
 Her plaint ; the solitary place was glad :

* Pron. meekle,—much.

† Hoary.

And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear*
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.

But years more gloomy followed ; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens ; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice : he, by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning, oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake : over their souls
His accents soothing came,—as to her young
The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings ; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherished, cower amid the purple blooms.

LESSON XCIII.

The Baptism.—WILSON.

It is a pleasant and impressive time, when at the close of divine service, in some small country church, there takes place the gentle stir and preparation for a baptism. A sudden air of cheerfulness spreads over the whole congregation ; the more solemn expression of all countenances fades away ; and it is at once felt, that a rite is about to be performed, which, although of a sacred and awful kind, is yet connected with a thousand delightful associations of purity, beauty, and innocence. Then there is an eager bending of smiling faces over the humble galleries—an unconscious rising up in affectionate curiosity—and a slight murmuring sound in which is no violation of the Sabbath sanctity of God's house, when in the middle passage of the church the party of women is seen, matrons and maids, who bear in their bosoms, or in their arms, the helpless beings about to be made members of the Christian communion.

* Sentinels were placed on the surrounding hills to give warning of the approach of the military.

There sit, all dressed becomingly in white, the fond and happy baptismal group. The babes have been intrusted, for a precious hour, to the bosoms of young maidens, who tenderly fold them to their yearning hearts, and with endearments taught by nature, are stilling, not always successfully, their plaintive cries. Then the proud and delighted girls rise up, one after the other, in sight of the whole congregation, and hold up the infants, arrayed in neat caps and long flowing linen, into their fathers' hands. For the poorest of the poor, if he has a heart at all, will have his infant well dressed on such a day, even although it should scant his meal for weeks to come, and force him to spare fuel to his winter fire.

And now the fathers are all standing below the pulpit, with grave and thoughtful faces. Each has tenderly taken his infant into his toil-hardened hands, and supports it in gentle and steadfast affection. They are all the children of poverty, and, if they live, are destined to a life of toil. But now poverty puts on its most pleasant aspect, for it is beheld standing before the altar of religion with contentment and faith.

This is a time, when the better and deeper nature of every man must rise up within him; and when he must feel, more especially, that he is a spiritual and an immortal being making covenant with God. He is about to take upon himself a holy charge; to promise to look after his child's immortal soul; and to keep its little feet from the paths of evil, and in those of innocence and peace. Such a thought elevates the lowest mind above itself—diffuses additional tenderness over the domestick relations, and makes them, who hold up their infants to the baptismal font, better fathers, husbands, and sons, by the deeper insight which they then possess into their nature and their life.

The minister consecrates the water—and as it falls on his infant's face, the father feels the great oath in his soul. As the poor helpless creature is wailing in his arms, he thinks how needful indeed to human infancy is the love of Providence! And when, after delivering each his child into the arms of the smiling maiden from whom he had received it, he again takes his place for admonition and advice before the pulpit, his mind is well disposed to think on the perfect beauty of that religion of whom the Divine Founder said, "Suffer little children to be brought unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

The rite of baptism had not thus been performed for several months in the kirk* of Lanark. It was now the hottest time of persecution; and the inhabitants of that parish found other places in which to worship God and celebrate the ordinances of religion. It was the Sabbath-day,—and a small congregation, of about a hundred souls, had met for divine service in a place of worship more magnificent than any temple that human hands had ever built to Deity. Here, too, were three children about to be baptized. The congregation had not assembled to the toll of the bell,—but each heart knew the hour and observed it; for there are a hundred sun-dials among the hills, woods, moors, and fields, and the shepherd and the peasant see the hours passing by them in sunshine and shadow.

The church in which they were assembled, was hewn, by God's hand, out of the eternal rocks. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented enormous masses, and the other corresponding recesses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with prodigious fragments of rocks or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there crowned with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs.

This majestick reach of river contained pools, streams, rushing shelves, and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low, which it now was in the common drought, it was easy to walk up this scene with the calm blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude. On looking up, the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscalable and often overhanging cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far-extended precipices, were perpetually flying rooks and wood-pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing, deep murmur, or shrilly shriek.

Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still on some little stone island, or rise up like a white cloud along the black walls of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wild cat chose more accessible haunts. Yet here came the persecuted Christians, and worshipped God, whose hand hung over

* Church.

their heads those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands.

Here, upon a semi-circular ledge of rocks, over a narrow chasm of which the tiny stream played in a murmuring waterfall, and divided the congregation into two equal parts, sat about a hundred persons, all devoutly listening to their minister, who stood before them on what might well be called a small natural pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved the canopy of a tall graceful birch tree. This pulpit stood on the middle of the channel, directly facing that congregation, and separated from them by the clear, deep, sparkling pool into which the scarce-heard water poured over the blackened rock.

The water, as it left the pool, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of that altar, thus placing it in an island, whose large mossy stones were richly embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom. Divine service was closed, and a row of maidens, all clothed in purest white, came gliding off from the congregation, and crossing the stream on some stepping stones, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit, with the infants about to be baptized. The fathers of the infants, just as if they had been in their own kirk, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the minister.

The baptismal water, taken from that pellucid pool, was lying consecrated in a small hollow of one of the upright stones that formed one side or pillar of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded. Some of the younger ones in that semi-circle kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected, and now and then, in spite of the grave looks, or admonishing whispers of their elders, letting a pebble fall into the water, that they might judge of its depth from the length of time that elapsed before the clear air-bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface.

The rite was over, and the religious service of the day closed by a Psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it, in a more compacted volume, clear, sweet, and strong, up to heaven. When the Psalm ceased, an echo, like a spirit's voice, was heard dying away high up among the magnificent architecture of the cliffs, and

once more might be noticed in the silence the reviving voice of the waterfall.

Just then a large stone fell from the top of the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid* hung over on the point of a shepherd's staff. Their watchful sentinel had descried danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith the congregation rose. There were paths dangerous to unpractised feet, along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assisted the elder—more especially the old pastor, and the women with the infants; and many minutes had not elapsed, till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them hidden, or nearly so, in the clefts and caverns.

The shepherd who had given the alarm had lain down again in his plaid instantly on the green sward† upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers were immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom; when one of them, looking over the edge of the cliff, exclaimed, "See, see! Humphrey, we have caught the whole tabernacle of the Lord in a net at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Mouss. These are the Cartland Craigs. By my soul's salvation, a noble cathedral!" "Fling the lying sentinel over the cliffs. Here is a canting covenanter for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very Sabbath-day. Over with him, over with him—out of the gallery into the pit."

But the shepherd had vanished like a shadow; and mixing with the tall green broom and bushes, was making his unseen way towards a wood. "Satan has saved his servant; but come, my lads—follow me—I know the way down into the bed of the stream—and the steps up to Wallace's Cave. They are called the 'Kittle Nine Stanes.' The hunt's up. We'll be all in at the death. Halloo—my boys—halloo!"

The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded banks, a little below the "craigs," and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old gray-haired minister had been seen standing, and the rocks that had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary—not a creature to be seen. "Here is a Bible dropt

* Pronounced *plad*.

† *Sward*, a perfect rhyme to *ward*.

by some of them," cried a soldier, and, with his foot, spun it away into the pool. "A bonnet—a bonnet,"—cried another—"now for the pretty sanctified face that rolled its demure eyes below it."

But, after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eyeing with a kind of mysterious dread the black and silent walls of the rock that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profounder stillness through the heart of that majestick solitude. "Curse these cowardly covenanters—what, if they tumble down upon our heads pieces of rock from their hiding-places? Advance? Or retreat?"

There was no reply. For a slight fear was upon every man; musket or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading, they knew not where; and they were aware that armed men, now-a-days, worshipped God,—men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of the soldier's arms—neither barrel nor bayonet—men of long stride, firm step, and broad breast, who, on the open field, would have overthrown the marshalled line, and gone first and foremost, if a city had to be taken by storm.

As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as if propelled by it, passed whispering along the sweet-briers, and the broom, and the tresses of the birch trees. It came deepening, and rolling, and roaring on, and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundation as if in an earthquake. "The Lord have mercy upon us—what is this?" And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some on their faces, upon the sharp-pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriads of chariots rolling on their iron axles down the stony channel of the torrent.

The old gray-haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace's Cave, and said, with a loud voice, "The Lord God terrible reigneth." A water-spout had burst up among the moorlands, and the river, in its power, was at hand. There it came—tumbling along into that long reach of cliffs, and in a moment filled it with one mass of waves. Huge, agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of a blood-red torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment—but high up in the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the covenanters

—men, women, and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves, in that raging thunder.

LESSON XCIV.

Romantick Story.—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THERE is a cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands, in the South Pacifick Ocean, which can only be entered by diving into the sea, and has no other light than what is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one European language, so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse.

There was a tyrannical governour at Vavaoo, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection; it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter, betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern, and had kept the secret to himself, loved this damsel; he told her the danger in time, and persuaded her to trust herself to him. They got into a canoe; the place of her retreat was described to her on the way to it,—these women swim like mermaids,—she dived after him, and rose in the cavern; in the widest part it is about fifty feet, and its medium height is guessed at the same, the roof hung with stalactitēs.

Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clothing, mats for her bed, and sandal-wood oil to perfume herself; here he visited her as often as was consistent with prudence; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leander wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had long loved in secret, when he had no hope.—Meantime he prepared, with all his dependants, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji* islands.

The intention was so well concealed, that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him, at the point of their departure, if he would not take with him a Tonga wife; and accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the

* Pronounced *Fejec*.

sea to fetch her, jumped overboard, and just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his long disappearance, he rose with his mistress from the water. This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have to be perfectly delightful,—a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returned to Vavaoo, where they enjoyed a long and happy life. This is related as an authentick tradition.

LESSON XCV.

Anecdotes of Mozart.—SCRAP BOOK.

THE most celebrated of Mozart's Italian operas is *Don Juan*, of which the overture was composed under very remarkable circumstances. Mozart was much addicted to trifling amusement, and was accustomed to indulge himself in that too common attendant upon superiour talent, procrastination. The general rehearsal of this opera had taken place, and the evening before the first performance had arrived, but not a note of the overture was written.

At about eleven at night, Mozart came home, and desired his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him to keep him awake. Accordingly, when he began to write, she began to tell him fairy tales and odd stories, which made him laugh, and by the very exertion preserved him from sleep. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only write while his wife was talking, and dropped asleep as soon as she ceased.

He was at last so fatigued by these unnatural efforts, that he persuaded his wife to suffer him to sleep for an hour. He slept, however, for two hours, and at five o'clock in the morning, she awakened him. He had appointed his musick copiers to come at seven, and when they arrived, the overture was finished. It was played without a rehearsal, and was justly applauded as a brilliant and grand composition. We ought at the same time to say, that some very sagacious criticks have discovered the passages, in the composition where Mozart dropt asleep, and those where he was suddenly awakened.

The bodily frame of Mozart was tender and exquisitely sensible; ill health soon overtook him, and brought with it a melancholy, approaching to despondency. A very short

time before his death, which took place when he was only thirty-six, he composed that celebrated *requiem*, which, by an extraordinary presentiment of his approaching dissolution, he considered as written for his own funeral.

One day, when he was plunged in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced, who requested to speak with him. A person was introduced, handsomely dressed, of dignified and impressive manners. "I have been commissioned, Sir, by a man of considerable importance, to call upon you."—"Who is he?" interrupted Mozart. "He does not wish to be known."—"Well, what does he want?"—"He has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a requiem."

Mozart was forcibly struck by this discourse, by the grave manner in which it was uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole was involved. He engaged to write the requiem. The stranger continued, "Employ all your genius on this work; it is destined for a connoisseur."—"So much the better."—"What time do you require?"—"A month."—"Very well; in a month's time I shall return—what price do you set on your work?"—"A hundred ducats."—The stranger counted them on the table, and disappeared.

Mozart remained lost in thought for some time: he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and, in spite of his wife's entreaties, began to write. This rage for composition continued several days; he wrote day and night, with an ardour which seemed continually to increase; but his constitution, already in a state of great debility, was unable to support this enthusiasm; one morning he fell senseless, and was obliged to suspend his work. Two or three days after, when his wife sought to divert his mind from the gloomy presages which occupied it, he said to her abruptly, "It is certain that I am writing this requiem for myself; it will serve for my funeral service." Nothing could remove this impression from his mind.

As he went on, he felt his strength diminish from day to day, and the score advancing slowly. The month which he had fixed being expired, the stranger again made his appearance. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word." "Do not give yourself any uneasiness," replied the stranger; "what further time do you require?"

—“Another month: the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it much beyond what I at first designed.”—“In that case, it is but just to increase the premium; here are fifty ducats more.”—“Sir,” said Mozart, with increasing astonishment, “who then are you?”—“That is nothing to the purpose; in a month’s time I shall return.”

Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, and find out who he was; but the man failed from want of skill, and returned without being able to trace him.

Poor Mozart was then persuaded that he was no ordinary being; that he had a connexion with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end.—He applied himself with the more ardour to his requiem, which he regarded as the most durable monument of his genius. While thus employed, he was seized with the most alarming fainting fits, but the work was at length completed before the expiration of the month. At the time appointed, the stranger returned, but Mozart was no more.

His career was as brilliant as it was short. He died before he had completed his thirty-sixth year; but in this short space of time he had acquired a name which will never perish, so long as feeling hearts are to be found.

LESSON XCVI.

Death and burial of a child at sea.—SCRAP BOOK.

My boy refused his food, forgot to play,
 And sickened on the waters, day by day;
 He smiled more seldom on his mother’s smile,
 He prattled less, in accents void of guile,
 Of that wild land, beyond the golden wave,
 Where I, not he, was doomed to be a slave;
 Cold o’er his limbs the listless languor grew;
 Paleness came o’er his eye of placid blue;
 Pale mourned the lily where the rose had died,
 And timid, trembling, came he to my side.
 He was my all on earth. Oh! who can speak
 The anxious mother’s too prophetick wo,
 Who sees death feeding on her dear child’s cheek,
 And strives in vain to think it is not so?

Ah! many a sad and sleepless night I passed,
O'er his couch, listening in the pausing blast,
While on his brow, more sad from hour to hour,
Drooped wan dejection, like a fading flower!

At length my boy seemed better, and I slept—
Oh, soundly!—but, methought, my mother wept
O'er her poor Emma; and, in accents low,
Said, “Ah! why do I weep—and weep in vain
For one so loved, so lost? Emma, thy pain
Draws to a close! Even now is rent in twain
The loveliest link that binds thy breast to wo—
Soon, broken heart, we soon shall meet again!”
Then o'er my face her freezing hand she crossed,
And bending kissed me with her lip of frost.
I waked; and at my side—oh! still and cold!—
Oh! what a tale that dreadful chillness told!
Shrieking, I started up, in terror wild;
Alas! and had I lived to dread my child?
Eager I snatched him from his swinging bed;
His limbs were stiff—he moved not—he was dead!

Oh! let me weep!—what mother would not weep,
To see her child committed to the deep?

No mournful flowers, by weeping fondness laid,
Nor pink, nor rose, drooped, on his breast displayed,
Nor half-blown daisy, in his little hand:—
Wide was the field around, but 'twas not land.
Enamoured death, with sweetly pensive grace,
Was awful beauty to his silent face.
No more his sad eye looked me into tears!
Closed was that eye beneath his pale, cold brow;
And on his calm lips, which had lost their glow,
But which, though pale, seemed half unclosed to speak,
Loitered a smile, like moonlight on the snow.

I gazed upon him still—not wild with fears—
Gone were my fears, and present was despair!
But, as I gazed, a little lock of hair,
Stirred by the breeze, played, trembling on his cheek;
Oh, God! my heart!—I thought life still was there.
But, to commit him to the watery grave,
O'er which the winds, unwearied mourners, rave—
One, who strove darkly sorrow's sob to stay,
Upraised the body; thrice I bade him stay;
For still my wordless wo had much to say,
And still I bent and gazed, and gazing wept.

At last my sisters, with humane constraint,
 Held me, and I was calm as dying saint ;
 While that stern weeper lowered into the sea
 My ill-starred boy ! deep—buried deep, he slept.
 And then I looked to heaven in agony,
 And prayed to end my pilgrimage of pain,
 That I might meet my beauteous boy again !
 Oh ! had he lived to reach this wretched land,
 And then expired, I would have blessed the strand.
 But where my poor boy lies I may not lie ;
 I cannot come, with broken heart, to sigh
 O'er his loved dust, and strew with flowers his turf ;
 His pillow hath no cover but the surf ;
 I may not pour the soul-drop from mine eye
 Near his cold bed : he slumbers in the wave !
 Oh ! I will *love* the sea, because it is his grave !

LESSON XCVII.

*Character of Mr. James Watt.**

DEATH is still busy in our high places:—and it is with great pain that we find ourselves called upon, so soon after the loss of Mr. Playfair, to record the decease of another of our illustrious countrymen,—and one to whom mankind has been still more largely indebted. Mr. James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine, died on the 25th of April, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the 84th year of his age.

This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours ; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours ; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall “ have gathered all its fame.” We have said that Mr. Watt was the great *improver* of the steam-engine ; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was regulated so as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufac-

* The above beautiful tribute to the memory of the great inventor of the steam-engine is abridged by Mc. Diarmid from an article which appeared in the “ Scotsman” newspaper,—and which was ascribed to Francis Jeffrey, Esq.—

tures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance.

By his admirable contrivances, and those of a kindred and lamented genius in America,* it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility,—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease and precision and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it,—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors,—cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon the country.—There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand fold the amount of its productions. It is our improved steam-engine that has fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged, with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation.

But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanick power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing; and certainly no man ever before bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who are deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

* Robert Fulton, Esq.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations ; and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation, it is not, perhaps, the character in which he will be most frequently recalled—most deeply lamented—or even most highly admired.—Independently of his great train of attainments in the mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well.

He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodizing power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense—and yet less astonishing than the command which he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting ; such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it without effort or hesitation.

Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured ; but it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysicks, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, musick, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages—and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanic and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of German poetry.

In his temper and dispositions he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous and considerate of the feelings of all around him, and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed any indi-

cations of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. —His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years. His friends in Edinburgh never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation—never more delightful or more instructive—than in his last visit to Scotland, in autumn 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary,—and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of a young artist just entering on his 83d year.

This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. —He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age, as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without a pang or struggle,—and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God!

LESSON XCVIII.

Death and Character of Howard.—CLARKE.

It had almost been his daily custom, at a certain hour to visit Admiral Priestman, but, failing of his usual call, the Admiral went to know the cause, and found him sitting before a stove in his bed-room. Having inquired after his health, Mr. Howard replied, that his end was fast approaching, that he had several things to say to his friend, and thanked him for calling.

The Admiral endeavoured to turn the conversation, imagining the whole might be merely the result of low spirits; but Mr. Howard soon assured him it was otherwise, and added, “ Priestman, you style this a very dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on death; but I entertain very different sentiments. *Death has no terrors for me: it is an event I have always looked to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured that it is to me a more grateful subject than any other.*”

He then spoke of his funeral, and cheerfully gave directions concerning the manner of his interment. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Dauphigny, which would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my burial; nor any monument, nor monumental inscription whatsoever to mark where I am laid; deposite me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

A letter at this time arriving from England, containing pleasing information of his son, it was read aloud by his servant; upon the conclusion of which, Mr. Howard, turning his head, said, "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" He then made the Admiral promise to read the service of the Church of England over his grave, and that he should be buried in all respects according to the forms of his own country.

Having succeeded in his application, the countenance of Mr. Howard brightened, a gleam of evident satisfaction came over his face, and he prepared to go to bed. He then made his will; shortly after which, symptoms of delirium appeared.

After this he ceased to speak. A physician was called in, who prescribed the musk draught. It was administered by Admiral Mordvinof, who prevailed on Mr. Howard to swallow a little; but he refused the rest, evincing great disapprobation. A rattling in the throat ensued, and he shortly after breathed his last.

"I cannot name this gentleman," says Mr. Burke, "without remarking that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur; not to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals or collate manuscripts, but to dive into the depth of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan was original, and it was as full of genius as it was of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. The benefit of his labour is felt more or

less in every country; and at his final reward, he will receive, not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner ”

LESSON XCIX.

*The Sultan and Mr. Haswell.**

Sult. ENGLISHMAN, you were invited hither to receive publick thanks for our troops restored to health by your prescriptions. Ask a reward adequate to your services.

Hasw. Sultan, the reward I ask, is, leave to preserve more of your people still.

Sult. How more? my subjects are in health; no contagion visits them.

Hasw. The prisoner is your subject. There, misery, more contagious than disease, preys on the lives of hundreds: sentenced but to confinement, their doom is death. Immured in damp and dreary vaults, they daily perish; and who can tell but that, among the many hapless sufferers, there may be hearts bent down with penitence, to heaven and you, for every slight offence—there may be some, among the wretched multitude, even innocent victims. Let me seek them out—let me save them and you.

Sult. Amazement! retract your application: curb this weak pity; and accept our thanks.

Hasw. Restrain my pity;—and what can I receive in recompense for that soft bond which links me to the wretched, and, while it soothes their sorrow, repays me more than all the gifts an empire can bestow!—But, if it be a virtue repugnant to your plan of government, I apply not in the name of *Pity*, but of *Justice*.

Sult. Justice!

Hasw. The justice that forbids all, but the worst of criminals, to be denied that wholesome air the very brute creation freely takes.

* In the year 1786, says Mrs. Inchbald, (the authoress of the play from which the above interesting extract is selected,) *Howard*, under the name of *Haswell*, was on his philanthropick travels through Europe and parts of Asia, to mitigate the sufferings of the prisoners. He fell a sacrifice to his humanity; for visiting a sick person at Cherson, who had a malignant fever, he caught the infection, and died January 20, 1790, aged 70. A statue is erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, with a suitable inscription.

Sult. Consider for whom you plead—for men (if not base culprits) so misled, so depraved, they are dangerous to our state, and deserve none of its blessings.

Hasw. If not upon the undeserving—if not upon the wretched wanderer from the paths of rectitude—where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall spring breathe fragrance, or autumn pour its plenty?

Sult. Sir, your sentiments, still more your character, excite my curiosity. They tell me, that in our camps you visited each sick man's bed; administered yourself the healing draught; encouraged our savages with the hope of life, or pointed out their better hope in death.—The *widow* speaks your *charities*, the *orphan* lisps your *bounties*, and the *rough Indian* melts in tears to *bless you*.—I wish to ask why you have done all this?—what is it that prompts you thus to befriend the miserable and forlorn?

Hasw. It is in vain to explain:—the time it would take to reveal to you——

Sult. Satisfy my curiosity in writing then.

Hasw. Nay, if you will read, I'll send a book in which is already written why I act thus.

Sult. What book? what is it called?

Hasw. "*The Christian Doctrine.*" There you will find all I have done was but my duty.

Sult. Your words recal reflections that distract me; nor can I bear the pressure on my mind, without confessing—*I am a Christian!*

LESSON C.

The monied man.—NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OLD Jacob Stock! The chimes of the clock were not more punctual in proclaiming the progress of time, than in marking the regularity of his visits at the temples of Plutus in Threadneedle-street, and Bartholomew-lane. His devotion to them was exemplary. In vain the wind and the rain, the hail and the sleet, battled against his rugged front. Not the slippery ice, nor the thick-falling snow, nor the whole artillery of elementary warfare, could check the plodding perseverance of the man of the world, or tempt

him to lose the chance which the morning, however unpropitious it seemed, in its external aspect, might yield him of profiting by the turn of a fraction.

He was a stout-built, round-shouldered, squab-looking man, of a bearish aspect. His features were hard, and his heart was harder. You could read the interest-table in the wrinkles of his brow, trace the rise and fall of stocks by the look of his countenance; while avarice, selfishness, and money-getting, glared from his gray, glassy eye. Nature had poured no balin into *his* breast; nor was his "gross and earthly mould" susceptible of pity. A single look of his would daunt the most importunate petitioner that ever attempted to extract hard coin by the soft rhetorick of a heart-moving tale.

The wife of one whom he had known in better days, pleaded before him for her sick husband, and famishing infants. Jacob, on occasions like these, was a man of few words. He was as chary of them as of his money, and he let her come to the end of her tale without interruption. She paused for a reply; but he gave none. "Indeed, he is very ill, Sir."—"Can't help it."—"We are very distressed."—"Can't help it."—"Our poor children, too——."—"Can't help that neither."

The petitioner's eye looked a mournful reproach, which would have interpreted itself to any other heart but his, "Indeed, you can;" but she was silent. Jacob felt more awkwardly than he had ever done in his life. His hand involuntarily scrambled about his breeches' pocket. There was something like the weakness of human nature stirring within him. Some coin had unconsciously worked its way into his hand—his fingers insensibly closed; but, the effort to draw them forth, and the impossibility of effecting it without unclosing them, roused the dormant selfishness of his nature, and restored his self-possession.

"He has been very extravagant."—"Ah, Sir, he has been very unfortunate, not extravagant."—"Unfortunate!—Ah! it's the same thing. Little odds, I fancy. For my part, I wonder how folks *can* be unfortunate. I was never unfortunate. Nobody need be unfortunate, if they look after the main chance. I always looked after the main chance."—"He has had a large family to maintain."—"Ah! married foolishly; no offence to you, ma'am. But when poor folks marry poor folks, what are they to look for? you know. Besides, he was so foolishly fond of assisting others. If a

friend was sick, or in gaol, out came his purse, and then his creditors might go whistle. Now if he had married a woman with money, you know, why then”

The supplicant turned pale, and would have fainted. Jacob was alarmed; not that he sympathized, but a woman's fainting was a scene that he had not been used to; besides there was an awkwardness about it; for Jacob was a bachelor.

Sixty summers had passed over his head without imparting a ray of warmth to his heart; without exciting one tender feeling for the sex, deprived of whose cheering presence, the paradise of the world were a wilderness of weeds.—So he desperately extracted a crown piece from the depth profound, and thrust it hastily into her hand. The action recalled her wandering senses. She blushed:—it was the honest blush of pride at the meanness of the gift. She curt'sied; staggered towards the door; opened it; closed it; raised her hand to her forehead, and burst into tears. * * * *

LESSON CI.

The Highlander.—W. GILLESPIE.

Many years ago, a poor Highland soldier, on his return to his native hills, fatigued, as it was supposed, by the length of the march and the heat of the weather, sat down under the shade of a birch-tree, on the solitary road of Lowrin, that winds along the margin of Loch Ken, in Galloway. Here he was found dead, and this incident forms the subject of the following verses.

FROM the climes of the sun, all war-worn and weary,
 The Highlander sped to his youthful abode;
 Fair visions of home cheered the desert so dreary;
 Though fierce was the noon-beam and steep was the road.

Till spent with the march that still lengthened before him,
 He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat;
 The light, shady boughs of the birch-tree waved o'er him,
 And the stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.

He sunk to repose where the red heaths are blended,
 One dream of his childhood his fancy past o'er;
 But his battles are fought, and his march . . . it is ended;
 The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.

No arm in the day of the conflict could wound him,
 Though war lanced her thunder in fury to kill;
 Now the angel of death in the desert has found him,
 Now stretched him in peace by the stream of the hill.

Pale Autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,
 The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his rest;
 And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,
 And moistenest the heath-bell that weeps on his breast.

LESSON CII.

The Harvest Moon.—W. MILLAR.

ALL hail !, thou lovely queen of night,
 Bright empress of the stárry sky !
 The meekness of thy silvery light
 Beams gladness on the gazer's eye,
 While from thy peerless throne on high
 Thou shinest bright as cloudless noon,
 And bidd'st the shades of darkness fly
 Before thy glory—Harvest moon !

In the deep stillness of the night,
 When weary labour is at rest,
 How lovely is the scene !—how bright
 The wood—the lawn—the mountain's breast,
 When thou, fair Moon of Harvest ! hast
 Thy radiant glory all unfurled,
 And sweetly smilest in the west,
 Far down upon the silent world.

Dispel the clouds, majestick orb !
 That round the dim horizon brood,
 And hush the winds that would disturb
 The deep, the awful solitude,
 That rests upon the slumbering flood,
 The dewy fields, and silent grove,
 When midnight hath thy zenith viewed,
 And felt the kindness of thy love.

Lo ! scattered wide beneath thy throne.
 The hope of millions richly spread,
 That seems to court thy radiance down
 To rest upon its dewy bed :

O! let thy cloudless glory shed
 Its welcome brilliance from on high,
 Till hope be realized—and fled
 The omens of a frowning sky.
 Shine on, fair orb of light! and smile
 Till autumn months have passed away,
 And Labour hath forgot the toil
 He bore in summer's sultry ray;
 And when the reapers end the day,
 Tired with the burning heat of noon,
 They'll come with spirits light and gay,
 And bless thee—lovely Harvest Moon!

LESSON CIII.

Thalaba among the ruins of Babylon.—SOUTHEY.

THE many-coloured domes*
 Yet wore one dusky hue;
 The cranes upon the Mosque
 Kept their night-clatter still;
 When through the gate the early traveller pass'd,
 And when, at evening, o'er the swampy plain
 The bittern's cry came far,
 Distinct in darkness seen,
 Above the low horizon's lingering light,
 Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.
 Once, from her lofty walls the charioteer
 Looked down on swarming myriads; once she flung
 Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquered tide,
 And, through her brazen portals when she poured
 Her armies forth, the distant nations looked
 As men who watch the thunder-cloud in fear,
 Lest it should burst above them.—She was fallen!
 The queen of cities, Babylon, was fallen!
 Low lay her bulwarks: the black scorpion basked
 In palace courts: within the sanctuary
 The she-wolf hid her whelps.
 Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what once
 Hath been the aerial gardens, height on height
 Rising, like Media's mountains, crowned with wood,

* Of Bagdad.

Work of imperial dotage? Where the fane
 Of Belus? Where the golden image now,
 Which, at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
 Cornet and sackbut, harp and psaltery,
 The Assyrian slaves adored?

A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon
 Spreads o'er the blasted plain.

The wandering Arab never sets his tent
 Within her walls. The shepherd eyes afar
 Her evil towers, and devious drives his flock.
 Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless tide,
 Euphrates rolls along,
 Eternal nature's work.

Through the broken portal,
 Over weedy fragments,
 Thalaba went his way.

Cautious he trod, and felt
 The dangerous ground before him with his bow.
 The jackal started at his steps;
 The stork, alarmed at sound of man,
 From her broad nest upon the old pillar top,
 Affrighted fled on flapping wings;
 The adder, in her haunts disturbed,
 Lanced at the intruding staff her arrowy tongue.

Twilight and moonshine, dimly mingling, gave
 An awful light obscure:
 Evening not wholly closed—
 The moon still pale and faint,—
 An awful light obscure,

Broken by many a mass of blackest shade;
 Long columns stretching dark through weeds and moss,
 Broad length of lofty wall,
 Whose windows lay in light,
 And of their former shape, low-arched or square,
 Rude outline on the earth
 Figured with long grass fringed.

Reclined against a column's broken shaft,
 Unknowing whitherward to bend his way,
 He stood and gazed around.

The ruins closed him in:
 It seemed as if no foot of man
 For ages had intruded there.

He stood and gazed awhile,
 Musing on Babel's pride, and Babel's fall ;
 Then, through the ruined street,
 And through the farther gate,
 He passed in silence on.

LESSON CIV.

Daily Prayer.—Morning.—CHANNING.

THE scriptures of the Old and New Testaments agree in enjoining prayer. Let no man call himself a christian, who lives without giving a part of life to this duty. We are not taught how often we must pray ; but our Lord in teaching us to say, " Give us *this day* our daily bread," implies that we should pray daily. As to the particular hours to be given to this duty, every christian may choose them for himself. Our religion is too liberal and spiritual to bind us to any place or any hour of prayer. But there are parts of the day particularly favourable to this duty, and which, if possible, should be redeemed for it.

The *first* of these periods is the *morning*, which even nature seems to have pointed out to men of different religions, as a fit time for offerings to the Divinity. In the morning our minds are not so much shaken by worldly cares and pleasures, as in other parts of the day. Retirement and sleep have helped to allay the violence of our feelings, to calm the feverish excitement so often produced by intercourse with men. The hour is a still one. The hurry and tumults of life are not begun, and we naturally share in the tranquillity around us. Having for so many hours lost our hold on the world, we can banish it more easily from the mind, and worship with less divided attention. This, then, is a favourable time for approaching the invisible Author of our being, for strengthening the intimacy of our minds with him, for thinking upon a future life, and for seeking those spiritual aids which we need in the labours and temptations of every day.

In the morning there is much to feed the spirit of devotion. It offers an abundance of thoughts, friendly to pious feeling. When we look on creation, what a happy and touching change do we witness ! A few hours past, the earth was wrapt in gloom and silence. There seemed " a pause

in nature." But now, a new flood of light has broken forth, and creation rises before us in fresher and brighter hues, and seems to rejoice as if it had just received birth from its Author.

The sun never sheds more cheerful beams, and never proclaims more loudly God's glory and goodness, than when he returns after the coldness and dampness of night, and awakens man and inferiour animals to the various purposes of their being. A spirit of joy seems breathed over the earth and through the sky. It requires little effort of imagination to read delight in the kindled clouds, or in the fields bright with dew. This is the time, when we can best feel and bless the Power which said, "let there be light;" which "set a tabernacle for the sun in the heavens," and made him the dispenser of fruitfulness and enjoyment through all regions.

If we next look at ourselves, what materials does the morning furnish for devout thought! At the close of the past day, we were exhausted by our labours, and unable to move without wearisome effort. Our minds were sluggish, and could not be held to the most interesting objects. From this state of exhaustion, we sunk gradually into entire insensibility. Our limbs became motionless; our senses were shut as in death. Our thoughts were suspended, or only wandered confusedly and without aim. Our friends, and the universe, and God himself were forgotten.

And what a change does the morning bring with it! On waking we find, that sleep, the image of death, has silently infused into us a new life. The weary limbs are braced again. The dim eye has become bright and piercing. The mind is returned from the region of forgetfulness to its old possessions. Friends are met again with a new interest. We are again capable of devout sentiment, virtuous effort, and Christian hope. With what subjects of gratitude, then, does the morning furnish us? We can hardly recall the state of insensibility from which we have just emerged, without a consciousness of our dependance, or think of the renovation of our powers and intellectual being, without feeling our obligation to God.

There is something very touching in the consideration, if we will fix our minds upon it, that God thought of us when *we* could not think; that he watched over us when we had no power to avert peril from ourselves; that he continued our vital motions, and in due time broke the chains of sleep,

and set our imprisoned faculties free. How fit is it, at this hour, to raise to God the eyes which he has opened, and the arm which he has strengthened; to acknowledge his providence; to consecrate to him the powers he has renewed! How fit that he should be the first object of the thoughts and affections which he has restored! How fit to employ in his praise the tongue he has loosed, and the breath which he has spared!

But the morning is a fit time for devotion, not only from its relation to the past night, but considered as the introduction of a new day. To a thinking mind, how natural at this hour are such reflections as the following:—I am now to enter on a new period of my life, to start afresh in my course. I am to return to that world, where I have often gone astray; to receive impressions which may never be effaced; to perform actions which will never be forgotten; to strengthen a character, which will fit me for heaven or hell. I am this day to meet temptations which have often subdued me; I am to be intrusted again with opportunities of usefulness, which I have often neglected. I am to influence the minds of others, to help in moulding their characters, and in deciding the happiness of their present and future life. How uncertain is this day! What unseen dangers are before me! What unexpected changes may await me! It may be my last day! It will certainly bring me nearer to death and judgement!

Now, when entering on a period of life so important, yet so uncertain, how fit and natural is it, before we take the first step, to seek the favour of that Being on whom the lot of every day depends; to commit all our interests to his almighty and wise providence; to seek his blessing on our labours, and his succour in temptation; and to consecrate to his service the day which he raises upon us! This morning devotion, not only agrees with the sentiments of the heart, but tends to make the day happy, useful, and virtuous. Having cast ourselves on the mercy and protection of the Almighty, we shall go forth with new confidence to the labours and duties which he imposes. Our early prayer will help to shed an odour of piety through the whole life. God, having first occupied, will more easily recur to our mind. Our first step will be in the right path, and we may hope a happy issue.

So fit and useful is morning devotion, it ought not to be omitted without necessity. If our circumstances will allow

the privilege, it is a bad sign, when no part of the morning is spent in prayer. If God find no place in our minds at that early and peaceful hour, he will hardly recur to us in the tumults of life. If the benefits of the morning do not soften us, we can hardly expect the heart to melt with gratitude through the day. If the world then rush in, and take possession of us, when we are at some distance and have had a respite from its cares, how can we hope to shake it off, when we shall be in the midst of it, pressed and agitated by it on every side?

Let a part of the morning, if possible, be set apart to devotion; and to this end we should fix the hour of rising, so that we may have an early hour at our own disposal. Our piety is suspicious, if we can renounce, as too many do, the pleasures and benefits of early prayer, rather than forego the senseless indulgence of unnecessary sleep. What! we can rise early enough for business. We can even anticipate the dawn, if a favourite pleasure or an uncommon gain requires the effort. But we cannot rise, that we may bless our great Benefactor, that we may arm ourselves for the severe conflicts to which our principles are to be exposed. We are willing to rush into the world, without thanks offered, or a blessing sought. From a day thus begun, what ought we to expect but thoughtlessness and guilt!

LESSON CV.

Daily Prayer.—Evening.—CHANNING.

LET us now consider *another* part of the day which is favourable to the duty of prayer; we mean the *evening*. This season, like the morning, is calm and quiet. Our labours are ended. The bustle of life is gone by. The distracting glare of the day has vanished. The darkness which surrounds us favours seriousness, composure, and solemnity. At night the earth fades from our sight, and nothing of creation is left us but the starry heavens, so vast, so magnificent, so serene, as if to guide up our thoughts above all earthly things to God and immortality.

This period should in part be given to prayer, as it furnishes a variety of devotional topics and excitements. The evening is the close of an important division of time, and is

therefore a fit and natural season for stopping and looking back on the day. And can we ever look back on a day, which bears no witness to God, and lays no claim to our gratitude? Who is it that strengthens us for daily labour, gives us daily bread, continues our friends and common pleasures, and grants us the privilege of retiring, after the cares of the day, to a quiet and beloved home?

The review of the day will often suggest not only these ordinary benefits, but peculiar proofs of God's goodness, unlooked for successes, singular concurrences of favourable events, singular blessings sent to our friends, or new and powerful aids to our own virtue, which call for peculiar thankfulness. And shall all these benefits pass away unnoticed? Shall we retire to repose as insensible as the wearied brute? How fit and natural is it, to close with pious acknowledgment, the day which has been filled with divine beneficence!

But the evening is the time to review, not only our blessings, but our actions. A reflecting mind will naturally remember at this hour that another day is gone, and gone to testify of us to our judge. How natural and useful to inquire, what report it has carried to heaven! Perhaps we have the satisfaction of looking back on a day, which in its general tenor has been innocent and pure, which, having begun with God's praise, has been spent as in his presence; which has proved the reality of our principles in temptation: and shall such a day end without gratefully acknowledging Him in whose strength we have been strong, and to whom we owe the powers and opportunities of Christian improvement?

But no day will present to us recollections of purity unmingled with sin. Conscience, if suffered to inspect faithfully and speak plainly, will recount irregular desires, and defective motives, talents wasted and time mispent; and shall we let the day pass from us without penitently confessing our offences to Him who has witnessed them, and who has promised pardon to true repentance? Shall we retire to rest with a burden of unlamented and unforgiven guilt upon our consciences? Shall we leave these stains to spread over and sink into the soul?

A religious recollection of our lives is one of the chief instruments of piety. If possible, no day should end without it. If we take no account of our sins on the day on which they are committed, can we hope that they will recur to us at a more distant period, that we shall watch against them

to-morrow, or that we shall gain the strength to resist them, which we will not implore ?

The evening is a fit time for prayer, not only as it ends the day, but as it immediately precedes the period of repose. The hour of activity having passed, we are soon to sink into insensibility and sleep. How fit that we resign ourselves to the care of that Being who never sleeps, to whom the darkness is as the light, and whose providence is our only safety ! How fit to entreat him that he would keep us to another day ; or, if our bed should prove our grave, that he would give us a part in the resurrection of the just, and awake us to a purer and immortal life ! Let our prayers, like the ancient sacrifices, ascend morning and evening. Let our days begin and end with God.

LESSON CVI.

Scene after a summer shower.—CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

THE rain is o'er—How dense and bright
 Yon pearly clouds reposing lie !
 Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
 Contrasting with the dark blue sky !

In grateful silence earth receives
 The general blessing ; fresh and fair,
 Each flower expands its little leaves,
 As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
 A fairy light, uncertain, pale ;
 The wind flows cool ; the scented ground
 Is breathing odours on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
 Methinks some spirit of the air,
 Might rest to gaze below awhile,
 Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth—from off the scene,
 Its floating veil of mist is flung ;
 And all the wilderness of green
 With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature—yet the same,—
 Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
 Luxuriant, lovely, as she came
 Fresh in her youth from God's own hand,

Hear the rich musick of that voice,
 Which sounds from all below, above ;
 She calls her children to rejoice,
 And round them throws her arms of love,

Drink in her influence—low-born care,
 And all the train of mean desire,
 Refuse to breathe this holy air,
 And mid this living light expire,

LESSON CVII.

Baneful Influence of Skeptical Philosophy.—CAMPBELL.

O ! LIVES there, heaven ! beneath thy dread expanse
 One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
 Who, mouldering earthward, 'rest of every trust,
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?—
 There live, alas ! of heaven-directed mien,
 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
 Who hail thee, man ! the pilgrim of a day,
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay !
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower !
 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
 Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
 Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
 As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;
 And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
 To night and silence sink for evermore !—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
 Lights of the world, and demi-gods of fame ?
 Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
 Children of Truth, and champions of her cause ?

For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea--each mute and living thing ?
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep ?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven ?
Oh ! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair ?—
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit !
Ah me ! the laurelled wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the skeptick head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
I smile on death, if heaven-ward hope remain !
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power !
This frail and feverish being of an hour,
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom !
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !
Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart !
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field ;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed !
Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

LESSON CVIII.

Affecting picture of Constancy in love.—CRABBE.

YES! there are real mourners—I have seen
 A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene ;
 Attention (through the day) her duties claimed,
 And to be useful as resigned she aimed :
 Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
 Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect ;
 But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
 She sought her place to meditate and weep.
 Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
 That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid :
 For then she thought on one regretted youth,
 Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth ;
 In every place she wandered, where they'd been,
 And sadly-sacred held the parting scene,
 Where last for sea he took his leave ;—that place
 With double interest would she nightly trace.
 For long the courtship was, and he would say
 Each time he sailed—this one, and then the day—
 Yet prudence tarried, and when last he went,
 He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sailed, and great the care she took,
 That he should softly sleep, and smartly look ;
 White was his better linen, and his check
 Was made more trim than any on the deck ;
 And every comfort men at sea can know,
 Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow :
 For he to Greenland sailed, and much he told,
 How he should guard against the climate's cold ;
 Yet saw not danger ; dangers he'd withstood,
 Nor could she trace the fever in his blood :
 His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
 And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak ;
 For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
 With grievous symptoms he could not explain.

He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
 A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die :
 Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
 My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
 And gazing go !—if not, this trifle take,
 And say, till death I wore it for her sake :

Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that! and let me not despair,—
One last, fond look!—and now repeat the prayer.”

He had his wish—had more; I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile; and, half succeeding, said,
“Yes! I must die”—and hope for ever fled.

Still, long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head:
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart she sighed; alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so—“perhaps he will not sink.”
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she prest,
And fondly whispered “Thou must go to rest.”
“I go,” he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed affrightened; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past!

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed
Awake alike to duty and the dead;

She would have grieved, had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.



LESSON CIX.

Diedrich Knickerbocker's New-England Farmer.—W. IRVING.

THE first thought of a Yankee farmer, on coming to the years of manhood, is to settle himself in the world—which means nothing more than to begin his rambles. To this end, he takes to himself for a wife some buxom country heiress, passing rich in red ribands, glass beads, and mock tortoise-shell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making apple-sweetmeats, long sauce, and pumpkin pie. Having thus provided himself, like a pedler, with a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his shoulders through the journey of life, he literally sets out on his peregrinations.

His whole family, household furniture, and farming utensils, are hoisted into a covered cart; his own and wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin—which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in his hand, whistles "Yankee doodle," and trudges off to the woods, as confident of the protection of Providence, and relying as cheerfully on his own resources, as ever did a patriarch of yore, when he journeyed into a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds himself a log-hut, clears away a corn-field and potato-patch, and, Providence smiling upon his labours, he is soon surrounded by a snug farm, and some half a score of flaxen-headed urchins, who, by their size, seem to have sprung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of toadstools.

But it is not the nature of this most indefatigable of speculators to rest contented with any state of sublunary enjoyment: improvement is his darling passion; and having thus improved his lands, the next state is to provide a mansion worthy the residence of a landholder. A huge

palace of pine-boards, immediately springs up in the midst of the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, and furnished with windows of all dimensions; but so rickety and flimsy withal, that every blast gives it a fit of the ague. By the time the outside of this mighty air-castle is completed, either the funds or the zeal of our adventurer are exhausted, so that he barely manages to half finish one room within, where the whole family burrow together, while the rest of the house is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or storing of carrots and potatoes, and is decorated with fanciful festoons of dried apples and peaches.

The outside remaining unpainted, grows venerably black with time; the family wardrobe is laid under contribution for old hats, petticoats, and breeches to stuff into the broken windows; while the four winds of heaven keep up a whistling and howling about the aerial palace, and play as many unruly gambols as they did of yore in the cave of *Æolus*. The humble log-hut, which whilom nestled this improving family snugly within its narrow but comfortable walls, stands hard by, ignominious contrast! degraded into a cow-house or pig-sty; and the whole scene reminds one forcibly of a fable, which I am surprised has never been recorded, of an aspiring snail, who abandoned his humble habitation, which he had long filled with great respectability, to crawl into the empty shell of a lobster, where he could no doubt have resided with great style and splendour, the envy and hate of all the pains-taking snails in his neighbourhood, had he not accidentally perished with cold in one corner of his stupendous mansion.

Being thus completely settled, and, to use his own words, "to rights," one would imagine that he would begin to enjoy the comforts of his situation, to read newspapers, to talk politicks, neglect his own business, and attend to the affairs of the nation, like a useful or patriotick citizen; but now it is that his wayward disposition again begins to operate. He soon grows tired of a spot where there is no longer any room for improvement, sells his farm—his air-castle, petticoat windows and all, reloads his cart, shoulders his axe, puts himself at the head of his family, and wanders away in search of new lands, again to fell trees, again to clear corn-fields, again to build a shingle-palace, and again to sell off and wander.

LESSON CX.

On the dangers of moral sentiment, unaccompanied with active virtue.—ALISON.

OF the various appearances of melancholy weakness in youth, none is more general or more fatal to every duty or hope of the christian, than that, where the youthful taste is exalted above the condition in which life is to be passed. The faithful parent, or the wise instructor of the young, will ever assiduously accommodate the ideas of excellence to the actual circumstances and the probable scenes in which their future years are to be engaged; and every condition of life undoubtedly affords opportunities for the highest excellence of which our nature is susceptible. If, on the other hand, these hours are neglected,—if the fancy of youth be suffered to expand into the regions of visionary perfection,—if compositions, which nourish all these chimerical opinions, are permitted to hold an undue share in the studies of the young,—if, what is far more, no employments of moral labour and intellectual activity are afforded them to correct this progressive indolence, and give strength and energy to their opening minds, there is much danger that the seeds of irremediable evil are sown, and that the future harvest of life will be only feebleness, and contempt, and sorrow.

If, in the first place, it is to the common duties of life they advance, how singularly unprepared are they for their discharge! In all ranks and conditions, these duties are the same;—every where sacred in the eyes of God and man;—every where requiring activity, and firmness, and perseverance of mind;—and every where only to be fulfilled by the deep sense of religious obligation. For such scenes, however, of common trial and of universal occurrence, the characters we are considering are ill prepared.—Their habits have given them no energy or activity;—their studies have enlightened their imaginations, but not warmed their hearts;—their anticipations of action have been upon a romantick theatre, not upon the humble dust of mortal life.

It is the fine-drawn scenes of visionary distress to which they have been accustomed, not the plain circumstances of common wretchedness.—It is the momentary exertions of generosity or greatness which have elevated their fancy, not the long and patient struggle of pious duty.—It is before

an admiring world that they have hitherto conceived themselves to act, not in solitude and obscurity, amid the wants of poverty, the exigencies of disease, or the deep silence of domestick sorrow.—Is it wonderful that characters of this enfeebled kind should sometimes recoil from the duties to which they are called, and which appear to them in colours so unexpected?—that they should consider the world as a gross and vulgar scene, unworthy of their interest, and its common obligations as something beneath them to perform; and that, with an affectation of proud superiority, they should wish to retire from a field in which they have the presumption to think it is fit only for vulgar minds to combat?

If these are the opinions which they form on their entrance upon the world and all its stern realities, it is the “fountain from which many waters of bitterness will flow.” Youth may pass in indolence and imagination, but life must necessarily be active; and what must be the probable character of that life which begins with disgust at the simple, but inevitable duties to which it is called, it is not difficult to determine.

From hence come many classes of character with which the world presents us, in what we call its higher scenes, and which it is impossible to behold without a sentiment of pity, as well as of indignation; in some, the perpetual affectation of sentiment, and the perpetual absence of its reality; in others, the warm admiration of goodness, and the cold and indignant performance of their own most sacred duties; in some, that childish belief of their own superiour refinement, which leads them to withdraw from the common scenes of life and of business, and to distinguish themselves only by capricious opinions and fantastick manners; and in others, of a bolder spirit, the proud rejection of all the duties and decencies which belong only to common men,—the love of that distinction in vice which they feel themselves unable to attain in virtue, and the gradual but too certain advance to the last stages of guilt, of impiety, and of wretchedness. Such are sometimes the “issues” of a once promising youth! and to these degrees of folly or of guilt, let the parents and the instructors of the young ever remember, that those infant hearts may come, which have not been “kept with all diligence,” and early exercised in virtuous activity.

Arid these delusions of fancy, life, meanwhile, with all

its plain and serious business, is passing ;— their contemporaries, in every line, are starting before them in the road of honour, of fortune, or of usefulness ; and nothing is now left them but to concentrate all the vigour of their minds to recover the ground which they have lost. But if this last energy be wanting, if what they “ would,” they yet fail to “ do,” what, alas ! can be the termination of the once ardent and aspiring mind, but ignominy and disgrace !— a heart dissatisfied with mankind and with itself ; a conscience sickening at the review of what is passed ; a failing fortune ; a degraded character ; and, what I fear is ever the last and the most frantick refuge of selfish and disappointed ambition,— infidelity and despair.

It is ever painful to trace the history of human degradation, and it would even be injurious to religion and virtue to do it, if it were not at the same time to exhibit the means by which these evils may be prevented. Of the character which I have now attempted to illustrate, the origin may be expressed in one word :— it is in the forgetfulness of duty, in the forgetfulness that every power, and advantage, and possession of our being, are only trusts committed to us for an end, not properties which we are to dispose of at pleasure ;— in the forgetfulness that all our imaginary virtues are “ nothing worth,” unless they spring from the genuine and permanent source of moral and religious obligation.

Wherever, indeed, we look around us upon general life, we may every where see, that nothing but the deep sense of religion can produce either consistency or virtue in human conduct. The world deceives us on oneside— our imaginations on another,— our passions upon all. Nothing could save us ; nothing, with such materials, could hold together even the fabrick of society, but the preservation of that deep and instinctive sense of duty, which the Father of nature hath mercifully given to direct and illuminate us in every relation of life ; which is “ none other ” than his own voice ; to which all our other powers, if they aim either at wisdom or at virtue, must be subservient ; and which leads us, if we listen to it, to every thing for which we were called into being, either here or hereafter.

LESSON CXI.

Infidelity.—ANDREW THOMPSON.

WE have heard, indeed, of men who affected to hold fast by the tenets of natural religion, while they repudiated those of divine revelation; but we have never been so fortunate as to see and converse with one of them whose creed, select, and circumscribed, and palatable as he had made it, seemed to have any serious footing in his mind, or any practical influence on his life; who could restrain his sneer at piety the most untinged with enthusiasm; or who could check his speculations, however hostile to the system he had affected to embrace; or who worshipped the God in whose existence and attributes he acknowledged his belief; or who acted with a view to that immortality for which he allowed that the soul of man is destined.

It is true the votaries of infidelity are often placed in circumstances which constrain them to hold such language, and maintain such a deportment, as by itself might indicate the presence of Christian principle. They are frequently not at liberty to give that full play, and that unreserved publicity to their unbelief in which, however, it is naturally disposed to indulge, and in which it would undoubtedly manifest itself, were it free to operate at large. And you may not therefore, at particular times, and in particular situations, perceive any marked distinction between them and the devoted followers of Jesus of Nazareth.

They may have a family, and in the tenderness of parental affection, and with the conviction that what they regard as altogether false may contribute as much to the virtue and happiness of their children as if it were altogether true, they may shrink from any declaration of infidelity within the domestick circle. They may acknowledge, in the season of their own distress, or they may suggest, amid the distresses of their friends, those considerations to which the mind, when softened or when agitated by affliction, naturally clings, even though it has no habitual conviction of their truth, and no proper title to the consolation which they afford. They may be driven by bodily anguish, or by impending danger, to utter the language of a piety, which, till that moment, was a stranger even to their lips, just as the mariner has been known, amidst the perils and horrors of a shipwreck, to cry for mercy from that God whose existence he had never before confessed, but by his pro-

faneness and his blasphemies. Or they may even be strongly and insensibly induced to accommodate themselves to prevailing customs, and to pay an outward homage to the faith of the New Testament, by occasionally attending its institutions, though they are all the while regarding it as a mere harmless fable, if not as a contemptible or a pernicious superstition.

But look at them when placed in those circumstances which put no such restraints upon what they may say and do as the enemies of Christianity; observe them when the pride of intellect tempts them to display their learning or their ingenuity in contending against the vulgar faith—or when they have a passion to gratify which needs the aid of some principle to vindicate its indulgence—or when they have nothing to fear from giving utterance to what they think and feel—or when they happen to be associated with those among whom the quality of freethinking prevails—observe them as to the language which they employ, and the practice which they maintain with respect to religion, in the ordinary course and tenour of their lives; and then say what positive proofs they give you of the reality or of the efficacy of those religious principles which they profess to have retained, after putting away from them the doctrine of Christ.

Say, if instead of affording you positive proofs of such remanent and distinctive piety, they are not displaying daily and inveterate symptoms that God, and Providence, and immortality, are not in all their thoughts. Say, if you have not seen many a melancholy demonstration of that general irreligion which we have ascribed to them as the consequence of their throwing off the dominion of the Gospel. And say if you have not been able to trace this down through all the gradations of infidelity, from the speculative philosopher, who has decided that there is no Saviour, till you come to the fool, who says, in the weakness and the wickedness of his heart, that there is no God.

LESSON CXII.

Same Subject,—Concluded.

It is amidst trials and sorrows that infidelity appears in its justest and most frightful aspect. When subjected to the

multifarious ills which flesh is heir to, what is there to uphold our spirit, but the discoveries and the prospects that are unfolded to us by revelation? What, for this purpose, can be compared with the belief that every thing here below is under the management of infinite wisdom and goodness, and that there is an immortality of bliss awaiting us in another world? If this conviction be taken away, what is it that we can have recourse to, on which the mind may patiently and safely repose in the season of adversity? Where is the balm which I may apply with effect to my wounded heart, after I have rejected the aid of the Almighty Physician?

Impose upon me whatever hardships you please; give me nothing but the bread of sorrow to eat; take from me the friends in whom I had placed my confidence; lay me in the cold hut of poverty, and on the thorny bed of disease; set death before me in all its terrors; do all this,—only let me trust in my Saviour, and I will “fear no evil,”—I will rise superiour to affliction,—I will “rejoice in my tribulation.” But let infidelity interpose between God and my soul, and draw its impenetrable veil over a future state of existence, and limit all my trust to the creatures of a day, and all my expectations to a few years as uncertain as they are short, and how shall I bear up, with fortitude or with cheerfulness, under the burden of distress? Or where shall I find one drop of consolation to put into the bitter draught which has been given me to drink? I look over the whole range of this wilderness in which I dwell, but I see not one covert from the storm, nor one leaf for the healing of my soul, nor one cup of cold water to refresh me in the weariness and the faintings of my pilgrimage.

The very conduct of infidels, in spreading their system with so much eagerness and industry, affords a striking proof that its influence is essentially hostile to human happiness. For what is their conduct? Why, they allow that religion contributes largely to the comfort of man,—that in this respect, as well as with respect to morality, it would be a great evil were it to lose its hold over their affections,—and that those are no friends to the world who would shake or destroy their belief in it. And yet, in the very face of this acknowledgment, they scruple not to publish their doubts and their unbelief concerning it among their fellow-men, and with all the cool deliberation of philosophy, and sometimes with all the keenness and ardour of a zealot, to do the

very thing which they profess to deprecate as pernicious to the well-being and comfort of the species. Whether they are sincere in this profession, or whether they are only trifling with the sense and feeling of mankind, still it demonstrates the hardening influence of their principles; and from principles, which make those who hold them so reckless of the peace and order and happiness of their brethren, what can be reasonably expected, but every thing which is most destructive of human comfort?

It is true, the infidel may be very humane in the intercourse of life; but, after all, what dependence can be placed upon that humanity of his, which deals out bread to the hungry, and clothing to the naked, and yet would sacrifice to literary vanity, or to something worse, whatever can give support in trial, and consolation at death? He may sympathize with me in my distress, and speak to me of immortality, and, at the very moment, his constitutional kindness may be triumphing over his cold-blooded and gloomy speculations. But his speculations have shed a misery over my heart, which no language of his can dissipate, and which makes his most affectionate words scound in my ear like the words of mockery and scorn.

He has destroyed me, and he cannot save me, and he cannot comfort me. At his bidding I have renounced that Saviour in whom I once trusted and was happy, and he now pities me;—as if his most pitying tones could charm away the anguish of my bosom, and make me forget that it was he himself who planted it there, and planted it so deep, and nourished it so well, that nothing but the power of that heaven, whose power I have denied, is able to pluck it out!

Yes, after he has destroyed my belief in the superintending providence of God,—after he has taught me that the prospect of a hereafter is but the baseless fabric of a vision,—after he has bred and nourished in me a contempt for that sacred volume which alone throws light over this benighted world,—after having argued me out of my faith by his sophistries, or laughed me out of it by his ridicule,—after having thus wrung from my soul every drop of consolation, and dried up my very spirit within me,—yes, after having accomplished this in the season of my health and my prosperity, he would come to me while I mourn, and treat me like a drivelling idiot, whom he may sport with, because he has ruined me, and to whom, in the plenitude of his com-

passion,—too late, and too unavailing,—he may talk of truths in which he himself does not believe, and which he has long exhorted me, and has at last persuaded me, to cast away as the dreams and the delusions of human folly!—From such comforters may heaven preserve me! “My soul come not thou into *their* secrets. Unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united!”

LESSON CXIII.

Death-Scene in Gertrude of Wy'oming.—CAMPBELL.*

But short that contemplation—sad and short
 The pause to bid each much loved scene adieu !
 Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
 Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew,
 Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
 Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
 Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
 The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
 And Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father bleeds !
 And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned ;
 Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
 Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
 These drops?—Oh God! the life-blood is her own ;
 And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
 ‘ Weep not, O Love!’—she cries, “to see me bleed—
 Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone—
 Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed
 These wounds ;—yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed.

* The three characters mentioned in the above passage, being warned of the approach of a hostile tribe of North American Indians, are forced to abandon their peaceful retreat, in the vale of Wy'oming, and fly for safety to a neighbouring fort. On the following morning, at sun-rise while Gertrude, together with Albert, her father, and Waldegrave, her husband, are looking from the battlements on the havoc and desolation which had marked the progress of the barbarous enemy, an Indian marksman fires a mortal shot from his ambush at Albert ; and, as Gertrude clasps him in agony to her heart, another shot lays her bleeding by his side. She then takes farewell of her husband in a speech which our greatest modern critick has described as “ more sweetly pathetick than any thing ever written in rhyme.”—*M' Diarmid.*

‘ Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
 Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;
 And, when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh ! think,
 And let it mitigate thy wo’s excess,
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
 A friend, to more than human friendship just.
 Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
 And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
 God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust !

“ Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart ;
 The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
 Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
 And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
 With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
 Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast
 In heaven ; for ours was not like earthly love :
 And must this parting be our very last ?
 No . I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.”—

* * * * *

Pushed were his Gertrude’s lips ! but still their bland
 And beautiful expression seemed to melt
 With love that could not die ! and still his hand
 She presses to the heart no more that felt.
 Ah, heart ! where once each fond affection dwelt,
 And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
 Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
 Of them that stood encircling his despair,
 He heard some friendly words ;—but knew not what they
 were.

LESSON CXIV.

To a Waterfowl.—BRYANT.

WHITHER, ’midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler’s eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brina
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land.
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest.
And scream among thy fellows : reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone ! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

LESSON CXV.

Hohenlinden.—CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser,* rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

* Pronounced *Eser*.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
 And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
 And darker yet shall be the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon iurid sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat* deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!†

Ah! few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet,
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

LESSON CXVI.

Thanatopsis.—BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight

* Pronounced *Cum'bat*.

† *Ch*, as in *Church*.

Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;--
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around--
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,--
Comes a still voice--Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone--nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world--with kings,
The powerful of the earth--the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.--The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,--the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods--rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,--
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.--Take the wings
Of morning--and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,

Have his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
 So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
 Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
 Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

LESSON CXVII.

Charity to Orphans.—STERNE.

THEY whom God hath blessed with the means, and for
 whom he has done more, in blessing them likewise with a
 disposition, have abundant reason to be thankful to him, as
 the Author of every good gift, for the measure he hath
 bestowed to them of both: it is the refuge against the
 stormy wind and tempest, which he has planted in our
 hearts; and the constant fluctuation of every thing in this
 world, forces all the sons and daughters of Adam to seek
 shelter under it by turns. Guard it by entails and settle-

ments as we will, the most affluent plenty may be stripped, and find all its worldly comforts, like so many withered leaves, dropping from us;—the crowns of princes may be shaken; and the greatest that ever awed the world have looked back and moralized upon the turn of the wheel.

That which has happened to one, may happen to every man: and therefore that excellent rule of our Saviour, in acts of benevolence, as well as every thing else, should govern us; *that whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them.*

Hast thou ever lain upon the bed of languishing, or laboured under a distemper which threatened thy life? Call to mind thy sorrowful and pensive spirit at that time, and say, What it was that made the thoughts of death so bitter?—If thou hast children,—I affirm it, the bitterness of death lay there! If unbrought up, and unprovided for, What will become of them? Where will they find a friend when I am gone? Who will stand up for them, and plead their cause against the wicked?

Blessed God! to thee, who art a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow,—I entrust them.

Hast thou ever sustained any considerable shock in thy fortune? or, has the scantiness of thy condition hurried thee into great straits, and brought thee almost to distraction? Consider what was it that spread a table in that wilderness of thought,—who made thy cup to overflow? Was it not a friend of consolation who stepped in, saw thee embarrassed with tender pledges of thy love, and the partner of thy cares,—took them under his protection—Heaven! thou wilt reward him for it!—and freed thee from all the terrifying apprehensions of a parent's love?

—Hast thou—

—But how shall I ask a question which must bring tears into so many eyes?—Hast thou ever been wounded in a more affecting manner still, by the loss of a most obliging friend,—or been torn away from the embraces of a dear and promising child by the stroke of death? Bitter remembrance! nature droops at it—but nature is the same in all conditions and lots of life.—A child, thrust forth in an evil hour, without food, without raiment, bereft of instruction, and the means of its salvation, is a subject of more tender heart-aches, and will awaken every power of nature:—as we have felt for ourselves,—let us feel—for Christ's sake, let us feel for theirs.

LESSON CXVIII.

Remarks on the perishable nature of poetical fame.—JEFFREY.

[From a Review of Campbell's Specimens of British Poets.]

NEXT to the impression of the vast fertility, compass, and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us, in accompanying Mr. Campbell through his wide survey, is the perishable nature of poetical fame, and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality. Of near two hundred and fifty authors, whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy any thing that can be called popularity—whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers—in the shops of ordinary booksellers—or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature:—the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars.

Now, the fame of a poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose being to delight and to be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure, or join in applause. It is strange, and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who had once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for publick opinion; and readily admit that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular.—But while we would foster all that it bids to live, we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance; for we should soon find it labour, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial.

As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more must thus be daily rejected and left to waste: for while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and

abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless; and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be preserved, and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated*, the very bravest may fall; and many poets, worthy of eternal remembrance, have been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the "Specimens," however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed—some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from oblivion—and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up for ever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away; or rather, of calling back the departed life of a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *laid* for ever, still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved, in a narrower and feebler frame.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the ranks of our immortals,—and, above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulation of more good works than there is time to peruse,—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live;—and as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing.

The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of—that runs quickly to three or four large editions—and is as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present—but there will stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers:—and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell, have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are

they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of their great grand-children?

The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and, we confess, we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There—if the future editor have any thing like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor—there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell—and the fourth part of Byron—and the sixth of Scott—and the scattered tythes of Crabbe—and the three *per cent.* of Southey,—while some good-natured critick shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded!

It is an hyperbole of good nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of 250 years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakespeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries:—and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for 200 years longer, there must be some new art of short-hand reading invented—or all reading must be given up in despair.

LESSON CXIX.

The Head-Stone.—WILSON.

THE coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave, the planks were removed from the heaped-up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over, and the long, broad, skilfully cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the church-yard was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxuriant spring. The burial was soon over; and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads, in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the church-yard.

Here some acquaintances, from distant parts of the parish, who had not had opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor

in the course of the few hundred yards that the little procession had to move over from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There, a small knot of neighbours were speaking, without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioning to one another little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only to the gray-headed persons of the group. While a few yards farther removed from the spot, were standing together parties who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice, that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God.

Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave, with countenances of sincere, but unimpassioned grief. They were brothers, the only sons of him who had been buried. And there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them, for a long time, and more intently, than would have been the case, had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of a common sorrow. But these two brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other, and the only words that had passed between them, during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favour—selfish thoughts that will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations—unaccommodating manners on both sides—taunting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance—imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same—these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together in one baneful band, had gradually but fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been seldom separate, and

truly attached, now met at market, and, miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen during a feud.

Surely if any thing could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by side, while the earth, stones, and clods, were falling down upon their father's coffin. And doubtless their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood there together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts, and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

A head-stone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder brother directed him how to place it—a plain stone, with a sand-glass, skull, and cross-bones, chiselled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by several of the by-standers, "William, this was not kind in you; you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could love him. You were the elder, and, it may be, the favourite son; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering this head-stone, had I not?"

During these words, the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave returned. For a while the elder brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory, so the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply among the other unostentatious memorials of the humble dead.

The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected "by his affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the displeasure of the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly, "Yes, we were his affectionate sons, and since my name is on the stone, I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may; but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express

my willingness to be on other and better terms with you, and if we cannot command love in our hearts, let us, at least, brother, bar out all unkindness."

The minister, who had attended the funeral, and had something intrusted to him to say publickly before he left the church-yard, now came forward, and asked the elder brother, why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold, and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn, and almost severe air, he looked upon the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently,

Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell.

The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart, in which many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt; and the man thus appealed to, bowed down his head and wept. "Give me your hand, brother;" and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kinder and more humanely towards each other.

As the brothers stood fervently, but composedly, grasping each other's hand, in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was happily not yet still from the fall of dust to dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said, "I must fulfil the promise I made to your father on his death-bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office. I must not say that you did your duty to your old father; for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bare you, and, Stephen, who died that you might be born? When the palsy struck him for the last time, you were both absent, nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died.

"As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone. Tears were in his eyes; I saw them there, and on his cheek too, when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with

this paper in his hand ; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him. ‘ My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till, in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do. Dear boys, receive my blessing.’ ”

Some turned their heads away to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden,—and when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and, in a single word or two, expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, arm in arm with the minister to the manse. On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed, that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together, taking hold of the same psalm-book. The same psalm was sung, (given out at their own request,) of which one verse had been repeated at their father’s grave ; a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

LESSON CXX.

Lines written in a Highland glen.—WILSON.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
 Even like a living thing ?
Silent—as infant at the breast—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
 That streamlet’s murmuring !

The heavens appear to love this vale ;
Here clouds with unseen motion sail,
 Or mid the silence lie !
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth,
Mid evening’s hour of dewy mirth,
 Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh! that this lovely vale were mine—
Then from glad youth to calm decline,
 My years would gently glide ;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And Memory's oft-returning gleams
 By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious Heaven,
 A piety sublime ;
And thoughts would come of mystick mood,
To make, in this deep solitude,
 Eternity of Time !

And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale ?—I feel that I have wronged
 Nature's most gracious soul !
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
 Are joint heirs of the whole !

Yea ! long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
 By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
 Is built amid the skies.

LESSON CXXI.

The young Herdsman.—WORDSWORTH.

FROM early childhood, even, as hath been said,
From his sixth year, he had been sent abroad
In summer to tend herds: such was his task
Thenceforward till the latter day of youth.
O, then, what soul was his, when on the tops
Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light ! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read

Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
 The spectacle ; sensation, soul, and form,
 All melted into him ; they swallowed up
 His animal being ; in them did he live,
 And by them did he live ; they were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
 No thanks he breathed ; he proffered no request ;
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
 That made him ;—it was blessedness and love !

A Herdsman, on the lonely mountain tops
 Such intercourse was his ; and in this sort
 Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.
 Oh, then, how beautiful, how bright appeared
 The written promise ! He had early learned
 To reverence the Volume which displays
 The mystery, the life that cannot die :
 But, in the mountains did he *feel* his faith ;
 There did he see the writing ;—all things there
 Breathed immortality, revolving life,
 And greatness still revolving ;—infinite !
 There littleness was not ;—the least of things
 Seemed infinite ; and there his spirit shaped
 Her prospects ; nor did he believe,—he *saw*.
 What wonder if his being thus became
 Sublime and comprehensive ! low desires,
 Low thoughts had there no place ; yet was his heart
 Lowly ; for he was meek in gratitude,
 Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
 And whence they flowed ;—and from them he acquired
 Wisdom which works through patience ; thence he learned,
 In many a calmer hour of sober thought,
 To look on nature with an humble heart,
 Self-questioned where he did not understand,
 And with a reverential eye of love.—

LESSON CXXII

The Shipwreck.—WILSON.

— HER giant form

O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm, would go
Mid the deep darkness white as snow !
But gentler now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast !
—Hush ! hush ! thou vain dreamer ! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck ;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails, that gladdened late the skies,
Are draggled in the brine,
And her pendant that kissed the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.
Oh ! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death ;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree,
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy

To the dangers his father had passed ;
 And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
 As she looked on the father of her child
 Returned to her heart at last.

—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.

Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
 Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces ;—
 The whole ship's crew are there.

Wailings around and overhead,
 Brave spirits stupified or dead,
 And madness and despair.—

Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
 Unbroken as the floating air ;
 The ship hath melted quite away,
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.

No image meets my wandering eye,
 But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.

'Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull

• Bedims the waves so beautiful ;

While a low and melancholy moan

Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

LESSON CXXIII.

Dr. Slop and Obadiah, meeting.—STERNE.

IMAGINE to yourself, a little squat, uncourtly figure of a *Dr. Slop*, of about four feet and a half, perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a sesquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a sergeant in the horse-guards.

Such were the outlines of *Dr. Slop's* figure, which—if you have read *Hogarth's* analysis of beauty, (and if you have not, I wish you would ;)—you must know, may as certainly be caricatured, and conveyed to the mind by three strokes as three hundred.

Imagine such a one,—for such, I say, were the outlines of *Dr. Slop's* figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour—but of strength—alack ! scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not.—Imagine to yourself, *Obadiah* mounted upon a

strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Pray, Sir, let me interest you a moment in this description.

Had Dr. *Slop* beheld *Obadiah* a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate,—splashing and plunging like a devil through thick and thin as he approached, would not such a phenomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a subject of juster apprehension to Dr. *Slop* in his situation, than the *worst of Whiston's* comets?—To say nothing of the *nucleus*; that is, of *Obadiah* and the coach-horse.—In my idea, the vortex alone of them was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the doctor's pony, quite away with it.

What then do you think must the terrour and hydrophobia of Dr. *Slop* have been when you read (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards *Shandy Hall*, and had approached within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden wall,—and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane,—when *Obadiah* and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious,—pop,—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature can be supposed more terrible than such a rencounter,—so imprompt! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Dr. *Slop* was!

What could Dr. *Slop* do?—he crossed himself—Pugh!—but the doctor, Sir, was a Papist.—No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pommel.—He had so; nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all; for in crossing himself he let go his whip,—and in attempting to save his whip between his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup,—in losing which he lost his seat; and in the multitude of all these losses (which, by the by, show what little advantage there is in crossing) the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of mind. So that without waiting for *Obadiah's* onset, he left his pony to its destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something in the style and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left (as *it* would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Dr. *Slop*;—once as he was falling, and then again when he saw him seated.—Ill-timed complaisance!—had not the fellow better have stopped

his horse, and got off, and helped him? Sir, he did all that his situation would allow;—but the *momentum* of the coach-horse was so great, that *Obadiah* could not do it all at once; he rode in a circle three times round *Dr. Slop*, before he could fully accomplish it any how; and at last, when he did stop the beast, it was done with such an explosion of mud, that *Obadiah* had better have been a league off. In short, never was a *Dr. Slop* so beluted, and so transubstantiated, since that affair came into fashion.

LESSON CXXIV

Heroick Self-Denial.—LITERARY GAZETTE.

DARK burned the candle on the table at which the student of divinity was reading in a large book: “It all avails nothing, and nothing will ever come of it,” said he fretfully to himself, and closed the volume, “I shall never become a preacher, I may study and tire myself as much as I will! The first sermon, in which I shall certainly hesitate, will without doubt render all this trouble vain; for do not I myself know the timidity and the peculiar misfortune which accompany me in every undertaking?”

He now took from his dusty shelves a MS. and set himself down to read: it was an account of Rome, and particularly of St. Peter’s Church, which was described with all the enthusiasm of an artist. He suddenly rose, and clapping his hands together, said with transport, “O heaven, I must certainly see all this myself!”

But how? one does not get to Rome for nothing; the finances of the good student were in a very bad condition, and however carefully he examined and fumbled through all his pockets, he collected only a few pence, which certainly were not sufficient to pay his expenses to Rome. He went to bed quite restless, and even forgot to put out his candle, which at other times he never omitted; but during this uneasy night, he thought of means to accomplish his purpose. The next morning he fetched an old-clothes-man, and sold every thing except the dress he had on, and a single shirt for change which he put in his pocket.

The sum, which he got from the greedy Israelite for all

he had, was not much, and yet honesty, a virtue which he possessed in the highest degree, demanded of him to pay his few small debts. After he had performed this duty in the most conscientious manner, he counted up his remaining property, and was pleased on finding himself the possessor of five dollars, because he hoped with this sum, and with strict frugality, to travel to Rome and back again.

He now, therefore, began his journey in the highest spirits, and wandered over fertile Germany with heartfelt joy, at the beauties of nature in his beloved country. How did Italy's mild and balsam'ick airs refresh him! how did he indulge all his senses in the contemplation of the delightful scenes that crowded on him from every side! and how did his heart thrill with bliss when he beheld the towers of Rome shining in the misty distance! Long did he stand gazing and enraptured, and a tear of joy stood in his eyes; he walked on, lost in thought, and towards evening he reached a hill at the foot of which the Queen of Cities, illumined with gold and purple, by the blush of the evening sky, lay in the most glorious splendour. He seated himself upon the summit of the hill, and turned his eyes constantly, with the most heartfelt longing, towards the object of his secret wishes.

After his soul had satiated itself with this delightful picture, he at length thought of examining his stock of money, that he might see how much he could spare in Rome in examining the captivating wonders, without depriving himself of the necessary means for his journey back. When he had counted it, he found that he had just spent the half of it, viz. two dollars and a half. Of course he had been frequently obliged, in the pursuit of his journey, to beg a night's lodging and dinner from the clergymen on the road, to be able to reach so far upon so trifling a sum, but never did he receive money or ask alms. If, then, he would return to his native country without begging, he must not see Rome, and he had, in fact, the heroick self-denial to form this resolution on the spot. He, therefore, remained for that night on this hill, saw the moon and stars rise over the much-beloved Rome; he listened with silent delight to the chime of the church bells in the stillness of the evening, and when the morning sun, rising in the east, tinged the domes and towers of the city with red, he "cast one longing, lingering look behind," and began in silent musing his journey home.

Whatever instances of heroick self-denial history may record, it can produce no greater than that which this obscure individual exercised in the simplicity of his heart.

He returned home with his longing gratified, and employed his last penny in paying the boatman who ferried him over to his native island. He renounced the study of divinity, which he hated, and entered into the service of a peasant, with whom he continued for a whole year, at the end of which he employed his wages which he had saved, on a journey to the East, whither, impelled by the love of travelling, he set out upon a pilgrimage.

LESSON CXXV.

On the waste of life.—FRANKLIN.

AMERGUS was a gentleman of good estate; he was bred to no business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably; he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste for the improvement of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four-and-twenty in bed; he dozed away two or three more on his couch; and as many were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humour.—Thus he made a shift to wear off ten years of his life since the paternal estate fell into his hands.

One evening as he was musing alone, his thoughts hap-
pened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and he began to reflect on his manner of life. He bethought himself what a number of living beings had been made a sacrifice to support his carcass, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with these offerings; and he set himself to compute what he had devoured since he came to the age of man. ‘About a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have, one week with another,’ said he, ‘given up their lives to prolong mine, which, in ten years, amounts to at least six thousand. Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb of black cattle, that I might have the choicest parts offered weekly upon my table.’

Thus a thousand beasts, out of the flock and the herd, have been slain in ten years’ time to feed me, besides what the forest has supplied me with. Many hundreds of fishes have,

in all their variety, been robbed of life for my repast, and of the smaller fry some thousands. A measure of corn would hardly suffice me fine flour enough for a month's provision, and this arises to above six score bushels; and many hogsheads of wine and other liquors have passed through this body of mine—this wretched strainer of meat and drink! And what have I done all this time for God and man? What a vast profusion of good things upon a useless life and a worthless liver?

There is not the meanest creature among all those which I have devoured, but hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it has done so. Every crab and oyster I have eat, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings with more propriety and honour than I have done. Oh, shameful waste of life and time!"

In short, he carried on his moral reflections with so just and severe a force of reason, as constrained him to change his whole course of life; to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge, when he was more than thirty years of age. He lived many following years with the character of a worthy man and an excellent Christian; he died with a peaceful conscience, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.

The world, that knew the whole series of his life, were amazed at the mighty change. They beheld him as a wonder of reformation, while he himself confessed and adored the Divine power and mercy which had transformed him from a brute to a man. But this was a single instance, and we may almost venture to write *miracle* upon it. Are there not numbers, in this degenerate age, whose lives thus run to utter waste, without the least tendency to usefulness?

LESSON CXXVI.

The young Minstrel.—BEATTIE.

Lo! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine,
 And sees, on high, amidst the encircling groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:

While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo bears the chorus to the skies.

Would Edwin this majestick scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west, the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.

But, lo! the Sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost:—

What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,
And see the enormous waste of vapour, tossed
In billows lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now embossed;—
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth, he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene:

In darkness, and in storm, he took delight;
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.

Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:

And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,

A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wished not to control.

“O, ye wild groves, O, where is now your bloom!”
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)

“Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!

Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?

Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?

For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

“ Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
 And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crowned !
 Ah ! see, the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool
 Have all the solitary vale embrowned ;
 Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound ;
 The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray ;
 And hark ! the river, bursting every mound,
 Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
 Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

“ Yea, such the destiny of all on earth :
 So flourishes and fades majestick man.
 Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
 And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
 O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,*
 Ye blighting whirlwinds spare his balmy prime,
 Nor lessen of his life the little span.
 Borne on the swift and silent wings of Time,
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

“ And be it so.—Let those deplore their doom
 Whose hopes still grovel in this dark sojourn :
 But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
 Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
 Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
 Is yonder wave the sun’s eternal bed ?
 Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
 And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
 Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten, in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
 Shall Nature’s voice, to man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live ?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
 No : Heaven’s immortal spring shall yet arrive,
 And man’s majestick beauty bloom again
 Bright thro’ the eternal year of love’s triumphant reign.”

* Though the author evidently intends this word to rhyme with *man* and *span*, yet the best authorities require it to be pronounced like the first syllable of *wan-ton*

LESSON CXXVII.

Pairing Time anticipated.—COWPER.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau*
 If birds confabulate or no ;
 'Tis clear that they were always able
 To hold discourse, at least in fable ;
 And even the child who knows no better,
 Than to interpret by the letter,
 The story of a cock and bull,
 Must have a most uncommon skull.

It chanced, then, on a winter's day,
 But warm and bright and calm as May,
 The birds, conceiving a design,
 To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
 In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
 Assembled on affairs of love,
 And, with much twitter, and much chatter,
 Began to agitate the matter.
 At length a bulfinch who could boast
 More years and wisdom than the most,
 Entreated, opening wide his beak,
 A moment's liberty to speak ;
 And, silence publickly enjoined,
 Delivered briefly thus his mind.

“ My friends ! be cautious how ye treat
 The subject upon which we meet ;
 I fear we shall have winter yet.”

A finch, whose tongue knew no control,
 With golden wing and satin poll,
 A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
 What marriage means, thus pert replied.

“ Methinks the gentleman,” quoth she,
 “ Opposite in the apple-tree,
 By his good will would keep us single
 Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals, should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his own senses ?

Or, (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado :—
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ?”

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting and sideling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments, so well expressed,
Influenced mightily the rest :
All paired, and each pair built a nest.

But, though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast ;
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man’s affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind,—of late breathed gently forth—
Now shifted east, and east by north ;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow :
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled :
Soon, every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learned, in future to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

Misses ! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

LESSON CXXVIII.

Fingal’s Battle with the Spirit of Loda.—OSSIAN.

MORNING rose in the east ; the blue waters rolled in light.
Fingal* bade his sails to rise, and the winds came rustling

* “ It may not be improper here to observe, that the accent ought always to be placed on the last syllable of Fingal.”—*M. Thomson’s note to Fingal, B. I.*

from their hills. Inistore rose to sight, and Carriethura's mossy towers. But the sign of distress was on their top: the green flame edged with smoke. The king of Morven struck his breast: he assumed, at once, his spear. His darkened brow bends forward to the coast: he looks back to the lagging winds. His hair is disordered on his back. The silence of the king is terrible.

Night came down on the sea: Rotha's bay received the ship. A rock bends along the coast with all its echoing wood. On the top is the circle of Loda, and the mossy stone of power. A narrow plain spreads beneath, covered with grass and aged trees, which the midnight winds, in their wrath, had torn from the shaggy rock. The blue course of a stream is there: and the lonely blast of ocean pursues the thistle's beard. The flame of three oaks arose: the feast is spread around: but the soul of the king is sad for Carriethura's battling chief.

The wan cold moon rose in the east. Sleep descended on the youths. Their blue helmets glitter to the beam: the fading fire decays. But sleep did not rest on the king: he rose in the midst of his arms, and slowly ascended the hill to behold the flame of Sarno's tower.

The flame was dim and distant; the moon hid her red face in the east. A blast came from the mountain, and bore on its wings, the spirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors, and he shook his dusky spear. His eyes appear like flames in his dark face; and his voice is like distant thunder. Fingal advanced with the spear of his strength, and raised his voice on high.

"Son of night, retire: call thy winds and fly: Why dost thou come to my presence with thy shadowy arms? Do I fear thy gloomy form, dismal spirit of Loda? Weak is thy shield of clouds: feeble is that meteor, thy sword. The blast rolls them together, and thou thyself dost vanish. Fly from my presence, son of night! call thy winds and fly!"

"Dost thou force me from my place," replied the hollow voice: "The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the valiant. I look on the nations and they vanish: my nostrils pour the blast of death. I come abroad on the winds: the tempests are before my face. But my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant."

"Dwell then in thy calm field," said Fingal, "and let Comhal's son be forgot. Do my steps ascend, from my hills,

into thy peaceful plains? Do I meet thee, with a spear, on thy cloud, spirit of dismal Loda? Why, then, dost thou frown on Fingal? Or shake thine airy spear? But thou frownest in vain: I never fled from mighty men. And shall the sons of the wind frighten the king of Morven! No: he knows the weakness of their arms."

"Fly to thy land," replied the form: "receive the wind and fly. The blasts are in the hollow of my hand: the course of the storm is mine. The king of Sora is my son, he bends at the stone of my power. His battle is around Carriethura; and he will prevail. Fly to thy land, son of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath."

He lifted high his shadowy spear; and bent forward his terrible height. But the king, advancing, drew his sword; the blade of dark-brown Luno. The gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke, which the staff of the boy disturbs, as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace.

The spirit of Loda shrieked, as, rolled into himself, he rose on the wind. Inistore shook at the sound. The waves heard it on the deep: they stopped, in their course, with fear: the companions of Fingal started, at once; and took their heavy spears. They missed the king; they rose with rage: all their arms resound.

The moon came forth in the east. The king returned in the gleam of his arms. The joy of his youths was great; their souls settled, as a sea from a storm. Ullin raised the song of gladness. The hills of Inistore rejoiced. The flame of the oak arose; and the tales of heroes are told.

LESSON CXXIX.

Death of Carthon.—Ossian's address to the Sun.—THE SAME.

THE battle ceased along the field, for the bard had sung the song of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon, and heard his words, with sighs. Silent they leaned on their spears, while Balclutha's hero spoke. His hair sighed in the wind, and his words were feeble.

"King of Morven," Carthon said, "I fall in the midst of my course. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the last of Reuthàmir's race. Darkness dwells in Balclutha: and

the shadows of grief in Crathmo. But raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora, where my fathers dwelt. Perhaps the husband of Moira will mourn over his fallen Carthon." His words reached the heart of Clessàmmor: he fell, in silence, on his son. The host stood darkened around: no voice is on the plains of Lora. Night came, and the moon, from the east, looked on the mournful field: but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

Three days they mourned over Carthon: on the fourth his father died. In the narrow plain of the rock they lie; and a dim ghost defends their tomb. There lovely Moira is often seen; when the sun-beam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There she is seen, Malvina, but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the stranger's land; and she is still alone.

Fingal was sad for Carthon; he desired his bards to mark the day, when shadowy autumn returned. And often did they mark the day, and sing the hero's praise. "Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud! Death is trembling in his hand! his eyes are flames of fire! Who roars along dark Lora's heath? Who but Carthon king of swords? The people fall! see! how he strides, like the sullen ghost of Morven! But there he lies, a goodly oak, which sudden blasts overturned! When shalt thou rise, Balclutha's joy! lovely car-borne Carthon? Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud?" Such were the words of the bards, in the day of their mourning: I have accompanied their voice; and added to their song. My soul has been mournful for Carthon, he fell in the days of his valour: and thou, O Clessàmmor! where is thy dwelling in the air? Has the youth forgot his wound? And flies he, on the clouds, with thee? I feel the sun, O Malvina; leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice. The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the

mountains fall : the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again : the moon herself is lost in heaven ; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests ; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies ; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth ! Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills ; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

LESSON CXXX.

Apostrophe to the Sun.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

CENTRE of light and energy ! thy way
 Is through the unknown void ; thou hast thy throne,
 Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,
 Far in the blue, untended and alone :
 Ere the first-wakened airs of earth had blown,
 On didst thou march, triumphant in thy light ;
 Then didst thou send thy glance, which still hath flown
 Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,
 And yet thy full orb burns with flash unquenched and bright

* * * * *

Thy path is high in heaven ;—we cannot gaze
 On the intense of light that girds thy car ;
 There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
 Which bears thy pure divinity afar
 To mingle with the equal light of star ;
 For thou, so vast to us, art, in the whole,
 One of the sparks of night, that fire the air ;
 And, as around thy centre planets roll,
 So, thou, too, hast thy path around the Central Soul.

* * * * *

Thou lookest on the earth, and then it smiles ;
 Thy light is hid and all things droop and mourn ;
 Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,
 When through their heaven thy changing car is borne ;
 Thou wheel'st away thy flight,—the woods are shorn
 Of all their waving locks, and storms awake ;
 All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
 By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,
 And in their maddening rush the crested mountains shake

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow ;
 Life lingers, and would die, but thy return
 Gives to their gladdened hearts an overflow
 Of all the power, that brooded in the urn
 Of their chilled frames, and then they proudly spurn
 All bands that would confine, and give to air
 Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,
 When, on a dewy morn, thou darrest there
 Rich waves of gold to wreath with fairer light the fair.

The vales are thine :—and when the touch of Spring
 Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light
 They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing
 Dashes the water in his winding flight,
 And leaves behind a wave, that crinkles bright,
 And widens outward to the pebbled shore ;—
 The vales are thine ; and when they wake from night,
 The dews that bend the grass tips, twinkling o'er
 Their soft and oozy beds, look upward and adore.

The hills are thine :—they catch thy newest beam,
 And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
 Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream,
 That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood
 Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food
 Of nations in its waters ; so thy rays
 Flow and give brighter tints, than ever bud,
 When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze
 Of many twinkling gems, as every glossed bough plays.

Thine are the mountains,—where they purely lift
 Snows that have never wasted, in a sky
 Which hath no stain ; below the storm may drift
 Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by ;—
 Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie

Dazzling but cold ;—thy farewell glance look there,
 And when below thy hues of beauty die,
 Girt round them, as a rosy belt, they bear
 Into the high dark vault, a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine ; and all their magick hues
 Are pencilled by thee ; when thou bendest low,
 Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues
 Their waving folds with such a perfect glow
 Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
 Shame on the proudest art ; * * *

* * * * *

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thy arch,
 The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,
 Where the spent storm is hasting on its march ;
 And there the glories of thy light combine,
 And form, with perfect curve, a lifted line
 Striding the earth and air ;—man looks and tells
 How Peace and Mercy in its beauty shine,
 And how the heavenly messenger impels
 Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal :—thou dost sway
 His waves to thy dominion, and they go
 Where thou, in heaven, dost guide them on their way
 Rising and falling in eternal flow :
 Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow,
 And take them wings and spring aloft in air,
 And change to clouds, and then, dissolving, throw
 Their treasures back to earth, and, rushing, tear
 The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they bear.

* * * * *

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles
 When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,
 That rolls in glittering green around the isles,
 Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell.
 O ! with a joy no gifted tongue can tell,
 I hurry o'er the waters when the sail
 Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well
 Over the curling billow, and the gale
 Comes off from spicy groves to tell its winning tale.

LESSON CXXXI.

Apostrophe to the Ocean.—BYRON

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes
 By the deep sea, and musick in its roar.
 I love not man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's savage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown

* * * * *

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yest of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they !
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;— boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne .
 Of the Invisible , even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee—thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ;—from a boy
 I wanted with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terrour,—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LESSON CXXXII.

On the use and abuse of amusements.—ALISON.

It were unjust and ungrateful to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbid by its beneficent Author. They serve, on the contrary, important purposes in the economy of human life, and are destined to produce important effects, both upon our happiness and character. They are, in the first place, in the language of the Psalmist, "the wells of the desert;" the kind resting-places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may reassume its strength and its hopes.

They are, in another view, of some importance to the dignity of individual character. In every thing we call amusement, there is generally some display of taste and imagination,—some elevation of the mind from mere animal indulgence, or the baseness of sensual desire. Even in the scenes of relaxation, therefore, they have a tendency to preserve the dignity of human character, and to fill up the vacant and unguarded hours of life with occupations innocent at least, if not virtuous. But their principal effect,

perhaps, is upon the social character of man. Whenever amusement is sought, it is in the society of our brethren; and whenever it is found, it is in our sympathy with the happiness of those around us. It bespeaks the disposition of benevolence, and it creates it.

When men assemble, accordingly, for the purpose of general happiness or joy, they exhibit to the thoughtful eye, one of the most pleasing appearances of their original character. They leave behind them, for a time, the faults of their station and the asperities of their temper;—they forget the secret views, and selfish purposes of their ordinary life, and mingle with the crowd around them with no other view than to receive and to communicate happiness. It is a spectacle which it is impossible to observe without emotion; and, while the virtuous man rejoices at that evidence which it affords of the benevolent constitution of his nature, the pious man is apt to bless the benevolence of that God, who thus makes the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and whose wisdom renders even the hours of amusement subservient to the cause of virtue.

It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them;—it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion, and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes an habitual desire. What the consequences of this inordinate love of amusement are, I shall now endeavour very briefly to show you.

When we look, in a moral view, to the consequences of human pursuits, we are not to stop at the precise and immediate effects which they may seem to have upon character. It is chiefly by the general frame of mind they produce, and the habitual dispositions they create, that we are to determine whether their influence is fortunate or unfortunate on those who are engaged in them. In every pursuit, whatever gives strength and energy to the mind of man, experience teaches to be favourable to the interests of piety, of knowledge, and of virtue;—in every pursuit, on the contrary whatever enfeebles or limits the powers of mind, the same experience every where shows to be hostile to the best interests of human nature.

If it is in this view we consider the effects of the habitual love even of the most innocent amusement, we shall find that it produces necessarily, for the hour in which it is in-

dulged, an enfeebled and dependent frame of mind ; that in such scenes energy resolves, and resolution fades ;—that in the enjoyment of the present hour, the past and the future are alike forgotten ; and that the heart learns to be satisfied with passive emotion, and momentary pleasure.

It is to this single observation, my young friends, that I wish at present to direct your attention ; and to entreat you to consider what may be expected to be the effects of such a character of mind, at your age, upon the honour and happiness of future life.

1. It tends to degrade all the powers of the understanding. It is the eternal law of nature that truth and wisdom are the offspring of labour, of vigour, and perseverance in every worthy object of pursuit. The eminent stations of fame, accordingly, and the distinguished honours of knowledge, have, in every age, been the reward only of such early attainments, of that cherished elevation of mind which pursues only magnificent ends, and of that heroick fortitude which, whether in action or in speculation, pursues them by the means of undeviating exertion.

For the production of such a character, no discipline can be so unfit as that of the habitual love of amusement. It kindles not the eye of ambition ;—it bids the heart beat with no throb of generous admiration ;—it lets the soul be calm, while all the rest of our fellows are passing us in the road of virtue or of science. Satisfied with humble and momentary enjoyment, it aspires to no honour, no praise, no pre-eminence, and, contented with the idle gratification of the present hour, forgets alike what man has done, and what man was born to do.

If such be the character of the youthful mind, if it be with such aims and such ambition that its natural elevation can be satisfied, am I to ask you, what must be the appearances of riper years ?—what the effect of such habits of thought upon the understanding of manhood ? Alas ! a greater instructor, the mighty instructor, experience, may show you in every rank of life what these effects are.—It will show you men born with every capacity, and whose first years glowed with every honourable ambition, whom no vice even now degrades, and to whom no actual guilt is affixed, who yet live in the eye of the world only as the objects of pity or of scorn,—who, in the idle career of habitual amusement, have dissipated all their powers, and lost all their ambition,—and who exist now for no purpose, but

to be the sad memorials of ignoble taste and degraded understanding.

2. The inordinate love of pleasure is, in the second place, equally hostile to the moral character. If the feeble and passive disposition of mind which it produces be unfavourable to the exertions of the understanding, it is, in the same measure as unfavourable to the best employments of the heart. The great duties of life, the duties for which every man and woman is born, demand, in all situations, the mind of labour and perseverance. From the first hour of existence to the last,—from the cradle of the infant, beside which the mother watches with unslumbering eye, to the grave of the aged, where the son pours his last tears upon the bier of his father,—in all that intermediate time, every day calls for exertion and activity, and the moral honours of our being can only be won by the steadfast magnanimity of pious duty.

If such be the laborious but animating destiny of man, is it in the enervating school of habitual amusement, that the young are to fit themselves for its high discharge? Is it from hence that the legislator is to learn those lengthened toils which decide the happiness of nations; or the warrior, that undaunted spirit, which can scorn both danger and death in the defence of his country? Or is it here, my young friends, that experience tells you, you can best learn to perform the common duties of your coming days; those sacred duties of domestick life which every one is called to discharge, from which neither riches nor poverty are free, and which, far more than all others, open to you the solemn prospect of either being the blessings or the curses of society.

Alas! experience has here also decided; it tells you, that the mind which exists only for pleasure, cannot exist for duty;—it tells you, that the feeble and selfish spirit of amusement gradually corrodes all the benevolent emotions of the heart, and withers the most sacred ties of domestick affection;—and it points its awful finger to the examples of those, alas! of both sexes, whom the unrestrained love of idle pleasure first led to error and folly, and whom, with sure but fatal progress, it has since conducted to be the objects of secret shame, and publick infamy.

3. In the last place, this unmanly disposition is equally fatal to happiness as to virtue. To the wise and virtuous, to those who use the pleasures of life only as a temporary relaxation, as a resting-place to animate them on the great

journey on which they are travelling, the hours of amusement bring real pleasure; to them the well of joy is ever full, while to those who linger by its side, its waters are soon dried and exhausted.

I speak not now of those bitter waters which must mingle themselves with the well of unhallowed pleasure,—of the secret reproaches of accusing conscience,—of the sad sense of shame and dishonour,—and of that degraded spirit, which must bend itself beneath the scorn of the world;—I speak only of the simple and natural effect of unwise indulgence;—that it renders the mind callous to enjoyment;—and that, even though the “fountain were full of water,” the feverish lip is incapable of satiating its thirst. Alas! here too, we may see the examples of human folly;—we may see around us every where the fatal effects of unrestrained pleasure,—the young sickening in the midst of every pure and genuine enjoyment;—the mature hastening, with hopeless step, to fill up the hours of a vitiated being;—and, what is still more wretched, the hoary head wandering in the way of folly, and, with an unhallowed dotage, returning again to the trifles and the amusements of childhood.

Such then, my young friends, are the natural and experienced consequences of the inordinate love even of innocent amusement, and such the intellectual and moral degradation to which the paths of pleasure conduct. Let me entreat you to pause, ere you begin your course; ere those habits are acquired which may never again be subdued;—and ere ye permit the charms of pleasure to wind around your soul their fascinating powers.

Think, with the elevation and generosity of your age, whether this is the course that leads to honour or to fame;—whether it was in this discipline that they were exercised, who, in every age, have blessed, or have enlightened the world,—whose shades are present to your midnight thoughts,—and whose names you cannot pronounce without the tear of gratitude or admiration.

Think, still more, whether it was to the ends of unmanly pleasure that you were dedicated, when the solemn service of religion first enrolled you in the number of the faithful, and when the ardent tears of your parents mingled with the waters of your baptism. If they live, is it in such paths that their anxious eyes delight to see you tread?—If they are no more, is it on such scenes that they can bend their venerated heads from Heaven, and rejoice in the course of their children?

LESSON CXXXIII.

The needless alarm :—A Tale.—COWPER.

THERE is a field through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the she-fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserved to solace many a neighbouring squire,
That he may follow them through brake and brier,
Contusion hazarding of neck, or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.

A narrow brook, by rushy banks concealed,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field ;
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead ;
And where the land slopes to its watery bourn,
Wide yawns a gulf, beside a shaggy thorn ;
Bricks line the sides, but shivered long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below :—
A hollow, scooped, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed ;
Nor Autumn yet had brushed from every spray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away ;
But corn was housed, and beans were in the stack .
Now, therefore, issued forth the spotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats
With a whole gamut filled of heavenly notes,
For which, alas ! my destiny severe,
Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

The sun, accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planted on heaven's topmost arch,
When, exercise and air my only aim,
And heedless whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet, with ruthless joy, the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,
Or with the high-raised horn's melodious clang
All Kilwick* and all Dingleberry* rang.

Sheep grazed the field : some with soft bosom pressed
The herb as soft, while nibbling strayed the rest :

* Two woods belonging to J. Throckmorton, Esq.

Nor noise was heard, save of the hasty brook,
 Struggling, detained in many a petty nook.
 All seemed so peaceful, that, from them conveyed,
 To me their peace, by kind contagion, spread.

But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,
 'Gan make his instrument of musick speak,
 And from within the wood that crash was heard,
 Though not a hound, from whom it burst, appeared,
 The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that grazed,
 All huddling into phalanx, stood and gazed,
 Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,—
 Then coursed the field around, and coursed it round again
 But, recollecting, with a sudden thought,
 That flight, in circles urged, advanced them nought,
 They gathered close around the old pit's brink,
 And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to solitude accustomed long
 Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue ;
 Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees
 Have speech for him, and understood with ease.
 After long drought when rains abundant fall,
 He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all,
 Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
 How glad they catch the largess of the skies :—
 But, with precision rarer still, the mind
 He scans of every locomotive kind ;
 Birds of all feather, beasts of every name,
 That serve mankind or shun them, wild or tame ;
 The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
 Have all articulation in his ears ;
 He spells them true, by intuition's light,
 And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premised was needful as a text,
 To win due credence to what follows next.

A while they mused ; surveying every face,
 Thou hadst supposed them of superiour race :
 Their periwigs of wool, and fears combined,
 Stamped on each countenance such marks of mind,
 That sage they seemed, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
 Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out ;
 Or academick tutors, teaching youths,
 Sure ne'er to want them, mathematick truths ;
 When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,
 A ram, the ewes and wethers sad, addressed.

"Friends! we have lived too long.—I never heard
 Sounds such as these, so worthy to be feared.
 Could I believe that winds, for ages pent
 In earth's dark womb, have found at last a vent,
 And, from their prison-house below, arise,
 With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
 I could be much composed; nor should appear,
 For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.
 Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders rolled
 All night, me resting quiet in the fold.
 Or, heard we that tremendous bray alone,
 I could expound the melancholy tone;
 Should deem it by our old companion made,
 The ass; for he, we know, has lately strayed,
 And, being lost perhaps, and wandering wide,
 Might be supposed to clamour for a guide.
 But ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear,
 That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear!
 Demons produce them doubtless, brazen-clawed,
 And, fang'd with brass, the demons are abroad:—
 I hold it, therefore, wisest and most fit,
 That, life to save, we leap into the pit."

Him answered then his loving mate and true,
 But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.

"How! leap into the pit, our life to save?
 To save our life leap all into the grave?
 For, can we find it less?—Contemplate first
 The depth, how awful! falling there we burst:
 Or, should the brambles, interposed, our fall
 In part abate, that happiness were small;
 For, with a race like theirs, no chance I see
 Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
 Meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
 Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
 And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
 Of demons uttered, from whatever lungs,
 Sounds are but sounds; and, till the cause appear,
 We have at least commodious standing here.
 Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
 From earth, or hell, we can but plunge at last."

While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
 For Reynard, close attended at his heels
 By panting dog, tired man, and spattered horse,
 Through mere good fortune, took a different course

The flock grew calm again, and I, the road
 Following, that led me to my own abode,
 Much wondered that the silly sheep had found
 Such cause of terrour in an empty sound,
 So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
 Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

 LESSON CXXXIV.
Forest Trees.—W. IRVING.

I HAVE paused more than once in the wilderness of America, to contemplate the traces of some blast of wind, which seemed to have rushed down from the clouds, and ripped its way through the bosom of the woodlands; rooting up, shivering, and splintering the stoutest trees, and leaving a long track of desolation.

There is something awful in the vast havock made among these gigantick plants; and in considering their magnificent remains, so rudely torn and mangled, hurled down to perish prematurely on their native soil, I was conscious of a strong movement of sympathy with the wood-nymphs, grieving to be dispossessed of their ancient habitations. I recollect also hearing a traveller of poetical temperament, expressing the kind of horror which he felt in beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which had been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild grape-vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laocoön struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python. It was the lion of trees perishing in the embraces of a vegetable Boa.

I am fond of listening to the conversation of English gentlemen on rural concerns, and of noticing with what taste and discrimination, and what strong, unaffected interest, they will discuss topicks, which in other countries, are abandoned to mere woodmen or rustick cultivators. I have heard a noble earl descant on park and forest scenery, with the science and feeling of a painter. He dwelt on the shape

and beauty of particular trees on his estate with as much pride and technical precision as though he had been discussing the merits of statues in his collection. I found that he had gone considerable distances to examine trees which were celebrated among rural amateurs; for it seems that trees, like horses, have their established points of excellence, and that there are some in England which enjoy very extensive celebrity from being perfect in their kind.

There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroick line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and free born, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thought above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island,* are most of them full of story. They are haunted by the recollections of the great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them, from the tumult of arms, or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade.

It is becoming, then, for the high and generous spirits of an ancient nation to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. Brought up, as I have been, in republican habits and principles, I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for titled rank, merely because it is titled. But

* This piece, though it is the production of an American, was written in England.

I trust I am neither churl nor bigot in my creed. I do see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible only for his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honourable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity. To both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those that have gone before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him.

His domestick undertakings seem to imply a longer existence than those of ordinary men. None are so apt to build and plant for future centuries, as noble spirited men who have received their heritages from foregoing ages.

I can easily imagine, therefore, the fondness and pride with which I have noticed English gentlemen, of generous temperaments, but high aristocratick feelings, contemplating those magnificent trees, which rise like towers and pyramids from the midst of their paternal lands. There is an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate. The oak, in the pride and lustihood of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroick and intellectual man.

With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct toward heaven; bearing up its leafy honours from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be*; a refuge for the weak,—a shelter for the oppressed,—a defence for the defenceless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *this*, is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is *otherwise*, abuses his eminent advantages;—abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall?—Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate?—“Why cumbereth he the ground?”

LESSON CXXXV.

Old Mortality.—TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

Most readers must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village-school, on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolick, as the little urchins join in groups on their playground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismissal, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy.

I mean, the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his school-room, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and labouring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and on'y varied by the various blunders of the reciters.

Even the flowers of classick genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their connexion with tears, with errors, and with punishment: so that the Eclogues of Virgil, and Odes of Horace, are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monstrous recitation of some blubbering school-boy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk, in the cool of a fine summer evening, affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered for so many hours, in plying the irksome task of publick instruction.

To me, these evening strolls have been the happiest hours of an unhappy life; and if any gentle reader shall hereafter find pleasure in perusing these lucubrations, I am not unwilling he should know, that the plan of them has been usually traced in those moments, when relief from toil and clamour, combined with the quiet scenery around me, has disposed my mind to the task of composition.

My chief haunt, in these hours of golden leisure, is the banks of a small stream, which, winding through 'a lone vale of green bracken,' passes in front of the village school-house of Gandercleuch. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed from my meditations, in order to return the scrape, or doffed bonnet, of such stragglers among my pupils as fish for trout or minnows in the little brook, or seek rushes and wild-flowers by its margin.—But, beyond the space I have mentioned, the juvenile anglers do not, after sun-set, voluntarily extend their excursions.

The cause is, that farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep, heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground, which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favourite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.

It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasant description. Having been very little used, for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground, and overgrown with moss. No newly erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath.

The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the hare-bell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has, indeed, been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation.

Yet, although the moss has been collected on the most

modern of these humble tombs, during four generations of mankind, the memcry of some of those who sleep beneath them is still held in revered remembrance. It is true, that, upon the largest, and, to the antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group which bears the effigies* of a doughty knight in his hood of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the armorial bearings are defaced by time, and a few worn-out letters may be read at the pleasure of the decipherer; and it is also true that, of another tomb richly sculptured with an ornamented cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition can only aver, that a certain nameless bishop lies interred there.

But upon other two stones which lie beside, may still be read in rude prose, and ruder rhyme, the history of those who sleep beneath them. They belong, we are assured by the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who afforded a melancholy subject for history in the times of Charles II. and his successors. In returning from the battle of Pentland Hills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen, by a small detachment of the king's troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot, after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands.

The peasantry continue to attach to the tombs of those victims of prël'acy an honour which they do not attach to more splendid mausolēums; and when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, they usually conclude, by exhorting them to be ready, should times call for it, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

One summer evening, as in a stroll, such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually sooth its solitude, the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantick ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was, upon this occasion, distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a march-dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favourite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary.

As I approached, I was agreeably undeceived. An old

* Pronounced *ef-fid'jēs*.

man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening, with his chisel, the letters of the inscription, which, announcing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence.

A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the gray hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat, of the coarse cloth called *hoddin-gray*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails, and *gramoches*, or *leggins*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment.

Beside him fed, among the graves, a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvass pouch hung around the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and any thing else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet, from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talk of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

LESSON CXXXVI.

The same,—Concluded.

WHERE the old man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme.

He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or do-

mestick misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death; a period, it is said, of about thirty years.

During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But, wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach.

In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned.

Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing, to the eyes of posterity, the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged by repairing the grave stones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country church-yard, or reclined on the solitary tomb-stone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality.

The character of such a man would have in it little connexion even with innocent gayety. Yet among those of his own religious persuasion, he is reported to have been cheerful. The descendants of persecutors or those whom he supposed guilty of entertaining similar tenets, and the scoffers at religion by whom he was sometimes assailed, he usually termed the generation of vipers. Conversing with others, he was grave and sententious, not without a cast of severity.

But he is said never to have been observed to give way to violent passion, excepting upon one occasion, when a mischievous truant-boy defaced with a stone the nose of a cherub's face which the old man was engaged in retouching. I am, in general, a sparer of the rod, notwithstanding the maxim of Solomon, for which school-boys have little reason to thank his memory: but on this occasion I deemed it proper to show that I did not hate the child.—But I must return to the circumstances attending my first interview with this interesting enthusiast.

In accosting Old Mortality, I did not fail to pay respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a respectful apology for interrupting his labours. The old man intermitted the operation of the chisel, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my courtesy by a suitable return. Encouraged by his affability, I intruded upon him some questions concerning the sufferers upon whose monument he was now employed.

To talk of the exploits of the Covenanters was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business, of his life. He was profuse in the communication of all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually beheld the passages which he related; so much had he identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had his narratives the circumstantiality of an eye-witness. ***

Soothing the old man by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to prolong conversation with so singular a character, I prevailed upon him to accept that hospitality which my patron is always willing to extend to those who need it. In our way to the schoolmaster's house we called at the Wallace Inn, where I was pretty certain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening.

After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was prevailed upon to join his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the pledge, which he prefaced with a grace of about five minutes, and then, with bonnet doffed and eyes uplifted, drank to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountains. As no persuasion could prevail on him to extend his conviviality to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accommodated him with the prophet's chamber, as it is his pleasure to call the closet which holds a spare bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller.

The next day I took my leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had cultivated his acquaintance, and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white pony, he took me by the hand, and said, "The blessing of our Master be with you, young man.—My hours are like the ears of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet, you may be gathered into the garner of mortality before me; for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe; and there is a colour in your cheek, that, like the bud of the rose, serveth oft to hide the worm of corruption. Wherefore, labour as one who knoweth not when his master calleth. And if it be my lot to return to this village after you are gone home to your own place, these auld withered hands will frame a stone of memorial, that your name may not perish from among the people."

I thanked Old Mortality for his kind intentions in my behalf, and heaved a sigh, not, I think, of regret so much as of resignation, to think of the chance that I might soon require his good offices. But though, in all human probability, he did not err in supposing that my span of life may be abridged in youth, he had over-estimated the period of his own pilgrimage on earth. It is now some years since he has been missed in all his usual haunts, while moss, lichen, and deer-hair, are fast covering those stones, to cleanse which had been the business of his life.

About the beginning of this century, he closed his mortal toils, being found on the highway near Lockerby, in Dumfries-shire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white pony, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found upon his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which

serves to show that his death was in no ways hastened by violence, or by want.

The common people still regard his memory with great respect ; and many are of opinion that the stones which he repaired will not again require the assistance of the chisel. They even assert, that, on the tombs where the manner of the martyrs' murder is recorded, their names have remained indelibly legible since the death of Old Mortality ; while those of the persecutors, sculptured on the same monuments have been entirely defaced. It is hardly necessary to say that this is a fond imagination, and that, since the time of the pious pilgrim, the monuments, which were the objects of his care, are hastening, like all earthly memorials, into ruin and decay.

LESSON CXXXVII.

The religious cottage.—D. HUNTINGTON.

“SEEST thou yon lonely cottage in the grove—

With little garden neatly planned before—

Its roof, deep shaded by the elms above,

Moss-grown, and decked with velvet verdure o'er ?

Go lift the willing latch—the scene explore—

Sweet peace, and love, and joy, thou there shalt find :

For there religion dwells ; whose sacred lore

Leaves the proud wisdom of the world behind,

And pours a heavenly ray on every humble mind.

‘ When the bright morning gilds the eastern skies,

Up springs the peasant from his calm repose ;

Forth to his honest toil he cheerful hies,

And tastes the sweets of nature as he goes—

But first, of Sharon's fairest, sweetest rose,

He breathes the fragrance, and pours forth the praise

Looks to the source whence every blessing flows,

Ponders the page which heavenly truth conveys,

And to its Author's hand commits his future ways.

“Nor yet in solitude his prayers ascend ;

His faithful partner and their blooming train,

The precious word with reverent minds attend,

The heaven-directed path of life to gain.

Their voices mingle in the grateful strain—

The lay of love and joy together sing,
 To Him whose bounty clothes the smiling plain,
 Who spreads the beauties of the blooming spring,
 And tunes the warbling throats that make the valleys ring ”

LESSON CXXXVIII.

The deaf man's grave.—WORDSWORTH.

ALMOST at the root
 Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
 And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
 Oft stretches towards me like a long straight path,
 Traced faintly in the green sward; there, beneath
 A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
 From whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn
 The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
 From year to year in loneliness of soul;
 And this deep mountain valley was to him
 Soundless with all its streams. The bird of dawn
 Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
 With startling summons: not for his delight
 The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
 Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
 Were working the broad bosom of the lake
 Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
 Rocking the trees, and driving cloud on cloud,
 Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
 The agitated scene before his eye
 Was silent as a picture: evermore
 Were all things silent wheresoe'er he moved.
 Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
 Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
 Of rural labours; the steep mountain-side
 Ascended, with his staff and faithful dog;
 The plough he guided, and the sithe he swayed;
 And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
 Among the jõe'und reapers. For himself,
 All watchful and industrious as he was,
 He wrought not; neither field nor flock he owned:
 No wish for wealth had place within his mind;
 Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care.
 Though born a younger brother, need was none

That from the floor of his paternal home
He should depart, to plant himself anew.
And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
Of rights to him ; but he remained well pleased,
By the pure bond of independent love,
An inmate of a second family,
The fellow labourer and friend of him
To whom the small inheritance had fallen.

Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight
That pressed upon his brother's house ; for books
Were ready comrades whom he could not tire,—
Of whose society the blameless man
Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
Even to old age, with unabated charm
Beguiled his leisure hours ; refreshed his thoughts ;
Beyond its natural elevation raised
His introverted spirit ; and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity
Which all acknowledged. The dark winter night,
The stormy day, had each its own resource ;
Song of the muses, sage historick tale,
Science severe, or word of holy writ
Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of the just,
From imperfection and decay secure.

Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,
To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
No languor, peevishness, no vain complaint :
And they who were about him did not fail
In reverence, or in courtesy ; they prized
His gentle manners :—and his peaceful smiles,
The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,
Were met with answering sympathy and love.

At length, when sixty years and five were told,
A slow disease insensibly consumed
The powers of nature ; and a few short steps
Of friends and kindred bore him from his home
(Yon cottage, shaded by the woody crags,)
To the profounder stillness of the grave.
Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief ;
Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.

And now, that monumental stone preserves

His name, and unambitiously relates
 How long, and by what kindly outward aids,
 And in what pure contentedness of mind,
 The sad privation was by him endured.
 And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing sound
 Was wasted on the good man's living ear,
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity ;
 And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,
 Murmurs not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

LESSON CXXXIX.

The Alderman's funeral.—SOUTHEY.

Stranger. WHOM are they ushering from the world, with all
 This pageantry and long parade of death ?

Townsmen. A long parade, indeed, Sir, and yet here
 You see but half ; round yonder bend it reaches
 A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

S. 'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
 Tempts me to stand a gazer.

T. Yonder schoolboy,
 Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
 Of peace was nothing to the show, and even
 The chairing of the members at election
 Would not have been a finer sight than this ;
 Only that red and green are prettier colours
 Than all this mourning. There, Sir, you behold
 One of the red-gowned worthies of the city,
 The envy and the boast of our exchange,
 Aye, what was worth, last week, a good half million,
 Screwed down in yonder hearse.

S. Then he was born
 Under a lucky planet, who to-day
 Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

T. When first I heard his death, that very wish
 Leapt to my lips ; but now the closing scene
 Of the comedy hath wakened wiser thoughts ;
 And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
 There will not be the weight of wealth like his
 To sink me down.

S. The camel and the needle,—
 Is that then in your mind ?

T. Even so. The text

Is gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel,—
Yea, leap him flying, through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pampered soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

S. Your pardon, Sir,

But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

T. Your pardon, too, Sir,

If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

S. Was his wealth

Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wronged,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

T. All honest, open, honourable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the east and west.

S. Why judge you then

So hardly of the dead?

T. For what he left

Undone:—for sins, not one of which is mentioned
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other gods than those of the Creed:
Bowed to no idols,—but his money-bags:
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house:
Kept the Sabbath idle: built a monument
To honour his dead father: did no murder:
Was too old-fashioned for adultery:
Never picked pockets: never bore false-witness:
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass.

S. You knew him, then, it seems?

T. As all men know

The virtues of your hundred-thousanders:
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

S. Nay, nay, uncharitable, Sir! for often
Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.

T. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives:—but as for this—

This was a pool that stagnated and stunk ;
The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it,
But slime and foul corruption.

S. Yet even these
Are reservoirs whence publick charity
Still keeps her channels full.

T. Now, Sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these publick virtues which you praise,
But the poor man rung never at his door ;
And the old beggar, at the publick gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands, hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,—donations to keep open
A running charity-account with Heaven :—
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old arch-lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

S. I must needs
Believe you, Sir :—these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family !
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief !

T. Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity ?
The parlour-spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace ; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus ! Arithmetick
Was the sole science he was ever taught.
The multiplication-table was his creed,
His pater-noster, and his decalogue.

When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
 The open air and sunshine of the fields,
 To give his blood its natural spring and play,
 He, in a close and dusky counting-house,
 Smoke-dried and seared and shrivelled up his heart.
 So, from the way in which he was trained up,
 His feet departed not; he toiled and moiled,
 Poor muck-worm! through his three-score years and ten,
 And when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
 If that which served him for a soul were still
 Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.

S. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
 For industry and honourable wealth
 A bright example.

T. Even half a million

Gets him no other praise. But come this way
 Some twelve-months hence, and you will find his virtues
 Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
 Faith, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
 Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

LESSON CXL.

*Singular Adventure.**

COLTER came to St. Louis in May 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of 3000 miles, which he traversed in 30 days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clarke's party; one of these, for its singularity, I shall relate.

On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter, observing an appearance of abundance of beaver being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri alone.—Soon after, he separated from Dixon, and *trapped* in company with a hunter named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, one of whom had been

* This account of a perilous adventure of John Colter, is taken from Bradbury's Travels in the interior of North America; a publication, says M'Diarmid, of great merit and interest.

killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day.

They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on.

In a few minutes afterwards their doubts were removed, by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe; and, at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and, on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded!" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot.

This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, "*he was made a ridicule of.*" They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were at first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast.

Colter, who had been some time amongst the Kec-katso or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him,

and those, armed Indians; he therefore cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *save himself if he could*. At this instant the horrid war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which himself was surprised.

He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than one hundred yards from him.

A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter: he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him; for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him.

Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop,—but, exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavouring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter; who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the Cotton-tree wood, on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran and plunged into the river.

Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and, after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "like so many devils." They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft, and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed, and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful: he was completely naked, under a burning sun—the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear—he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him—and was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's fort, on the Big-horn branch of the Yellow-Stone river. These were circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired. In seven days, however, during which he subsisted upon a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, he arrived at the Fort.

LESSON CXLI.

The discontented pendulum.—JANE TAYLOR.

AN old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate, (if we may credit the fable,) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise: the weights hung speechless: each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum,

who thus spoke :—"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage ; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of tickir.g." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire !" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands. "Very good !" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness ! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen ! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through ?"—"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here ; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life ; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours ; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum ; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one ; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect ; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue ; but resuming its gravity, thus replied ; "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself, should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time ; so have we all, and are likely to do ; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now, do me the favour to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument ?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum, "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*." "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in." "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the mails will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with, in any sense; the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time, and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses, at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last:—if *one* could be borne, so can another and another.

Even looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labours, the trials to temper and patience, that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve always to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can; and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never do wrong. But the common error is to resolve to act right after breakfast, or after dinner, or to-morrow morning, or *next time*; but *now, just now, this once*, we must go on the same as ever.

It is easy, for instance, for the most ill-tempered person to resolve that the next time he is provoked, he will not let his temper overcome him; but the victory would be to subdue temper on the *present* provocation. If, without taking up the burden of the future, we would always make the *single* effort at the *present* moment; while there would, at any one time, be very little to do, yet, by this simple process continued, every thing would at last be done.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes with many, in resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfils.

“It is not thus with those, who, “by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for glory, honour, and immortality.” Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task, to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labours, and their works “follow them.”

Let us then, “whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time.”

LESSON CXLII.

A belief in the superintendence of Providence the only adequate support under affliction.—WORDSWORTH.

ONE adequate support

For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being

Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

The darts of anguish *fix* not, where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the will supreme,
For time and for eternity ;—by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of his perfections ; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently,—ill-done, or left undone,
To the dishonour of his holy name.
Soul of our souls, and Safeguard of the world,
Sustain,—Thou only canst—the sick of heart ;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto 'Thee and thine !

How beautiful this dome of sky
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At thy command, how awful ! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these ?—Be mute who will, who can,
Yet will I praise thee with impassioned voice :
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget thee here,—where Thou hast built,
For thy own glory, in the wilderness !
Me didst thou constitute a Priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for thy presence : therefore am I bound
To worship, here, and every where,—as one
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread
From childhood up the ways of poverty ;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued.—By thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched ;
And, mid the mild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From paradise transplanted. Wintry age
Impends : the frost will gather round my heart ;
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead !

Come Labour when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath :—come disease, and want,
Sad sad exclusion through decay of sense :—
But leave me unabated trust in 'Thee—

And let thy favour to the end of life
 Inspire me with ability to seek
 Repose and hope among eternal things,—
 Father of heaven and earth ! and I am rich,
 And will possess my portion in content !
 And what are things eternal ?—Powers depart,
 Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat :—
 But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists—immutably survives !

What more that may not perish ?—Thou, dread Source,
 Prime, self-existing cause and end of all,
 That, in the scale of being fill their place,
 Above our human region or below,
 Set and sustained ; Thou, who didst wrap the cloud
 Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity a while
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed—
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense,
 And reason's steadfast rule—Thou, thou alone
 Art everlasting !

LESSON CXLIII.

Greece, in 1809.—BYRON.

FAIR Greece ! sad relick of departed worth !
 Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !
 Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
 And long accustomed bondage uncreate ?
 Not such thy sons who whilome did await—
 The hopeless warriors of a willing doom—
 In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait :
 O ! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
 Leap from Eurotas' banks and call thee from the tomb ?

Spirit of Freedom ! when on Phyle's brow
 Thou satt'st with Thrasybūlus and his train,
 Could'st thou forebode the dismal hour that now
 Dims the green beauty of thine Attick plain ?

Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land ;
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
 From birth till death enslaved ; in word, in deed, unmanned.

In all, save form alone, how changed ! and who
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
 Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
 With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty !
 And many dream, withal, the hour is nigh
 That gives them back their fathers' heritage ;
 For foreign aid and arms they fondly sigh,
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

Hereditary bondmen ! know ye not
 Who would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow ?
 By their right arm the conquest must be wrought :—
 Will Gaul, or Muscovite, redress ye ?—No !
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low ;
 But not for *you* will Freedom's altars flame.
 Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !
 Greece ! change thy lords :—thy state is still the same :
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with arts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to *men*,
 Then thou may'st be restored :—but not till then.
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state ;
 An hour may lay it in the dust : and when
 Can man its shattered splendour renovate ?
 When call its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate ?

And yet, how lovely, in thine age of wo,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou !
 Thy vales of ever-green, thy hills of snow
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now.
 Thy fanes, thy temples, to thy surface bow,
 Commingling slowly with heroick earth ;—
 Broke with the share of every rustick plough :—
 So perish monuments of mortal birth :
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth :

Save where some solitary column mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave ;*
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave ;
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
 Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
 While strangers only not regardless pass,
 Lingering, like me, perchance, to gaze and sigh " Alas !"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
 And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields.
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air.
 Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
 Still in his beams Mendeli's marbles glare :
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground :
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould !
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
 Till the sense aches with gazing, to behold
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
 Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone :
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon

Long, to the remnants of thy splendour past,
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
 Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song.
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

* Of Mount Pentelicus, from which the marble was dug that constructed the publick edifices at Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. In this mountain an immense cave, formed by the quarries,
 still remains

LESSON CXLIV.

The Greek Emigrant's Song.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

Now launch the boat upon the wave—
 The wind is blowing off the shore—
 I will not live, a cowering slave,
 In these polluted islands more.
 Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
 There is a better home for me.

The wind is blowing off the shore,
 And out to sea the streamers fly—
 My musick is the dashing roar,
 My canopy the stainless sky—
 It bends above, so fair a blue,
 That heaven seems opening to my view.

I will not live, a cowering slave,
 Though all the charms of life may shine
 Around me, and the land, the wave,
 And sky be drawn in tints divine.—
 Give lowering skies and rocks to me
 If there my spirit can be free.

Sweeter than spicy gales, that blow
 From orange groves with wooing breath,
 The winds may from these islands flow,—
 But, 'tis an atmosphere of death,—
 The lotus, which transformed the brave
 And haughty to a willing slave.

Softer than Minder's winding stream,
 The wave may ripple on this coast,
 And brighter than the morning beam,
 In golden swell be round it tost—
 Give me a rude and stormy shore,
 So power can never threat me more.

Brighter than all the tales, they tell
 Of Eastern pomp and pageantry,
 Our sunset skies in glory swell,
 Hung round with glowing tapestry :—
 The horrors of a winter storm
 Swell brighter o'er a Freeman's form.

The Spring may here with Autumn twine,
 And both combined may rule the year,
 And fresh-blown flowers and racy wine
 In frosted clusters still be near :—
 Dearer the wild and snowy hills
 Where hale and ruddy Freedom smiles.

Beyond the wild, dark-heaving sea,
 And Ocean's stormy vastness o'er,
 There is a better home for me,
 A welcomer and dearer shore :
 There hands, and hearts, and souls, are twined,
 And free the Man, and free the mind.

LESSON CXLV.

Song of the Greeks, 1822.—CAMPBELL.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians !
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ;
 Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree—
 Has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free ;
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
 Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
 Ah ! the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succour advances,
 Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
 Are stretched in our aid ?—Be the combat our own !
 And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone :
 For we've sworn, by our country's assaulters,
 By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
 By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
 By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
 That living, we will be victorious,
 Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not :
 The sword that we've drawn we will sheath not ;
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.

Earth may hide—waves ingulph—fire consume us,
 But they *shall* not to slavery doom us :
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves :—
 But we've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
 And new triumphs on *land* are before us.
 To the charge !—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story ?
 Or brighten your lives with its glory ?—
 Our women—Oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
 Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair ?
 Accursed may his memory blacken,
 If a coward there be that would slacken,
 Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
 Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.
 Strike home !—and the world shall revere us
 As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
 Her inlands, her isles of the ocean :
 Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring.
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
 That were cold, and extinguished in sadness ;
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
 Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens.

LESSON CXLVI.

Letter from the British Spy, in Virginia.—WIRT.

Richmond, September 22, 1803.

I HAVE just returned from an interesting morning's ride. My object was to visit the site of the Indian town, Powhatan ; which, you will remember, was the metropolis of the dominions of Pocahuntas' father, and, very probably, the birthplace of that celebrated princess.

The town was built on the river, about two miles below the ground now occupied by Richmond : that is, about two miles below the head of tide water.

Aware of the slight manner in which the Indians have

always constructed their habitations, I was not at all disappointed in finding no vestige of the old town. But as I traversed the ground over which Pocahuntas had so often bounded and frolicked in the sprightly morning of her youth, I could not help recalling the principal features of her history, and heaving a sigh of mingled pity and veneration to her memory.

Good Heaven! What an eventful life was hers! To speak of nothing else, the arrival of the English in her father's dominions must have appeared (as indeed it turned out to be) a most portentous phenomenon. It is not easy for us to conceive the amazement and consternation which must have filled her mind and that of her nation at the first appearance of our countrymen. Their great ship, with all her sails spread, advancing in solemn majesty to the shore; their complexion; their dress; their language; their domestick animals; their cargo of new and glittering wealth; and then the thunder and irresistible force of their artillery; the distant country announced by them, far beyond the great water, of which the oldest Indian had never heard, or thought, or dreamed—all this was so new, so wonderful, so tremendous, that, I do seriously suppose, the personal descent of an army of Milton's celestial angels, robed in light, sporting in the bright beams of the sun and redoubling their splendour, making divine harmony with their golden harps, or playing with the bolt and chasing the rapid lightning of heaven, would excite not more astonishment in Great Britain, than did the debarkation of the English among the aborigines of Virginia.

Poor Indians! Where are they now? Indeed, this is a truly afflicting consideration. The people here may say what they please; but, on the principles of eternal truth and justice, they have no right to this country. They say that they have bought it.—Bought it! Yes;—of whom?—Of the poor trembling natives who knew that refusal would be vain; and who strove to make a merit of necessity by seeming to yield with grace, what they knew that they had not the power to retain. Such a bargain might appease the conscience of a gentleman of the green bag, “worn and hackneyed” in the arts and frauds of his profession; but in heaven's chancery, there can be little doubt that it has been long since set aside on the ground of compulsion.

Poor wretches! No wonder that they are so implacably vindictive against the white people; no wonder that the

rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation ; no wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminators ; no wonder that in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able ; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge ; that they dance, sing, and rejoice, as the victim shrinks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odour as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

Yet the people, here, affect to wonder that the Indians are so very unsusceptible of civilization ; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white men. Go, Virginian ; erase, from the Indian nation, the tradition of their wrongs ; make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs ; that over these fields and through these forests, their beloved forefathers, once, in careless gayety, pursued their sports and hunted their game ; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, the happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Make them forget too, if you can, that in the midst of all this innocence, simplicity, and bliss—the white man came ; and lo !—the animated chase, the feast, the dance, the song of fearless, thoughtless joy were over ; that ever since, they have been made to drink of the bitter cup of humiliation ; treated like dogs ; their lives, their liberties, the sport of the white men ; their country and the graves of their fathers torn from them, in cruel succession : until, driven from river to river, from forest to forest, and through a period of two hundred years, rolled back, nation upon nation, they find themselves fugitives, vagrants and strangers in their own country, and look forward to the certain period when their descendants will be totally extinguished by wars, driven at the point of the bayonet into the western ocean, or reduced to a fate still more deplorable and horrid, the condition of slaves.

Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections and anticipations like these, and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized. But until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation even yet bleeding afresh, from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually

agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin, which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction; should hate their manners, hate their colour, their language, their name, and every thing that belongs to them. No; never, until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners.

Great God! To reflect that the authors of all these wrongs were our own countrymen, our forefathers, professors of the meek and benevolent religion of Jesus! O! it was impious; it was unmanly; poor and pitiful! Gracious Heaven! what had these poor people done? The simple inhabitants of these peaceful plains, what wrong, what injury, had they offered to the English? My soul melts with pity and shame.

As for the present inhabitants, it must be granted that they are comparatively innocent: unless indeed they also have encroached under the guise of treaties, which they themselves have previously contrived to render expedient or necessary to the Indians.

Whether this have been the case or not, I am too much a stranger to the interior transactions of this country to decide. But it seems to me that were I a president of the United States, I would glory in going to the Indians, throwing myself on my knees before them, and saying to them: "Indians, friends, brothers, O! forgive my countrymen. Deeply have our forefathers wronged you, and they have forced us to continue the wrong. ~~Direct~~, brothers; it was not our fault that we were born in your country; but now, we have no other home, we have no where else to rest our feet. Will you not, then, permit us to remain? Can you not forgive even us, innocent as we are? If you can, O! come to our bosoms; be, indeed, our brothers; and since there is room enough for us all, give us a home in your land, and let us be children of the same affectionate family."

I believe that a magnanimity of sentiment like this, followed up by a correspondent greatness of conduct on the part of the people of the United States, would go farther to bury the tomahawk and produce a fraternization with the Indians, than all the presents, treaties, and missionaries that can be employed; dashed and defeated as these latter means always are, by a claim of rights on the part of the

white people which the Indians know to be false and baseless. Let me not be told that the Indians are too dark and fierce to be affected by generous and noble sentiments. I will not believe it. Magnanimity can never be lost on a nation which has produced an Alknomok, a Logan, and a Pocahuntas.

The repetition of the name of this amiable princess brings me back to the point from which I digressed. I wonder that the Virginians, fond as they are of anniversaries, have instituted no festival, or order, in honour of her memory. For my own part, I have little doubt, from the histories which we have of the first attempts at colonizing their country, that Pocahuntas deserves to be considered as the patron deity of the enterprise. When it is remembered how long the colony struggled to get a footing; how often sickness, or famine, neglect at home, mismanagement here, and the hostilities of the natives, brought it to the brink of ruin; through what a tedious lapse of time it alternately languished and revived, sunk and rose, sometimes hanging, like Addison's lamp, "quivering at a point," then suddenly shooting up into a sickly and shortlived flame; in one word, when we recollect how near and how often it verged towards total extinction, maugre the patronage of Pocahuntas; there is the strongest reason to believe that, but for her patronage, the anniversary cannon of the fourth of July would never have resounded throughout the United States.

It is not probable, that this sensible and amiable woman, perceiving the superiority of the Europeans, foreseeing the probability of the subjugation of her countrymen, and anxious as well to soften their destiny, as to save the needless effusion of human blood, ~~and~~ by her marriage with Mr. Rolfe, to hasten the abolition of all distinction between Indians and white men; to bind their interests and affections by the nearest and most endearing ties, and to make them regard themselves, as one people, the children of the same great family.

If such were her wise and benevolent views, and I have no doubt but they were, how poorly were they backed by the British court? No wonder at the resentment and indignation with which she saw them neglected; no wonder at the bitterness of the disappointment and vexation which she expressed to captain Smith, in London, arising as well from the cold reception which she herself had met, as from the

contemptuous and insulting point of view in which she found that her nation was regarded.

Unfortunate princess! She deserved a happier fate! But I am consoled by these reflections: first, that she sees her descendants among the most respectable families in Virginia; and that they are not only superiour to the false shame of disavowing her as their ancestor, but that they pride themselves, and with reason too, on the honour of their descent; secondly, that she herself has gone to a country, where she finds her noble wishes realized; where the distinction of colour is no more; but where indeed, it is perfectly immaterial "what complexion an Indian or an African sun may have burned" on the pilgrim.

LESSON CXLVII.

Thanksgiving.—CRAFTS.

It is a wise and venerable custom, in New-England, to set apart one day in the year for the voluntary commemoration of the divine favour, and goodness; and it is pleasing to see so correct a custom gaining ground in our country. Not that in New-England, or any where else, it requires a year to roll over our heads to convince us of the everlasting mercies of Heaven. The sublime structure of the universe; this beautiful landscape, the earth; the magnificent ocean, now assailing the clouds with its foam, and then nestling the little birds on its billows; the glorious sun, and these sweet sentinels of light, the stars; the voice of the thunder, and the song of the linnet; who knows any thing of these, and can, for a moment, doubt the supreme benevolence of the Almighty!

Yet, although every instant be fruitful in blessings, we are inattentive, and do not regard; we are ignorant, and do not appreciate; we are ungrateful, and do not consider; we are selfish, and will not understand them. The best require to be reminded of their duty, and the thoughtless must be told of it always. It is wise, therefore, to select the season of gladness, and point to the source of good. When the husbandman rejoices for the harvest is ripe, and the poor go into the field to glean

The sheaves, which God ordains to bless

The widow, and the fatherless,

it becomes man to acknowledge the reward of his labours,

the blessing of his hopes, and the goodness of the giver of all things. Then, especially, should he pour forth the grateful incense of his praise, and his devotion.

The Almighty deserves the praise of his creatures. The flower pays its worship in fragrant exhalation, and the lark when he carols at the gate of heaven, in praise of their glorious Maker. The sun burns incense daily, and the virgin stars keep nightly vigils; the mysterious anthem of the forest proclaims its devotion, and the sea declares its obedience as it murmurs into repose. Every moment of time bears an errand of mercy, and should not be allowed to pass without an acknowledgment of gratitude.

“Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
Crown the great hymn.”

LESSON CXLVIII.

New-England.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here—our unchained feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;—
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils, as meaner souls had quelled;
But souls like these, such toils impelled
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless, stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!

O ! 'twas a proud, exulting day,
 For even our fallen fortunes lay
 In light.

There is no other land like thee,
 No dearer shore ;
 Thou art the shelter of the free ;
 The home, the port of Liberty,
 Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
 Till time is o'er.
 Ere I forget to think upon
 My land, shall mother curse the son
 She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
 On which we rest ;
 And, rising from thy hardy stock,
 Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
 And Slavery's galling chains unlock,
 And free the oppressed :
 All, who the wreath of Freedom twine,
 Beneath the shadow of their vine
 Are blest.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
 And here we stand—
 Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
 And on our heads their fury pour,
 And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
 And storm our land ;
 They still shall find, our lives are given,
 To die for home ;—and leant on Heaven,
 Our hand.

LESSON CXLIX.

Conclusion of a Discourse delivered at Plymouth, Mass. Dec 22d. 1820, in commemoration of the first settlement in New-England.—By DANIEL WEBSTER.

Let us not forget the religious character of our origin. Our fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed in its light, and laboured in its hope. They sought to incorporate its prin-

principles with the elements of their society, and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil, political, and literary. Let us cherish these sentiments, and extend their influence still more widely; in the full conviction that that is the happiest society which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceable spirit of Christianity.

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New-England's advancement. On the morning of that day although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote every thing which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of Being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies, and the verdant fields of New-England. We greet your

accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestick life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!

LESSON CL.

Effects of Education upon individuals.—Its importance to the publick.—WORDSWORTH.

ALAS! what differs more than man from man!
 And whence this difference?—whence but from himself?
 For, see the universal race, endowed
 With the same upright form! The sun is fixed,
 And the infinite magnificence of heaven,
 Within the reach of every human eye:
 The sleepless ocean murmurs in all ears;
 The vernal field infuses fresh delight
 Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense
 Even as an object is sublime or fair,
 That object is laid open to the view
 Without reserve or veil; and as a power
 Is salutary, or its influence sweet,
 Are each and all enabled to perceive
 That power, that influence, by impartial law.
 Gifts nobler, never were bestowed alike to all.—
 Conscience to guide and check; and death
 To be foretasted,—immortality presumed.
 Strange then, nor less than monstrous might be deemed
 The failure, if the Almighty, to this point
 Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide
 The excellence of moral qualities
 From common understanding; leaving truth
 And virtue, difficult, abstruse and dark;
 Hard to be won, and only by a few:—
 Strange, should he deal herein with nice respects,

And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not :
 The primal duties shine aloft—like stars ;
 The charities, that sooth, and heal, and bless,
 Are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers.
 The generous inclination, the just rule,
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
 No mystery is here ; no special boon
 For high and not for low,—for proudly graced
 And not for meek in heart. The smoke ascends
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth,
 As from the haughty palace. He whose soul
 Ponders its true equality, may walk
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope ;
 Yet, in that meditation, will he find
 Motive to sadder grief, when his thoughts turn
 From nature's justice to the social wrongs
 That make such difference betwixt man and man.

Oh for the coming of that glorious time
 When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth,
 And best protection, this imperial realm*
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
 An obligation on her part, to *teach*
 Them who are born to serve her and obey ;
 Binding herself by statute to secure,
 For all the children whom her soil maintains,
 The rudiments of Letters, and to inform
 The mind with moral and religious truth,
 Both understood and practised—so that none
 However destitute, be left to droop,
 By timely culture unsustained, or run
 Into a wild disorder ; or be forced
 A savage horde among the civilized,
 A servile band among the lordly free !

This right—as sacred, almost, as the right
 To exist and be supplied with sustenance
 And means of life,—the lisping babe proclaims
 To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
 For the protection of his innocence ;
 And the rude boy who knits his angry brow,
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
 Or turns the sacred faculty of speech

* The British empire.

To impious use—by process indirect,
Declares his due, while he makes known his need.

This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents, who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain ; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
It mounts to reach the State's parental ear ;
Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good.—

The discipline of slavery is unknown
Amongst us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue:—order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus, duties rising out of good possessed,
And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, do alike require
That permanent provision should be made
For the whole people to be taught and trained :—
So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
Their place ; and genuine piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age.

LESSON CLI.

An Evening in the Grave-yard.—AMERICAN WATCHMAN.

THE moon is up, the evening star
Shines lovely from its home of blue—
The fox-howl's heard on the fell afar,
And the earth is robed in a sombre hue ;
From the shores of light the beams come down,
On the river's breast, and cold grave stone

The kindling fires o'er heaven so bright,
Look sweetly out from yon azure sea ;
While the glittering pearls of the dewy night
Seem trying to minick their brilliancy ;
Yet all those charms no joy can bring
To the dead, in the cold grave slumbering.

To numbers wild, yet sweet withal,
 Should the harp be struck o'er the sleepy pillow ;
 Soft as the murmuring, breezy fall,
 Of sighing winds on the foamy billow ;
 For who would disturb in their silent bed,
 The fancied dreams of the lowly dead ?

Oh! is there one in this world can say,
 That the soul exists not after death !
 That the powers which illumine this mould of clay
 Are but a puff of common breath !
 Oh! come this night to the grave and see
 The sleepy sloth of *your destiny*.

The night's soft voice, in breathings low,
 Imparts a calm to the breast of the weeper .
 The water's dash and murmuring flow
 No more will sooth the ear of the sleeper,
 Till he, who slept on Judah's plains,
 Shall burst death's cold and icy chains.

I've seen the moon gild the mountain's brow ;
 I've watch'd the mist o'er the river stealing,
 But ne'er did I feel in my breast till now,
 So deep, so calm, and so holy a feeling :
 'Tis soft as the thrill which memory throws
 Athwart the soul in the hour of repose.

Thou Father of all! in the worlds of light,
 Fain would my spirit aspire to thee ;
 And thro' the scenes of this gentle night,
 Behold the dawn of eternity :
 For this is the path, which thou hast given,
 The only path to the bliss of Heaven.

LESSON CLII.

A natural mirror.—WORDSWORTH.

BEHOLD, the shades of afternoon have fallen
 Upon this flowery slope ; and see—beyond—
 The lake, though bright, is of a placid blue ;
 As if preparing for the peace of evening.
 How temptingly the landscape shines !—The air

Breathes invitation ; easy is the walk
 To the lake's margin, where a boat lies moored
 Beneath her sheltering tree.—

* * * * *

Forth we went,
 And down the valley, on the streamlet's bank,
 Pursued our way, a broken company,
 Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.—
 Thus having reached a bridge that overarched
 The hasty rivulet, where it lay becalmed
 In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
 A two-fold image ;—on the grassy bank
 A snow-white ram, and, in the crystal flood,
 Another and the same !—Most beautiful,
 On the green turf, with his imperial front
 Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
 The breathing creature stood ; as beautiful
 Beneath him showed his shadowy counterpart.
 Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
 And each seemed centre of his own fair world :—
 Antipodēs unconscious of each other,
 Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
 Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight !
 Ah ! what a pity were it to disperse,
 Or to disturb so fair a spectacle ;
 And yet a breath can do it.—

—◆—

LESSON CLIII.

Burial places near Constantinople.—ANASTASIUS.

A DENSE and motionless crowd of stagnant vapours ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar a chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts ; and as he enters them, an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terrour, and, exhaling a cold and clammy sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow ground, which shakes as he treads it, and loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step.

So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this chosen spot,—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents, that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarce counts a single breathing inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of blooming sepulchres stretch far away on every side, across the brow of the hills and the bend of the valleys; already are the avenues which cross each other at every step in this domain of death so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, still finds before him many a dreary mile of road between marshalled tombs and mournful cypresses, ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end; and yet, every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay still exhibit a rapidly increasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flowerbeds of graves.

As I hurried on through this awful repository, the pale far-stretching monumental ranges rose in sight, and again receded rapidly from my view in such unceasing succession, that at last I fancied some spell possessed my soul, some fascination kept locked my senses; and I therefore still increased my speed, as if only on quitting these melancholy abodes I could hope to shake off my waking delusion. Nor was it until, near the verge of the funereal forest through which I had been pacing for a full hour, a brighter light again gleamed athwart the ghost-like trees, that I stopped to look round, and to take a more leisurely survey of the ground which I had traversed.

“There,” said I to myself, “lie, scarce one foot beneath the surface of a swelling soil, ready to burst at every point with its festering contents, more than half the generations whom death has continued to mow down for near four centuries in the vast capital of Islamism. There lie, side by side, on the same level, in cells the size of their bodies, and only distinguished by a marble turban somewhat longer or deeper,—somewhat rounder or squarer,—personages in life far as heaven and earth asunder, in birth, in station, in gifts of nature, and in long-laboured acquirements. There lie, sunk alike in their last sleep,—alike food for the worm that lives on death—the conqueror who filled the universe with his name, and the peasant scarce known in his own hamlet; Sultan Mahmoud, and Sultan Mahmoud's perhaps more de-

...serving horse; elders bending under the weight of years, and infants of a single hour; men with intellects of angels, and men with understandings inferiour to those of brutes; the beauty of Georgia, and the black of Sennaar; Visiers, beggars, heroes, and women.

There, perhaps, mingle their insensible dust the corrupt judge and the innocent he condemned, the murdered man and his murderer, the master and his meanest slave. There vile insects consume the hand of the artist, the brain of the philosopher, the eye which sparkled with celestial fire, and the lip from which flowed irresistible eloquence. All the soil pressed by me for the last two hours, was once animated like myself; all the mould which now clings to my feet, once formed limbs and features similar to my own. Like myself, all this black unseemly dust once thought, and willed, and moved!—And I, creature of clay like those here cast around; I, who travel through life as I do on this road, with the remains of past generations strewed* along my trembling path; I, whether my journey last a few hours more or less, must still, like those here deposited, shortly re-join the silent tenants of some cluster of tombs, be stretched out by the side of some already sleeping corpse, and while time continues its course, have all my hopes and fears—all my faculties and prospects—laid at rest on a couch of clammy earth.

LESSON CLIV.

Thoughts on Letter-writing.—BLACKWOOD'S ED. MAGAZINE.

EPISTOLARY as well as personal intercourse is, according to the mode in which it is carried on, one of the pleasantest or most irksome things in the world. It is delightful to drop in on a friend without the solemn prelude† of invitation and acceptance—to join a social circle, where we may suffer our minds and hearts to relax and expand in the happy consciousness of perfect security from invidious remark and carping criticism; where we may give the reins to the sportiveness of innocent fancy, or the enthusiasm of warm-hearted feeling; where we may talk sense or nonsense, (I pity people who cannot talk nonsense,) without fear of being looked

* *Pron.* strōwed.

† *Pron.* prēl'ude.

into icicles by the coldness of unimaginative people—living pieces of clock-work, who dare not themselves utter a word, or lift up a little finger, without first weighing the important point, in the hair balance of propriety and good breeding.

It is equally delightful to *let* the pen talk freely, and unpremeditatedly, and to one by whom we are sure of being understood; but a formal letter, like a ceremonious morning visit, is tedious alike to the writer and receiver—for the most part spun out with unmeaning phrases, trite observations, complimentary flourishes, and protestations of respect and attachment, so far not deceitful, as they never deceive any body. Oh the misery of having to compose a set, proper, well worded, correctly pointed, polite, elegant epistle!—one that must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, as methodically arranged and portioned out as the several parts of a sermon under three heads, or the three gradations of shade in a school-girl's first landscape!

For my part, I would rather be set to beat hemp, or weed in a turnip-field, than to write such a letter exactly every month, or every fortnight, at the precise point of time from the date of our correspondent's last letter, that he or she wrote after the reception of ours—as if one's thoughts bubbled up to the well-head, at regular periods, a pint at a time, to be bottled off for immediate use. Thought! what has thought to do in such a correspondence? It murders thought, quenches fancy, wastes time, spoils paper, wears out innocent goose-quills—"I'd rather be a kitten, and cry mew! than one of those same" prosing letter-mongers.

Surely in this age of invention something may be struck out to obviate the necessity (if such necessity exists) of so tasking—degrading the human intellect. Why should not a sort of mute barrel-organ be constructed on the plan of those that play sets of tunes and country dances, to indite a catalogue of polite epistles calculated for all the ceremonious observances of good breeding? Oh the unspeakable relief (could such a machine be invented) of having only to *grind* an answer to one of one's "dear five hundred friends!"

Or, suppose there were to be an epistolary steam-engine—Ay, that's the thing—Steam does every thing now-a-days. Dear Mr. Brunel, set about it, I beseech you, and achieve the most glorious of your undertakings. The block-machine at Portsmouth would be nothing to it—*That* spares manual labour—*this* would relieve mental drudgery, and thousands

yet unborn - - - But hold! I am not so sure that the female sex in general may quite enter into my views of the subject.

Those who pique themselves on the elegant style of their billets, or those fair scribblerinas just emancipated from boarding-school restraints, or the dragonism of their governesses, just beginning to taste the refined enjoyments of sentimental, confidential, soul-breathing correspondence with some Angelina, Seraphina, or Laura Matilda; to indite beautiful little notes, with long-tailed letters, upon vellum paper with pink margins sealed with sweet mottoes, and dainty devices, the whole deliciously perfumed with musk and attar of roses—young ladies, who collect “copies of verses,” and charades—keep albums—copy patterns—make bread seals—work little dogs upon footstools, and paint flowers without shadow—Oh! no—the epistolary steam-engine will never come into vogue with those dear creatures—*They* must enjoy the “feast of reason, and the flow of soul,” and they must write—Ye gods! how they *do* write!

But for another genus of female scribes—Unhappy innocents! who groan in spirit at the dire necessity of having to hammer out one of those aforesaid terrible epistles—who having in due form dated the gilt-edged sheet that lies outspread before them in appalling whiteness—having also felicitously achieved the graceful exordium, “My dear Mrs. P.” or “My dear Lady V.” or “My dear—any thing else,” feel that they are *in for it*, and must say something—Oh, that something that must come of nothing! those bricks that must be made without straw! those pages that must be filled with words! Yea, with words that must be sewed into sentences! Yea, with sentences that must *seem* to mean something; the whole to be tacked together, all neatly fitted and dove-tailed, so as to form one smooth, polished surface! What were the labours of Hercules to such a task! The very thought of it puts me into a mental perspiration; and, from my inmost soul, I compassionate the unfortunates now (at this very moment, perhaps,) screwed up perpendicular in the seat of torture, having in the right hand a fresh-nibbed patent pen, dipped ever and anon into the ink-bottle, as if to hook up ideas, and under the outspread palm of the left hand a fair sheet of best Bath post, (ready to receive thoughts yet unhatched,) on which their eyes are rivetted with a stare of disconsolate perplexity, infinitely touching to a feeling mind.

To such unhappy persons, in whose miseries I deeply sympathize - - - Have I not groaned under similar horrors, from the hour when I was first shut up (under lock and key, I believe,) to indite a dutiful epistle to an honoured aunt? I remember, as if it were yesterday, the moment when she who had enjoined the task entered to inspect the performance, which, by her calculation, should have been fully completed—I remember how sheepishly I hung down my head, when she snatched from before me the paper, (on which I had made no further progress than “My dear *ant*,”) angrily exclaiming, “What, child! have you been shut up here three hours to call your aunt a pismire?” From that hour of humiliation I have too often groaned under the endurance of similar penance, and I have learnt from my own sufferings to compassionate those of my dear sisters in affliction. To such unhappy persons, then, I would fain offer a few hints, (the fruit of long experience,) which, if they have not already been suggested by their own observation, may prove serviceable in the hour of emergency.

Let them - - - or suppose I address myself to *one* particular sufferer—there is something more confidential in that manner of communicating one’s ideas—As Moore says, “Heart speaks to heart”—I say, then, take always special care to write by candlelight, for not only is the apparently unimportant operation of snuffing the candle in itself a momentary relief to the depressing consciousness of mental vacuum, but not unfrequently that trifling act, or the brightening flame of the taper, elicits, as it were, from the dull embers of fancy, a sympathetick spark of fortunate conception—When such a one occurs, seize it quickly and dexterously, but, at the same time, with such cautious prudence, as not to huddle up and contract in one short, paltry sentence, that which, if ingeniously handled, may be wire-drawn, so as to undulate gracefully and smoothly over a whole page.

For the more ready practice of this invaluable art of dilating, it will be expedient to stock your memory with a large assortment of those precious words of many syllables, that fill whole lines at once; “incomprehensibly, amazingly, decidedly, solicitously, inconceivably, incontrovertibly.” An opportunity of using these, is, to a distressed spinner, as delightful as a copy all m’s and n’s to a child. “Command you *mzy*, your mind from play.” They run on with such delicious smoothness!

I have known a judicious selection of such, cunningly arranged, and neatly linked together, with a few monosyllables, interjections, and well chosen epithets, (which may be liberally inserted with good general effect,) so worked up, as to form altogether a very respectable and even elegant composition, such as amongst the best judges of that peculiar style is pronounced to be “ a charming letter !” Then the pause—the break—has altogether a picturesque effect. Long tailed letters are not only beautiful in themselves, but the use of them necessarily creates such a space between the lines, as helps one honourably and expeditiously over the ground to be filled up. The tails of your g’s and y’s in particular, may be boldly flourished with a “down-sweeping” curve, so as beautifully to obscure the line underneath, without rendering it wholly illegible. This last, however, is but a minor grace, a mere illumination of the manuscript, on which I have touched rather by accident than design. I pass on to remarks of greater moment.

* * * * *

LESSON CLV.

Ginevra.—ITALY.—ROGERS.

IF ever you should come to Mōdena,
 (Where among other relicks you may see
 Tassoni’s bucket—but ’tis not the true one)
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain you—but, before you go,
 Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

’Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The last of that illustrious family ;
 Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
 He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half open, and her finger up,
 As though she said, "Beware!" her vest of gold
 Broïdered with flowers and clasped from head to foot,
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent
 With scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor—
 That by the way—it may be true or false—
 But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
 When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra,
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gayety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
 When all sate down, the bride herself was wanting.
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
 "'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
 And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panick spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco
 Laughing and looking back and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas, she was not to be found ;
 Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,
 But that she was not !

Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking,
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Donati lived—and long might you have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find—he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
 " Why not remove it from its lurking-place ?"
 'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
 It burst, it fell ; and lo ! a skeleton
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
 All else had perished—save a wedding ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both—
 " Ginevra."

—There then had she found a grave !
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down for ever !

LESSON CLVI.

Account of the destruction of Goldau and other villages in Switzerland ;—extracted from a letter, dated Geneva, 26th Sept. 1806.—BUCKMINSTER.

THERE is an event which happened just before our arrival in Switzerland, of which no particular account may have yet reached America, and which I think cannot be uninteresting, especially to those of our friends who have visited

this charming country. Indeed it is too disastrous to be related or read with indifference.

If you have a large map of Switzerland, I beg of you to look for a spot in the canton of Schweitz,* situated between the lakes of Zug and Lowertz on two sides, and the mountains of Rigi and Rossberg on the others. Here, but three weeks ago, was one of the most delightfully fertile valleys of all Switzerland; green, and luxuriant, adorned with several little villages, full of secure and happy farmers. Now three of these villages are for ever effaced from the earth; and a broad waste of ruins, burying alive more than fourteen hundred peasants, overspreads the valley of Lowertz.

About five o'clock in the evening of the 3d of September, a large projection of the mountain of Rossberg, on the north east, gave way, and precipitated itself into this valley; and in less than four minutes completely overwhelmed the three villages of Goldau, Busingen, and Rathlen, with a part of Lowertz and Oberart. The torrent of earth and stones was far more rapid than that of lava, and its effects as resistless and as terrible. The mountain in its descent carried trees, rocks, houses, every thing before it. The mass spread in every direction, so as to bury completely a space of charming country, more than three miles square.

The force of the earth must have been prodigious, since it not only spread over the hollow of the valley, but even ascended far up the opposite side of the Rigi. The quantity of earth, too, is enormous, since it has left a considerable hill in what was before the centre of the vale. A portion of the falling mass rolled into the lake of Lowertz, and it is calculated that a fifth part is filled up. On a minute map you will see two little islands marked in this lake, which have been admired for their picturesqueness. One of them is famous for the residence of two hermits, and the other for the remains of an ancient chateau,† once belonging to the house of Hapsburg.

So large a body of water was raised and pushed forward by the falling of such a mass into the lake, that the two islands, and the whole village of Seven, at the southern extremity, were for a time, completely submerged by the passing of the swell. A large house in this village was lifted off its foundations and carried half a mile beyond its place. The hermits were absent on a pilgrimage to a distant abbey.

The disastrous consequences of this event extend further

* Pronounced *Shwītes*.

† Pronounced *shat-to*.

than the loss of such a number of inhabitants in a canton of little population. A fertile plain is at once converted into a barren tract of rocks and calcareous earth, and the former marks and boundaries of property obliterated. The main road from Art to Schweitz is completely filled up, so that another must be opened with great labour over the Rigi. The former channel of a large stream is choked up, and its course altered; and, as the outlets and passage of large bodies of water must be affected by the filling up of such a portion of the lake, the neighbouring villages are still trembling with apprehension of some remote consequence, against which they know not how to provide. Several hundred men have been employed in opening passages for the stagnant waters, in forming a new road for foot passengers along the Rigi, and in exploring the ruins. The different cantons have contributed to the relief of the suffering canton of Schweitz, and every head is at work to contrive means to prevent further disasters.

The number of inhabitants buried alive under the ruins of this mountain is scarcely less than fifteen hundred. Some even estimate it as high as two thousand. Of these, a woman and two children have been found alive, after having been several days under ground. They affirm that while they were thus entombed, they heard the cries of creatures who were perishing around them, for want of that succour which they were so happy as to receive. Indeed, it is the opinion of many well informed people, that a large number might still be recovered; and a writer in the *Publiciste* goes so far as to blame the inactivity of the neighbouring inhabitants; and quotes many well-attested facts to prove, that persons have lived a long time, buried under snow and earth.

This at least is probable in the present case, that many houses, exposed to a lighter weight than others, may have been merely a little crushed, while the lower story, which, in this part of Switzerland, is frequently of stone, may have remained firm, and thus not a few of the inhabitants escaped unhurt. The consternation, into which the neighbouring towns of Art and Schweitz were thrown, appears indeed to have left them incapable of contriving and executing those labours, which an enlightened compassion would dictate.

The mountain of Rossberg, as well as the Rigi, and other mountains in its vicinity, is composed of a kind of brittle calcareous earth, and pudding stone or aggregated rocks. Such a prodigious mass as that which fell, would easily

crumble by its own weight, and spread over a wide surface. The bed of the mountain, from which the desolation came, is a plane inclined from north to south. Its appearance, as it is now laid bare, would lead one to suppose that the mass, when it first moved from its base, slid for some distance before it precipitated itself into the valley. The height of the Spitzberg—the name of the projection which fell—above the lake and valley of Lowertz, was little less than two thousand feet.

The composition of the chain of the Rigi, of which the Rossberg makes a part, has always been an obstacle in the way of those system-makers, who have built their hypothesis upon the structure of the Alps. It has nothing granitic in its whole mass, and though nearly six thousand feet above the sea, is green and even fertile to its summit. It is composed of nothing but earth and stone, combined in rude masses. It is also remarkable that the strata of which it is composed, are distinctly inclined from the north toward the south, a character which is common to all rocks of this kind through the whole range of Alps, as well as to the greater part of calcareous, schistous, and pyritick rocks, and also to the whole chain of the Jura.

It was about a week after the fall of the mountain, that our route through Switzerland led us to visit this scene of desolation; and never can I forget the succession of melancholy views, which presented themselves to our curiosity. In our way to it, we landed at Art, a town, situated at the southern extremity of the lake of Zug; and we skirted along the western boundary of the ruins, by the side of Mount Rigi, towards the lake of Lowertz. From various points on our passage, we had complete views of such a scene of destruction, as no words can adequately describe.

Picture to yourself a rude and mingled mass of earth and stones, bristled with the shattered parts of wooden cottages, and with thousands of heavy trees, torn up by the roots, and projecting in every direction. In one part you might see a range of peasants' huts, which the torrent of earth had reached with just force enough to overthrow and tear in pieces, but without bringing soil enough to cover them. In another were mills broken in pieces by huge rocks, transported from the top of the mountains, which fell, and were carried high up the opposite side of the Rigi. Large pools of water had formed themselves in different parts of the ruins, and many little streams, whose usual channels had

been filled up, were bursting out in various places. Birds of prey, attracted by the smell of dead bodies, were hovering all about the valley.

But the general impression made upon us by the sight of such an extent of desolation, connected, too, with the idea that hundreds of wretched creatures were at that moment alive, buried under a mass of earth, and inaccessible to the cries and labours of their friends, was too horrible to be described or understood. As we travelled along the borders of the chaos of ruined buildings, a poor peasant, wearing a countenance ghastly with wo, came up to us to beg a piece of money. He had three children buried in the ruins of a cottage, which he was endeavouring to clear away.

A little further on, we came to an elevated spot, which overlooked the whole scene. Here we found a painter seated on a rock, and busy in sketching its horrors. He had chosen a most favourable point. Before him, at the distance of more than a league, rose the Rossberg, from whose bare side had rushed the destroyer of all this life and beauty. On his right was the lake of Lowertz, partly filled with the earth of the mountain. On the banks of this lake was all that remained of the town of Lowertz. Its church was demolished; but the tower yet stood amid the ruins, shattered, but not thrown down.

The figures, which animated this part of the drawing, were a few miserable peasants, left to grope among the wrecks of one half their village. The foreground of the picture was a wide desolate sweep of earth and stones, relieved by the shattered roof of a neighbouring cottage. On the left hand spread the blue and tranquil surface of the lake of Zug, on the margin of which yet stands the pleasant village of Art, almost in contact with the ruins, and trembling even in its preservation.

We proceeded, in our descent, along the side of the Rigi, toward the half-buried village of Lowertz. Here we saw the poor curate, who is said to have been a spectator of the fall of the mountain. He saw the torrent of earth rushing toward his village, overwhelming half his people, and stopping just before his door! What a situation! He appeared, as we passed, to be superintending the labours of some of the survivors, who were exploring the ruins of the place. A number of new-made graves, marked with a plain pine cross, showed where a few of the wretched victims of this catastrophe had just been interred.

Our course lay along the borders of the enchanting lake of Lowertz. The appearance of the slopes, on the eastern and southern sides, told us what the valley of Goldau was a few days since, smiling with varied vegetation, gay with villages and cottages, and bright with promises of autumnal plenty. The shores of this lake were covered with ruins of huts, with hay, with furniture and clothes, which the vast swell of its waters had lodged on the banks. As we were walking mournfully along towards Schweitz, we met with the dead body of a woman, which had been just found. It was stretched out on a board, and barely covered with a white cloth. Two men, preceded by a priest, were carrying it to a more decent burial.

We hoped that this sight would have concluded the horrors of this day's scenery, and that we should soon escape from every painful vestige of the calamity of Schweitz. But we continued to find relicks of ruined buildings for a league along the whole extent of the lake; and a little beyond the two islands, mentioned above, we saw, lying on the shore, the stiff body of a peasant, which had been washed up by the waves, and which two men were examining, to ascertain where he belonged. Our guide instantly knew it to be one of the inhabitants of Goldau. But I will mention no more particulars. Some perhaps that have been related to me are not credible, and others which are credible are too painful.

The immediate cause of this calamitous event is not yet sufficiently ascertained and probably never will be. The fall of parts of hills is not uncommon; and in Switzerland especially there are several instances recorded of the descent of large masses of earth and stones. But so sudden and extensive a ruin, as this, was, perhaps, never produced by the fall of a mountain. It can be compared only to the destruction made by the tremendous eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius.

Many persons suppose that the long and copious rains, which they have lately had in this part of Switzerland, may have swelled the mountains, in the Rossberg, sufficiently to push this part of the mountain off its inclined base. But we saw no marks of streams issuing from any part of the bed which is laid bare. Perhaps the consistency of the earth in the interior of the mountain was so much altered by the moisture which penetrated into it, that the projection of the Spitzberg was no longer held by a sufficiently strong cohesion, and its own weight carried it over. Perhaps, as the

earth is calcareous, a kind of fermentation took place sufficient to loosen its foundations. But there is no end to conjectures. The mountain has fallen, and the villages are no more.

LESSON CLVII.

Lament of a Swiss Minstrel over the Ruins of Goldau.—NEAL.

O SWITZERLAND! my country! 'tis to thee
I strike my harp in agony :—
My country! nurse of Liberty,
Home of the gallant, great, and free,
My sullen harp I strike to thee.

O! I have lost you all!

Parents, and home, and friends :

Ye sleep beneath a mountain pall ;

A mountain's plumage o'er you bends.

The cliff-yew of funereal gloom

Is now the only mourning plume

That nods above a people's tomb.

Of the echoes that swim o'er thy bright blue lake,
And, deep in its caverns, their merry bells shake ;

And repeat the young huntsman's cry ;—

That clatter and laugh when the goatherds take

Their browsing flocks, at the morning's break,

Far over the hills,—not one is awake

In the swell of thy peaceable sky.

They sit on that wave with a motionless wing,

And their cymbals are mute ; and the desert birds sing

Their unanswered notes to the wave and the sky,

As they stoop their broad wing and go sluggishly by :

For deep, in that blue-bosomed water, is laid

As innocent, true, and as lovely a maid

As ever in cheerfulness carolled her song,

In the blithe mountain air, as she bounded along.

The heavens are all blue, and the billow's bright verge

Is frothily laved by a whispering surge,

That heaves, incessant, a tranquil dirge,

To lull the pale forms that sleep below :—

Forms that rock as the waters flow.

That bright lake is still as a liquid sky :
 And when o'er its bosom the swift clouds fly,
 They pass like thoughts o'er a clear, blue eye.
 The fringe of thin foam that their sepulchre binds
 Is as light as the clouds that are borne by the winds.
 Soft over its bosom the dim vapours hover
 In morning's first light : and the snowy winged plover,
 That skims o'er the deep
 Where my loved ones sleep,
 No note of joy on this solitude flings ;
 Nor shakes the mist from his drooping wings.

* * * *

No chariots of fire on the clouds careered ;
 No warrior's arm on the hills was reared ;
 No death-angel's trump o'er the ocean was blown ;
 No mantle of wrath over heaven was thrown ;
 No armies of light with their banners of flame,
 On neighing steeds, through the sunset came,
 Or leaping from space appeared :
 No earthquake reeled : no Thunderer stormed :
 No fetterless dead o'er the bright sky swarmed :
 No voices in heaven were heard.
 But, the hour when the sun in his pride went down,
 While his parting hung rich o'er the world,
 While abroad o'er the sky his flush mantle was blown,
 And his streamers of gold were unfurled ;
 An everlasting hill was torn
 From its primeval base, and borne,
 In gold and crimson vapours drest,
 To where a people are at rest.
 Slowly it came in its mountain wrath ;
 And the forests vanished before its path ;
 And the rude cliffs lowed ; and the waters fled ;
 And the living were buried, while over their head
 They heard the full march of their foe as he sped ;—
 And the valley of life was the tomb of the dead.
 The mountain sepulchre of all I loved !
 The village sank, and the giant trees
 Leaned back from the encountering breeze,
 As this tremendous pageant moved.
 The mountain forsook his perpetual throne,
 And came down in his pomp : and his path is shown
 In barrenness and ruin :—there
 His ancient mysteries lay bare ;

His rocks in nakedness arise ;
His desolations mock the skies.

Sweet vale, Goldau, farewell !
An Alpine monument may dwell
Upon thy bosom, O my home !

The mountain—thy pall and thy prison—may keep thee ;
I shall see thee no more ; but till death I will weep thee ;
Of thy blue dwelling dream wherever I roam,
And wish myself wrapped in its peaceful foam.

LESSON CLVIII.

Lycidas.—MILTON.

[In this monody, the author bewails a learned friend, who, on his passage from Chester to Ireland, was drowned in the Irish seas, 1637.]

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude :
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead,—dead ere his prime ;—
Young Lycidas,—and hath not left his peer :
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
'That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string :
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn ;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared

Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star, that rose, at evening bright,
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute ;
 Rough Sātyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
 And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change ! now thou art gone !
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn :

'The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :

Ay me ! I fondly dream !
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?

Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind,)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,
 Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;
 " Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil,
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies :
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds !
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
 But now my oar proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea ;
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
 " What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?"
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory :
 They knew not of his story ;
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

* * * * *

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low where the wild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
 On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely looks ;
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rath primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the panzy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

For, so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise ;
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellêrus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and, with new-spangled ore,
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walked the waves
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and hills.
While the still Morn went out with sandals gray
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropped into the western bay ;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue ;
'To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

LESSON CLIX.

A Thunder-storm, among the Highlands of Scotland.—WILSON.

AN enormous thunder-cloud had lain all day over Ben-Nevis, shrouding its summit in thick darkness, blackening its sides and base, wherever they were beheld from the surrounding country, with masses of deep shadow, and especially flinging down a weight of gloom upon that magnificent glen that bears the same name with the mountain, till now the afternoon was like twilight, and the voice of all the streams was distinct in the breathlessness of the vast solitary hollow. The inhabitants of all the straths, vales, glens, and dells, round and about the monarch of Scottish mountains, had, during each successive hour, been expecting the roar of thunder and the deluge of rain ; but the huge conglomeration of lowering clouds would not rend asunder, although it was certain that a calm, blue sky could not be restored till all that dreadful assemblage had melted away into torrents, or been driven off by a strong wind from the sea.

All the cattle on the hills, and in the hollows, stood still or lay down in their fear—the wild deer sought in herds the shelter of the pine-covered cliffs—the raven hushed his hoarse croak in some grim cavern, and the eagle left the dreadful silence of the upper heavens. Now and then the shepherds looked from their huts, while the shadow of the thunder-clouds deepened the hues of their plaids and tartans ; and at every creaking of the heavy branches of the pines, or wide-armed oaks in the solitude of their inaccessible birth-place, the hearts of the lonely dwellers quaked, and they lifted up their eyes to see the first wide flash—the departing of the masses of darkness—and paused to hear the long, loud rattle of heaven's artillery, shaking the foundations of the everlasting mountains. But all was yet silent.

The peal came at last, and it seemed as if an earthquake had smote the silence. Not a tree—not a blade of grass moved, but the blow stunned, as it were, the heart of the solid globe. Then was there a low, wild, whispering, wailing voice, as of many spirits all joining together from every point of heaven—it died away—and then the rushing of rain was heard through the darkness; and, in a few minutes, down came all the mountain torrents in their power, and the sides of all the steeps were suddenly sheeted, far and wide, with waterfalls. The element of water was let loose to run its rejoicing race—and that of fire lent it illumination, whether sweeping in floods along the great open straths, or tumbling in cataracts from cliffs overhanging the eagle's eyrie.*

Great rivers were suddenly flooded—and the little mountain rivulets, a few minutes before only silver threads, and in whose fairy basins the minnow played, were now scarcely fordable to shepherd's feet. It was time for the strongest to take shelter, and none now would have liked to issue from it; for while there was real danger to life and limb in the many raging torrents, and in the lightning's flash, the imagination and the soul themselves were touched with awe in the long resounding glens, and beneath the savage scowl of the angry sky. It was such a storm as becomes an era among the mountains; and it was felt that before next morning there would be a loss of lives—not only among the beasts that perish, but among human beings overtaken by the wrath of that irresistible tempest.

LESSON CLX.

Death of old Lewis Cameron.—WILSON.

THE musick ceased, and Hamish Fraser, on coming back into the Shealing,† said, “I see two men on horseback coming up the glen—one is on a white horse.” “Ay—blessed be God, that is the good priest—now will I die in peace. My last earthly thoughts are gone by—he will show me the salvation of Christ—the road that leadeth to eternal life. My dear son—good Mr. Gordon—I felt happy in your prayers and exhortations. But the minister of my own holy religion

* *Ey*, in the first syllable of this word, has the same sound as in *they*.

† Shealing—a *shed*, or *hut*.

is at hand—and it is pleasant to die in the faith of one's forefathers. When he comes—you will leave us by ourselves—even my little Flora will go with you into the air for a little. The rain—is it not over and gone? And I hear no wind—only the voice of streams.”

The sound of horses' feet was now on the turf before the door of the Shealing—and Mr. Macdonald came in with a friend. The dying man looked towards his priest with a happy countenance, and blessed him in the name of God—of Christ—and of his blessed mother. He then uttered a few indistinct words addressed to the person who accompanied him—and there was silence in the Shealing.

“I was from home when the messenger came to my house—but he found me at the house of Mr. Christie the clergyman of the English church at Fort-William, and he would not suffer me to come up the glen alone—so you now see him along with me, Lewis.” The dying man said “This indeed is Christian charity. Here, in a lonely Shealing, by the death-bed of a poor old man, are standing three ministers of God—each of a different persuasion—a Catholick—an Episcopal—and a Presbyter. All of you have been kind to me for several years—and now you are all anxious for the salvation of my soul. God has indeed been merciful to me a sinner.”

The Catholick Priest was himself an old man—although thirty years younger than poor Lewis Cameron—and he was the faithful shepherd of a small flock. He was revered by all who knew him, for the apostolical fervour of his faith, the simplicity of his manners, and the blamelessness of his life. An humble man among the humble, and poor in spirit in the huts of the poor. But he had one character in the Highland glens, where he was known only as the teacher and comforter of the souls of his little flock—and another in the wide world, where his name was not undistinguished among those of men gifted with talent and rich in erudition. He had passed his youth in foreign countries—but had returned to the neighbourhood of his birth-place as his life was drawing towards a close, and for several years had resided in that wild region, esteeming his lot, although humble, yet high, if through him a few sinners were made repentant, and resignation brought by his voice to the dying bed.

With this good man had come to the lonely Shealing Mr. Christie, the Episcopalian Clergyman, who had received his education in an English University, and brought to the dis-

charge of his duties in this wild region, a mind cultivated by classical learning, and rich in the literature and philosophy of Greece and Rome. Towards him, a very young person, the heart of the old Priest had warmed on their very first meeting; and they really loved each other quite like father and son.

The character of Mr. Gordon, although unlike theirs in almost all respects, was yet not uncongenial. His strong native sense, his generous feelings, his ardent zeal, were all estimated by them as they deserved; and while he willingly bowed to their superiour talents and acquirements, he maintained an equality with them both, in that devotion to his sacred duties, and Christian care of the souls of his flock, without which a minister can neither be respectable nor happy. In knowledge of the character, customs, modes of thinking and feeling, and the manners of the people, he was greatly superiour to both his friends; and his advice, although always given with diffidence, and never but when asked, was most useful to them in the spiritual guidance of their own flocks.

This friendly and truly Christian intercourse having subsisted for several years between these three ministers of religion, the blessed effects of it were visible, and were deeply and widely felt in the hearts of the inhabitants of this district. All causes of jealousy, dislike, and disunion, seemed to vanish into air, between people of these different persuasions, when they saw the true regard which they whom they most honoured and revered thus cherished for one another: and when the ordinary unthinking prejudices were laid aside, from which springs so much imbitterment of the very blood, an appeal was then made, and seldom in vain, to deeper feelings in the heart, and nobler principles in the understanding, which otherwise would have remained inoperative.

Thus the dwellers in the glens and on the mountains, without ceasing to love and delight in their own mode of worship, and without losing a single hallowed association that clung to the person of the Minister of God, to the walls of the house in which he was worshipped, to the words in which the creature humbly addressed the Creator, or to the ground in which they were all finally to be laid at rest, yet all lived and died in mutual toleration and peace. Nor could there be a more affecting example of this than what was now seen even in the low and lonely Shealing of poor old

Lewis Cameron. His breath had but a few gasps more to make—but his Shealing was blessed by the presence of those men whose religion, different as it was in many outward things, and often made to be so fatally different in essentials too, was now one and the same, as they stood beside that death-bed, with a thousand torrents sounding through the evening air, and overshadowed in their devotion by the gloom of that stupendous mountain.

All but the gray-haired Priest now left the Shealing, and sat down together in a beautiful circlet of green, enclosed with small rocks most richly ornamented by nature, even in this stormy clime, with many a graceful plant and blooming flower, to which the art of old Lewis and his Flora had added blossoms from the calmer gardens of the Fort. These and the heather perfumed the air—for the rain, though dense and strong, had not shattered a single spray, and every leaf and every bloom lifted itself cheerfully up begemmed with large quivering diamond drops. There sat the silent party—while death was dealing with old Lewis, and the man of God giving comfort to his penitent spirit. They were waiting the event in peace—and even little Flora, elevated by the presence of these holy men, whose office seemed now so especially sacred, and cheered by their fatherly kindness to herself, sat in the middle of the group, and scarcely shed a tear.

In a little while, Mr. Macdonald came out from the Shealing, and beckoned on one of them to approach. They did so, one after the other, and thus singly took their last farewell of the ancient man. His agonies and strong convulsions were all over—he was now blind—but he seemed to hear their voices still, and to be quite sensible. Little Flora was the last to go in—and she staid the longest. She came out sobbing, as if her heart would break, for she had kissed his cold lips, from which there was no breath, and his eyelids that fell not down over the dim orbs.

“He is dead—he is dead!” said the child: and she went and sat down, with her face hidden by her hands, on a stone at some distance from the rest, a little birch tree hanging its limber sprays over her head, and as the breeze touched them, letting down its clear dew-drops on her yellow hair. As she sat there, a few goats, for it was now the hour of evening when they came to be milked from the high cliffy pastures, gathered round her: and her pet lamb, which had been frisking unheeded among the heather, after the hush of the

storm, went bleating up to the sobbing shepherdess, and laid its head on her knees.

The evening had sunk down upon the glen, but the tempest was over, and though the torrents had not yet begun to subside, there was now a strong party, and no danger in their all journeying homewards together. One large star arose in heaven—and a wide white glimmer over a breaking mass of clouds told that the moon was struggling through, and in another hour, if the upper current of air flowed on, would be apparent. No persuasion could induce little Flora to leave the Shealing—and Hamish Frazer was left to sit with her all night beside the bed. So the company departed—and as they descended into the great glen, they heard the wild wail of the pipe, mixing with the sound of the streams and the moaning of cliffs and caverns. It was Hamish Frazer pouring out a lament on the green before the Shealing—a mournful but martial tune, which the old soldier had loved, and which, if there were any superstitious thoughts in the soul of him who was playing, might be supposed to sooth the spirit yet lingering in the dark hollow of his native mountains.

LESSON CLXI.

Religion and Superstition contrasted.—MRS. CARTER.

I HAD lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember every word of it; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows.

I thought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when, on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures that imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dressed in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terrour and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bade me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briers and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever

she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest; from every baleful tree, the night-raven uttered his dreadful note; and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene, my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner.

“Retire with me, O rash, unthinking mortal! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world; and learn, that pleasure was not designed as the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched. This is the condition of all below the stars; and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings; and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.”

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I espied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow, sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge; and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendours were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach, the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to gladden my thoughts;

when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions.

“My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster, from whose power I have freed you, is called Superstition: she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus, different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character: and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she, at length, drives them to the borders of Despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

“Look round, and survey the various beauties of the globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of the human race; and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed, could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is, to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have faculties assigned them for various orders of delights.”

“What!” cried I, “is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?”

“The true enjoyments of a reasonable being,” answered she mildly, “do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease; in the tumult of passions, the languor of indulgence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasures, corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debases it: both in their degree, disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superiour powers his chief attention; adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing goodwill to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as

will, by refreshing, invigorate him for nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelick natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms ; joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses, must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful Parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And, in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improved heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulf into which thou wast just now going to plunge.

“ Whilst the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities, supported by the gladdening assurances, that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowliest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes ; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct, to become what they desire. The Christian and the hero are inseparable ; and to the aspirings of unassuming trust and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure, in this pursuit, of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, are at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with ; restraints of many kinds will be necessary ; and studying to behave right in respect of these, is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering

is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects, and noble capacities: but yet whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining of his final destination.

“Return then with me from continual misery, to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity: return from the contracted views of solitude, to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember that the greatest honour you can pay the Author of your being, is a behaviour so cheerful as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations.”

Here my preceptress paused; and I was going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and the new risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awoke me.

LESSON CLXII.

The Waterfall.—DERZHAVIN.

Lo! like a glorious pile of diamonds bright,
 Built on the steadfast cliffs, the waterfall
 Pours forth its gems of pearl and silver light:
 They sink, they rise, and sparkling, cover all
 With infinite refulgence; while its song,
 Sublime as thunder, rolls the woods along—

Rolls through the woods—they send its accents back,
 Whose last vibration in the desert dies:
 Its radiance glances o'er the watery track,
 Till the soft wave, as wrapt in slumber, lies
 Beneath the forest-shade; then sweetly flows
 A milky stream, all silent, as it goes.

Its foam is scattered on the margent bound,
Skirting the darksome wood. But list! the hum
Of industry, the rattling hammer's sound,
Files whizzing, creaking sluices, echoed come
On the fast-travelling breeze! O no! no noise
Is heard around, but thy majestick voice!

When the mad storm-wind tears the oak asunder,
In thee its shivered fragments find their tomb;
When rocks are riven by the bolt of thunder,
As sands they sink into thy mighty womb:
The ice that would imprison thy proud tide,
Like bits of broken glass is scattered wide.

The fierce wolf prowls around thee—there he stands
Listening—not fearful, for he nothing fears:
His red eyes burn like fury-kindled brands,
Like bristles o'er him his coarse fur he rears;
Howling, thy dreadful roar he oft repeats,
And, more ferocious, hastes to bloodier feats.

The wild stag hears thy falling waters' sound,
And tremblingly flies forward—o'er his back
He bends his stately horns—the noiseless ground
His hurried feet impress not—and his track
Is lost amidst the tumult of the breeze,
And the leaves falling from the rustling trees.

The wild horse thee approaches in his turn:
He changes not his proudly rapid stride,
His mane stands up erect—his nostrils burn—
He snorts—he pricks his ears—and starts aside
Then madly rushing forward to thy steep,
He dashes down into thy torrents deep.

Beneath the cedar, in abstraction sunk,
Close to thine awful pile of majesty,
On yonder old and mouldering moss-bound trunk,
That hangs upon the cliff's rude edge, I see
An old man, on whose forehead winter's snow
Is scattered, and his hand supports his brow.

The lance, the sword, the ample shield beneath;
Lie at his feet obscured by spreading rust;
His casque is circled by an ivy wreath—
Those arms were once his country's pride and trust:

And yet upon his golden breast-plate plays
The gentle brightness of the sunset rays.

He sits, and muses on the rapid stream,
While deep thoughts struggling from his bosom rise :
“ Emblem of man ! here brightly pictured seem
The world’s gay scenery and its pageantries ;
Which, as delusive as thy shining wave,
Glow for the proud, the coward and the slave.

So is our little stream of life poured out,
In the wild turbulence of passion : so,
Midst glory’s glance and victory’s thunder-shout,
The joys of life in hurried exile go—
Till hope’s fair smile, and beauty’s ray of light,
Are shrouded in the griefs and storms of night.

Day after day prepares the funeral shroud ;
The world is gray with age :—the striking hour
Is but an echo of death’s summons loud—
The jarring of the dark grave’s prison-door :
Into its deep abyss—devouring all—
Kings and the friends of kings alike must fall.”

* * * * *

O glory ! glory ! mighty one on earth !
How justly imaged in this waterfall !
So wild and furious in thy sparkling birth,
Dashing thy torrents down, and dazzling all ;
Sublimely breaking from thy glorious height,
Majestick, thundering, beautiful and bright.

How many a wondering eye is turned to thee,
In admiration lost ;—shortsighted men !
Thy furious wave gives no fertility ;
Thy waters, hurrying fiercely through the plain,
Bring nought but devastation and distress,
And leave the flowery vale a wilderness.

O fairer, lovelier is the modest rill,
Watering with steps serene the field, the grove—
Its gentle voice as sweet and soft and still,
As shepherd’s pipe, or song of youthful love.
It has no *thundering* torrent, but it flows
Unwearied, scattering blessings as it goes.

To the wild mountain let the wanderer come,
And, resting on the turf, look round and see,

With saddened eye, the green and grassy tomb,
 And hear its monitory language : he—
 He sleeps below, not famed in war alone ;
 The great, the good, the generous minded one.

* * * * *

O ! what is human glory, human pride ?
 What are man's triumphs when they brightest seem ?
 What art thou, mighty one ! though deified ?
 Methuselah's long pilgrimage, a dream ;
 Our age is but a shade, our life a tale,
 A vacant fancy, or a passing gale,

Or nothing ! 'Tis a heavy hollow ball,
 Suspended on a slender, subtile hair,
 And filled with storm-winds, thunders, passions, all
 Struggling within in furious tumult there.
 Strange mystery ! man's gentlest breath can shake it,
 And the light zephyrs are enough to break it.

But a few hours, or moments, and beneath
 Empires are buried in a night of gloom :
 The very elements are leagued with death,
 A breath sends giants to their lonely tomb.
 Where is the mighty one ? He is not found,
 His dust lies trampled in the voiceless ground.

* * * * *

But gratitude still lives and loves to cherish
 The patriot's virtues, while the soul of song
 In sacred tones, that never, never perish,
 Fame's everlasting thunder bears along ;
 The lyre has an eternal voice—of all
 That's holy, holiest is the good man's pall.

List then, ye worldly waterfalls ! Vain men,
 Whose brains are dizzy with ambition, bright
 Your swords—your garments flowery like a plain
 In the spring-time—if truth be your delight,
 And virtue your devotion, let your sword
 Be bared alone at wisdom's sacred word.

Roar, roar, thou waterfall ! lift up thy voice
 Even to the clouded regions of the skies :
 Thy brightness and thy beauty may rejoice,
 Thy musick charms the ears, thy light the eyes,
 Joy-giving torrent ! sweetest memory
 Receives a freshness and a strength from thee.

Roll on ! no clouds shall on thy waters lie
 Darkling : no gloomy thunder-tempest break
 Over thy face : let the black night-dews fly
 Thy smiles, and sweetly let thy murmurs speak
 In distance and in nearness : be it thine
 To bless with usefulness, with beauty shine,

Thou parent of the waterfall ! proud river !
 Thou northern thunderer, Suna ! hurrying on
 In mighty torrent from the heights, and ever
 Sparkling with glory in the gladdened sun,
 Now dashing from the mountain to the plain,
 And scattering purple fire and sapphire rain.

'Tis momentary vehemence : thy course
 Is calm and soft and silent : clear and deep
 Thy stately waters roll : in the proud force
 Of unpretending majesty, they sweep
 The sideless marge, and brightly, tranquilly
 Bear their rich tributes to the grateful sea.

Thy stream, by baser waters unalloyed,
 Washes the golden banks that o'er thee smile ;
 Until the clear Onega drinks its tide,
 And swells while welcoming the glorious spoil
 O what a sweet and soul-composing scene,
 Clear as the cloudless heavens, and as serene !

LESSON CLXIII.

Scene from Percy's Masque.—HILLHOUSE.

ENE.—A high-wood walk in a park. The towers of Warkworth castle, in Northumberland, seen over the trees.

Enter ARTHUR, in a huntsman's dress.

Arthur. HERE let me pause, and breathe awhile, and wipe
 These servile drops from off my burning brow.
 Amidst these venerable trees, the air
 Seems hallowed by the breath of other times.—
 Companions of my fathers ! ye have marked
 Their generations pass. Your giant arms
 Shadowed their youth, and proudly canopied
 Their silver hairs, when, ripe in years and glory

These walks they trod to meditate on heaven.
 What warlike pageants have ye seen ! what trains
 Of captives, and what heaps of spoil ! what pomp,
 When the victorious chief, war's tempest o'er,
 In Warkworth's bowers unbound his panoply !
 What floods of splendour, bursts of jöc'und din,
 Startled the slumbering tenants of these shades
 When night awoke the tumult of the feast,
 The song of damsels, and the sweet-toned lyre !
 Then, princely Percy reigned amidst his halls,
 Champion, and Judge, and Father of the North.
 O, days of ancient grandeur ! are ye gone ?
 For ever gone ? Do these same scenes behold
 His offspring here, the hireling of a foe !
 O, that I knew my fate ! that I could read
 The destiny that heaven has marked for me !

Enter a Forester.

For. A benison upon thee, gentle huntsman !
 Whose towers are these that overlook the wood ?

Ar. Earl Westmoreland's.

For. The Nev'ille's towers I seek.

By dreams I learn, and prophecies most strange,
 A noble youth lurks here, whose horoscope
 Declares him fated to amazing deeds.

Ar. (*starting back*) Douglas !—

Doug. Now do I clasp thee, Percy ; and I swear
 By my dear soul, and by the blood of Douglas,
 Linked to thy side, through every chance, I go,
 Till here thou rul'st, or death and night end all.

Per. Amazement ! Whence ?—or how ?—

Doug. And didst thou think
 Thus to elude me ?

Per. Answer how thou found'st me.
 What miracle directed here thy steps ?

Doug. Where should I look for thee, but in the post
 Where birth, fame, fortune, wrongs, and honour call thee ?
 Returning from the Isles, I found thee gone.
 A while in doubt, each circumstance I weighed ;
 Thy difficulties, wrongs, and daring spirit ;
 The gay delusive show, so long maintained
 To lull observers ; then set forth, resolved
 Never to enter more my native towers
 Till I had found and searched thee to the soul.

Per. Still must I wonder ; for so dark a cloud—

Doug. O, deeper than thou think'st, I've read thy heart
 A gilded insect to the world you seemed;
 The fashion's idol; person, pen, and lyre,
 The soft devoted darling of the Fair.
 By slow degrees I found Herculean nerve,
 Hid in thy tuneful arm;—that hunger, thirst,
 The sultry chase, the bleakest mountain bed,
 The dark, rough, winter torrent, were to thee
 But pastime; more were courted than repose.
 To others, your discourse still wild and vain,
 To me, when none else heard thee, seemed the voice
 Of heavenly oracles.

Per. O, partial friendship.

Doug. Yet had I never guessed your brooded purpose.—
 Rememberest thou the Regent's masque? the birth night?—

Per. Well.

Doug. That night you glittered through the crowded halls,
 Gay, and capricious as a sprite of air.
 Apollo rapt us when you touched the lyre;
 Cupid fanned odours from your purple wings;
 Or Mercury amused with magick wand,*
 Mocking our senses with your feathered heel.
 In every fancy, shape, and hue, you moved,
 The admiration, pity, theme of all.—
 One bed received us. Soon, your moaning voice
 Disturbed me. Dreaming, heavily you groaned,
 'O, Percy! Percy! Hotspur! O, my father!
 Upbraid me not! hide, hide those ghastly wounds!
 Usurper! Traitor! thou shalt feel me!'

Per. Heavens!

Doug. 'Tis true:—and more than I can now remember.

Per. And never speak of it?

Doug. Inly I burned;

But honour, pride, forbade.† Pilfer from dreams!
 Thou knew'st the ear, arm, life of Douglas, thine—

Per. And long ago I had disclosed to thee
 My troubled bosom, but my enterprise
 So rife with peril seemed—to hearts less touched,
 So hopeless! Knowing thy impetuous soul,
 How could I justify the deed to heaven,
 How to thine aged sire? Armed proof I stand,
 To fate: come what will come—the wide earth bears
 No heart of kindred blood to mourn my fall.

* Pronounced as the first syllable in *wander*. † *Prent. forbid*.

Doug. The heart of Douglas beats not with thy blood,
But never will I trust in mercy more,
In justice, truth, or heaven, if it forsake thee.

Per. Douglas, thy friendship is my choicest treasure ;—
Has been a radiant star on my dark way ;
And never did I doubt thy zeal to serve me.
Lend, now, a patient ear.—While with my doom
Alone, I strive, no dread or doubt distracts me.
No precious fate with mine involved, my heart
Is fearless, firm my step. Exposing thee,
The adamant buckler falls, and leaves me,
Naked, and trembling, to a double death.

Doug. Thou lov'st me not.

Pér. Let Heaven be witness there !—
The thought of bringing down thy father's hairs
With sorrow to the grave, would weigh like guilt,
Palsy my soul, and cripple all my powers.

Doug. Lo !—have I wandered o'er the hills for this ?

Per. I would not wound thee, Douglas, well thou know'st,
But thus to hazard on a desperate cast
Thy golden fortunes—

Doug. Cursed be the blood within me,
Plagues and the grave o'ertake me, if I leave thee ;
Though gulfs yawned under thee, and roaring seas
Threatened to overwhelm thee !

Per. For thy father's sake—

Doug. Peace ! I'd not go if staying here would strew*
His hoar hairs in the tomb—not stir, by heaven !
Must I toss counters ? sum the odds of life,
When honour points the way ?—When was the blood
Of Douglas precious in a noble cause ?

Per. Nay, hear me, hear me, Douglas—

Doug. Talk to me
Of dangers ? Death and shame ! is not my race
As high, as ancient, and as proud as thine ?

Per. I've done.

Doug. By heaven, it grieves me, Harry Percy,
Preaching such craven arguments to me.
Now tell me how thou stand'st ; thy cause how prospered.
What has been done ? What projects are afoot ?
Acquaint me quickly.—

Per. Gently ; lest some busy ear
Be near us. Little have I yet to tell thee.

* Pronounced *strōw*.

Thinking my rival's coat would best conceal me,
I won his favour by a tale scarce feigned.

Doug. A keeper of his chase thy garb bespeaks.

Per. Chief huntsmar. Thus disguised, I day by day
Traverse my native hills, viewing the strength
And features of the land ; its holds of safety ;
And searching patriot spirits out. For, still,
Though kings and gaudy courts remember not,
Still, in the cottage and the peasant's heart,
The memory of my fathers lives. When there,
The old, the good old day is cited, tears
Roll down their reverend beards, and genuine love
Glow in their praises of my sires.

Doug. I long

To press the sons, and tell them what a lord
Lives yet to rule them.

Per. When first I mixed among them, oft I struck,
Unwittingly, a spark of this same fire.

Encouraged thus, I sought its latent seeds ;
Seized opportunities to draw the chase
Into the bosom of the hills, and spent
Nights in their hospitable, happy cots.
There, to high strains, the minstrel harp I tuned,
Chanting the glories of the ancient day,
When their brave fathers, scorning to be slaves,
Rushed with their chieftain to the battle field,
Trod his bold footsteps in the ranks of death,
And shared his triumphs in the festal hall.

Doug. That lulled them, as the north wind does the sea.

Per. From man to man, from house to house, like fire,
The kindling impulse flew ; till every hind,
Scarce conscious why, handles his targe and bow ;
Still talks of change ; starts if the banished name
By chance he hears ; and supplicates his saint,
The true-born offspring may his banner rear,
With speed upon the hills.

Doug. What lack we ? Spread
The warlike ensign. On the Border side,
Two hundred veteran spears await your summons.

Per. What say'st thou !

Doug. Sinews of the house ;
Ready to tread in every track of Douglas.
By stealth I drew them in from distant points,
And hid amidst a wood in Chevy-Chase.

Per. O, Douglas! Douglas! even such a friend,
For death or life, was thy great sire to mine.

Doug. Straight, let us turn our trumpets to the hills;
Declare aloud thy name, and wrongs; in swarms
Call down the warlike tenantry, and teach
Aspiring Neville fatal is the day
The Percy and the Douglas lead in arms.

Per. If he were all—Remember haughty Henry,
The nephew* of his wife, whose word could speed
A veteran army to his kinsman's aid.

Doug. Come one, come all; leave us to welcome them.
[*Exit Douglas.*

* * * * *

Per. Too long, too long a huntsman, Arthur comes
Stripped of disguise, this night, to execute
His father's testament,—whose blood lies spilt;
Whose murmurs from the tomb are in his ears;
Whose injuries are treasured in a scroll
Steeped in a mother's and an orphan's tears.
O'er that cursed record has my spirit groaned,
Since dawning reason, in unuttered anguish.
When others danced, struck the glad wire, or caught
The thrilling murmurs of loved lips, I've roamed
Where the hill-foxes howl, and eagles cry,
Brooding o'er wrongs that haunted me for vengeance.
Ay!—I have been an outcast from my cradle;
Poor, and in exile, while an alien called
My birth-right, home. Halls founded by my sires
Have blazed and rudely rung with stranger triumphs;
Their honourable name cowards have stained;
Their laurels trampled on;—their bones profaned.
Hence have I laboured;—watched while others slept;
Known not the spring of life, nor ever plucked
One vernal blossom in the day of youth.—
The harvest of my toils this night I reap;
For death, this night, or better life awaits me.

LESSON CLXIV.

The Prodigal Son.

A CERTAIN man had two sons: and the younger of them
said unto his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods

* Pronounced *nev'ew*.

that falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living. And, not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And, when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

And, when he came to himself, he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough, and to spare;—and I perish with hunger!—I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him—Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son:—make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and was coming to his father:—but, while he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." But the father said to his servants, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet;—and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:—for this, my son, was dead, and is alive again;—he was lost, and is found."

Now his elder son was in the field:—and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard musick and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, "Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

And he was angry;—and would not go in: therefore came his father out and entreated him. And he, answering, said to his father, "Lo, these many years have I served thee, neither transgressed I, at any time, thy commandment; and yet—thou never gavest me a *kid*, that I might make merry with my friends:—But, as soon as this—*thy son* was come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for *him* the fatted calf."

And the father said unto him—"Son, *thou art ever* with me; and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this—*thy brother*—was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

LESSON CLXV.

The Church-yard.—KARAMSIN.

[From the Russian Anthology.]

First Voice.

How frightful the grave ! how deserted and drear !
 With the howls of the storm-wind—the creaks of the bier,
 And the white bones all clattering together !

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave ! its quiet how deep :
 Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
 And flowerets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
 And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
 And snakes in its nettle weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb :
 No tempests are there :—but the nightingales come
 And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave :
 'Tis the vulture's abode :—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
 Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the cony at evening disports with his love,
 Or rests on the sod ;—while the turtles above,
 Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath
 And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death ;
 The trees are all barren and bare !

Second Voice.

O, soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
 And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
 With lilies and jessamine fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
 Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,
 He is launched on the wreck-covered river!

Second Voice.

The traveller outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
 Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
 And sweetly reposes for ever.

LESSON CLXVI.

The rich man and the poor man.—KHEMNITZER.

[From the same.]

So goes the world;—if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother;—friends and brothers all;
 Though you are worthless—witless—never mind it;
 You may have been a stable boy—what then?
 'Tis wealth, good Sir, makes *honourable men*.
 You seek respect, no doubt, and *you* will find it.

But if you are poor, heaven help you! though your sire
 Had royal blood within him, and though you
 Possess the intellect of angels too,
 'Tis all in vain;—the world will ne'er inquire
 On such a score:—Why should it take the pains?
 'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
 Witty and wise:—he paid a man a visit,
 And no one noticed him, and no one ever
 Gave him a welcome. “Strange,” cried I, “whence is it?”
 He walked on this side, then on that,
 He tried to introduce a social chat;
 Now here, now there, in vain he tried;
 Some formally and freezingly replied,
 And some
 Said by their silence—“Better stay at home.”

A rich man burst the door,
 As Cræsus rich, I'm sure
 He could not pride himself upon his wit;
 And as for wisdom, he had none of it;

He had what's better ;—he had wealth.

What a confusion !—all stand up erect—

These crowd around to ask him of his health ;

These bow in *honest* duty and respect ;

And these arrange a sofa or a chair,

And these conduct him there.

“ Allow me, Sir, the honour ;”—Then a bow

Down to the earth—Is't possible to show

Meet gratitude for such kind condescension ?

The poor man hung his head,

And to himself he said,

“ This is indeed beyond my comprehension :”

Then looking round,

One friendly face he found,

And said—“ Pray tell me why is wealth preferr'd

To wisdom ?”—“ That's a silly question, friend !”

Replied the other—“ have you never heard,

A man may lend his store

Of gold or silver ore,

But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend ?”

LESSON CLXVII.

The abuses of Conscience.—A Sermon.—STERNE.

Hebrews xiii. 18.

For we *trust* we have a good Conscience.

“ TRUST !—Trust we have a good conscience !”

[Certainly *Trim*, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a very improper accent ; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the parson was going to abuse the Apostle.

He is, an't please your honour, replied *Trim*.

Pugh !* said my father, smiling.

Sir, quoth Doctor *Slop*, *Trim* is certainly in the right ; for the writer, (who I perceive is a Protestant by the snappish manner in which he takes up the Apostle,) is certainly going to abuse him ;—if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded so soon, Doctor *Slop*, that the writer is of our church ?—for aught I can see yet,—he may be of any

* Pronounced *pooh*.

church.—Because, answered Doctor *Slop*, if he was of ours, —he durst no more take such a license,—than a bear by his beard;—If in our communion, Sir, a man was to insult an apostle,—a saint,—or even the paring of a saint's nail, —he would have his eye scratched out.—What, by the saint? quoth my uncle *Toby*. No, replied Doctor *Slop*, he would have an old house over his head. Pray is the Inquisition an ancient building, answered my uncle *Toby*; or is it a modern one?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Doctor *Slop*. An't please your honours, quoth *Trim*, the inquisition is the vilest—Prithee spare thy description, *Trim*, I hate the very name of it, said my father.—No matter for that, answered Doctor *Slop*,—it has its uses; for though I'm no great advocate for it, yet, in such a case as this, he would soon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the inquisition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle *Toby*. Amen, added *Trim*; for Heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, said my uncle *Toby*, hastily: How came he there, *Trim*?—O, Sir! the story will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thousand times;—the short of the story is this;—That my brother *Tom* went over, a servant, to *Lisbon*—and married a *Jew's* widow, who kept a small shop, and sold sausages, which some how or other, was the cause of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two small children, and carried directly to the inquisition, where, God help him, continued *Trim*, fetching a sigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour; he was as honest a soul, added *Trim* (pulling out his handkerchief,) as ever blood warmed.—

—The tears trickled down *Trim's* cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away.—A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes. Certain proof of pity! Come, *Trim*, quoth my father, after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on,—and put this melancholy story out of thy head—I grieve that I interrupted thee: but prithee begin the sermon again;—for if the first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great desire to know what kind of provocation the Apostle has given.

Corporal *Trim* wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and, making a bow as he did it,—he began again.]

LESSON CLXVIII.

The Abuses of Conscience.—A Sermon.—STERNE

Heb. xiii. 18.

For we *trust* we have a good Conscience.

“—TRUST! Trust we have a good conscience! Surely, if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the most indisputable evidence, it must be this very thing,—whether he has a good conscience or no.”

[I am positive I am right, quoth Dr. *Slop*.]

“If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger to the true state of this account;—he must be privy to his own thoughts and desires—he must remember his past pursuits, and know certainly the true springs and motives, which in general have governed the actions of his life.” [I defy him, without an assistant, quoth Dr. *Slop*.]

“In other matters we may be deceived by false appearances; and, as the wise man complains, *hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon the earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us*. But here the mind has all the evidence and facts within herself;—is conscious of the web she has wove;—knows its texture and fineness, and the exact share which every passion has had in working upon the several designs which virtue or vice has planned before her.”

[The language is good, and I declare *Trim* reads very well, quoth my father.]

“Now,—as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge which the mind has within herself of this; and the judgment, either of approbation or censure, which it unavoidably makes upon the successive actions of our lives; it is plain you will say, from the very terms of the proposition,—whenever this inward testimony goes against a man, and he stands self-accused,—that he must necessarily be a guilty man.—And, on the contrary, when the report is favourable on his side, and his heart condemns him not;—that it is not a matter of *trust*, as the apostle intimates, but a matter of *certainty* and fact that the conscience is good, and that the man must be good also.”

[Then the apostle is altogether in the wrong, I suppose, quoth Dr. *Slop*, and the Protestant divine is in the right.]

S'r, have patience, replied my father ; for I think it will presently appear that Saint *Paul* and the Protestant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly so, quoth Dr. *Slop*, as east is to west ;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the press.

It is no more, at the worst, replied my uncle *Toby*, than the liberty of the pulpit, for it does not appear that the sermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

[Go on *Trim*, quoth my father.]

“ At first sight this may seem to be a true state of the case ; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of right and wrong is so truly impressed upon the mind of man,—that did no such thing ever happen, as that the conscience of a man, by long habits of sin, might (as the scriptures assure us it may) insensibly become hard ;—and like some tender parts of his body, by much stress and continual hard usage, lose, by degrees, that nice sense and perception with which God and nature endowed it :—Did this never happen :—or was it certain that self-love could never hang the least bias upon the judgement ;—or that the little interests below could rise up and perplex the faculties of our upper regions, and encompass them about with clouds and thick darkness :—could no such thing as favour and affection enter this sacred court :—did wit disdain to take a bribe in it ;—or was ashamed to show its face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoyment :—or, lastly, were we assured that interest stood always unconcerned whilst the cause was hearing,—and that passion never got into the judgement-seat, and pronounced sentence in the stead of reason, which is always supposed to preside and determine upon the case ;—was this truly so, as the objection must suppose ;—no doubt then the religious and moral estate of a man would be exactly what he himself esteemed it :—and the guilt or innocence of every man's life could be known, in general, by no better measure, than the degrees of his own approbation and censure.

“ I own, in one case, whenever a man's conscience does accuse him (as it seldom errs on that side) that he is guilty ; and unless, in melancholy and hypochondriack cases, we may safely pronounce upon it, that there is always sufficient grounds for the accusation.

“ But the converse of the proposition will not hold true ;—namely, that whenever there is guilt, the conscience must accuse : and if it does not, that a man is therefore innocent.—This is not fact—So that the common consolation

which some good Christian or other is hourly administering to himself,—that he thanks God his mind does not misgive him; and that, consequently he has a good conscience, because he has a quiet one,—is fallacious;—and as current as the inference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at first sight; yet when you look nearer to it, and try the truth of this rule upon plain facts,—you see it liable to so much error from a false application;—the principle upon which it goes so often prevented;—the whole force of it lost, and sometimes so vilely cast away, that it is painful to produce the common examples from human life, which confirm the account.

“A man shall be vicious and utterly debauched in his principles;—exceptionable in his conduct to the world; shall live shameless, in the open commission of a sin, which no reason or pretence can justify,—a sin by which, contrary to all the workings of humanity, he shall ruin for ever the deluded partner of his guilt;—rob her of her best dowry; and not only cover her own head with dishonour,—but involve a whole virtuous family in shame and sorrow for her sake. Surely, you will think conscience must lead such a man a troublesome life;—he can have no rest night or day from its reproaches.

“Alas! *Conscience* had something else to do all this time, than break in upon him; as *Elijah* reproached the god *Baal*,—this domestick god was either talking, or pursuing, or was in a journey, or peradventure he slept and could not be awaked. Perhaps he was going out in company with *Honour* to fight a duel; to pay off some debt at play;—or perhaps *Conscience* all this time was engaged at home, talking aloud against petty larceny, and executing vengeance upon some such puny crimes as his fortune and rank of life secured him against all temptation of committing; so that he lives as merrily,”—[If he was of our church, though, quoth Dr. *Slop*, he could not]—“sleeps as soundly in his bed; and at last meets death as unconcernedly,—perhaps much more so, than a much better man.”

[All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr. *Slop*, turning to my father,—the case could not happen in our church.—It happens in ours however, replied my father, but too often.—I own, quoth Dr. *Slop*, (struck a little with my father’s frank acknowledgment) that a man in the *Romish* church may live as badly;—but then he cannot easily die so.—’Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indif-

ference,—how a rascal dies.—I mean, answered Dr. *Slop*, he would be denied the benefits of the last sacraments.—Pray, how many have you in all? said my uncle *Toby*,—for I always forget.—Seven, answered Dr. *Slop*.—Humph!—said uncle *Toby*; though not accented as a note of acquiescence,—but as an interjection of that particular species of surprise, when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more than he expected.—Humph! replied my uncle *Toby*. Dr. *Slop*, who had an ear, understood my uncle *Toby* as well as if he had written a whole volume against the seven sacraments.—Humph! replied Dr. *Slop* (stating my uncle *Toby*'s argument over again to him)—Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues?—Seven mortal sins?—Seven golden candlesticks—Seven heavens?—'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle *Toby*.—Are there not seven wonders of the world?—Seven days of the creation?—Seven planets?—Seven plagues?—That there are, quoth my father with a most affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, *Trim*.]

“Another is sordid, unmerciful,” (here *Trim* waved his right hand) “a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendship, or publick spirit. Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distress, and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer.” [An't please your honours, cried *Trim*, I think this a viler man than the other.]

“Shall not conscience rise up and sting him on such occasions?—No; thank God, there is no occasion. *I pay every man his own; I have no debaucheries to answer to my conscience;—no faithless vows or promises to make up;—I have dishonoured no man's wife, or child;—thank God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as this libertine, who stands before me.* A third is crafty and designing in his nature. View his whole life,—it is nothing but a cunning contexture of dark arts and unequitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the true intent of all laws,—plain dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several properties.—You will see such a one working out a frame of little designs upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy man,—and raising a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth, or the unsuspecting temper of his friend, who would have trusted him with his life. When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to look back upon this black account, and state it over again with his conscience—*Conscience* looks into the *Statutes*

at large ;—finds no express law broken by what he has done ;—perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred ;—sees no scourge waving over his head, or prison opening its gates upon him :—What is there to affright his conscience !—Conscience has got safely entrenched behind the Letter of the Law, sits there invulnerable, fortified with *Cases* and *Reports* so strongly on all sides ;—that it is not preaching can dispossess it of its hold.”

[The character of this last man, said Dr. *Slop*, interrupting *Trim*, is more detestable than all the rest ;—and seems to have been taken from some pettifogging lawyer amongst you :—amongst us, a man’s conscience could not possibly continue so long *blinded*,—three times a year, at least, he must go to confession. Will that restore it to sight ? quoth my uncle *Toby*—Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father. ’Tis very short, replied *Trim*.—I wish it was longer, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for I like it hugely.—*Trim* went on.]

“ To have the fear of God before our eyes, and, in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal measures of right and wrong :—The first of these will comprehend the duties of religion,—the second those of morality, which are so inseparably connected together, that you cannot divide these two *tables*, even in imagination, (though the attempt is often made in practice,) without breaking and mutually destroying them both.

[Here my father observed that Dr. *Slop* was fast asleep.]

“ I said the attempt is often made ;—and so it is ;—there being nothing more common than to see a man who has no sense at all of religion, and, indeed, has so much honesty as to pretend to none, who would take it as the bitterest affront, should you but hint at a suspicion on his moral character, or imagine he was not conscientiously just and scrupulous to the uttermost mite.

“ When there is some appearance that it is so,—though one is unwilling even to suspect the appearance of so amiable a virtue as moral honesty, yet were we to look into the grounds of it, in the present case, I am persuaded we should find little reason to envy such a one the honour of his motive.

“ Let him declaim as pompously as he chooses upon the subject, it will be found to rest upon no better foundation than either his interest, his pride, his ease, or some such little and changeable passion as will give us but small dependence upon his actions in matters of great distress.

“ I will illustrate this by an example.

“ I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I usually call in”—[There is no need, cried Dr. *Slop*, (waking) to call in any physician in this case.]

“ —To be neither of them men of much religion ; I hear them make a jest of it every day, and treat all its sanctions with so much scorn as to put the matter past doubt. Well, notwithstanding this, I put my fortune into the hands of the one ;—and, what is dearer still to me, I trust my life to the honest skill of the other.

“ Now let me examine what is my reason for this great confidence. Why, in the first place, I believe there is no probability that either of them will employ the power I put into their hands to my disadvantage.—I consider that honesty serves the purposes of this life :—I know their success in the world depends upon the fairness of their characters. In a word, I am persuaded that they cannot hurt me, without hurting themselves more.

“ But put it otherwise ; namely, that interest lay, for once, on the other side :—that a case should happen wherein the one, without stain to his reputation, could secrete my fortune, and leave me naked in the world ;—or that the other could send me out of it, and enjoy an estate by my death, without dishonour to himself or his art :—In this case, what hold have I of either of them ?—Religion, the strongest of all motives, is out of the question ;—Interest, the next most powerful motive in the world, is strongly against me :—What have I left to cast into the opposite scale to balance this temptation ?—Alas ! I have nothing, —but what is lighter than a bubble—I must lie at the mercy of *Honour*, or some such capricious principle—Strait security for two of the most valuable blessings !—my property and myself.

“ As therefore we can have no dependence upon morality without religion, —so, on the other hand, there is nothing better to be expected from religion without morality ;—nevertheless, 'tis no prodigy to see a man whose real moral character stands very low, who yet entertains the highest notion of himself, in the light of a religious man.

“ He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable, —but even wanting in points of common honesty ; yet in as much as he talks aloud against the infidelity of the age, —is zealous for some points of religion, —goes twice a-day to church, —attends the sac'raments, —and amuses himself with a few instrumental parts of religion, —shall cheat his conscience into a judgement, that for this he is a religious man,

and has discharged truly his duty to God: and you will find that such a man, through force of this delusion, generally looks down with spiritual pride upon every other man who has less affectation of piety,—though, perhaps, ten times more real honesty than himself.

“*This likewise is a sore evil under the sun*: and, I believe, there is no one mistaken principle, which, for its time, has wrought more serious mischiefs.

“—For a general proof of this, examine the history of the *Romish church*.”

[Well, what can you make of that? cried *Dr. Slop*.]—“see what scenes of cruelty, murder, rapine, bloodshed,”—[They may thank their own obstinacy, cried *Dr. Slop*.]—“have all been sanctified by religion not strictly governed by morality.

“In how many kingdoms of the world has the crusading sword of this misguided Saint-errant, spared neither age, nor merit, nor sex, nor condition?—and, as he fought under the banners of a religion which set him loose from justice and humanity, he showed none; mercilessly trampled upon both,—heard neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their distresses.”

[I have been in many a battle, an't please your honour, quoth *Trim*, sighing, but never in so melancholy a one as this.—I would not have drawn a trigger in it against these poor souls, to have been made a general officer. Why, what do you understand of the affair? said *Dr. Slop*, (looking towards *Trim*, with something more of contempt than the Corporal's honest heart deserved)—What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?—I know, replied *Trim*, that I never refused quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it:—but to a woman or a child, continued *Trim*, before I would level my musket at them, I would lose my life a thousand times.—Here's a crown for thee, *Trim*, to drink with *Obadiah* to-night, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—God bless your honour, replied *Trim*—I had rather these poor women and children had it.—Thou art an honest fellow, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—My father nodded his head, as much as to say,—and so he is.]

LESSON CLXIX.

Dirge of Al'aric, the Visigoth,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

EVERETT.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
 Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
 Nor worthless pomp of homage vain,
 Stain it with hypocritick tear ;
 For I will die as I did live,
 Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
 Upon the spot where I repose ;
 Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
 In hollow circumstance of woes :
 Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
 Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
 Your monuments upon my breast,
 Nor yet within the common soil
 Lay down the wreck of Power to rest ;
 Where man can boast that he has trod
 On him, that was "the scourge of God."*

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
 And lay its secret channel bare,
 And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
 A resting-place for ever there :
 Then bid its everlasting springs
 Flow back upon the King of Kings ;
 And never be the secret said,
 Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
 Back to the clods, that gave them birth ;—
 The captured crowns of many a king,
 The ransom of a conquered earth :
 For e'en though dead will I control
 The trophies of the capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide,
 Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,

* See the note on page 390.

Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot ;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look ;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.*

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terrour of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the Queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgement my triumphal car ;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hilled towers
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper die
In the purple of their majesty,

* See the note on page 390

And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done :
I go to Him from whom I came ;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name ;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done—
But darker ministers of fate
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of vengeance, wait ;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of At'tila.*

LESSON CLXX.

Lines written on visiting the beautiful burying-ground at New Haven.—CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

O! WHERE are they, whose all that earth could give,
Beneath these senseless marbles disappeared ?
Where even they, who taught these stones to grieve ;
The hands that hewed them, and the hearts that reared ?
Such the poor bounds of all that's hoped or feared,
Within the griefs and smiles of this short day !
Here sunk the honoured, vanished the endeared ;
This the last tribute love to love could pay,
An idle pageant pile to graces passed away.

* Attila was the king of the Huns, and, for many years, in the first half of the fifth century, was the terror both of Constantinople and Rome. Not long after the death of Alaric, he invaded the Roman empire, at the head of half a million of barbarians, and with fire and sword laid waste many of its most fertile provinces. Into the bold sketch of Alaric, which is given in this *Dirge*, the poet, in the license of his art, has thrown some of the distinguishing features of Attila. It may be well to advise the youthful reader, that, as a matter of sober history, it was Attila, and not Alaric, who used to say that the grass never grew where his horse had trod ; and that it was not Alaric, but Attila, who was called *the Scourge of God*. With this appellation the king of the Huns was so well pleased that he adopted it as one of his titles of honour.

Why deck these sculptured trophies of the tomb ?

Why, victims, garland thus the spoiler's fane ?

Hope ye by these to avert oblivion's doom ;

In grief ambitious, and in ashes vain ?

Go, rather, bid the sand the trace retain,

Of all that parted virtue felt and did !

Yet powerless man revólts at ruin's reign ;

Hence blazoned flattery mocks pride's coffin lid ;

Hence towered on Egypt's plains the giant pyramid.

Sink, mean memorials of what cannot die !

Be lowly as the relics ye o'erspread !

Nor lift your funeral forms so gorgeously,

To tell who slumbers in each narrow bed :

I would not honour thus the sainted dead ;

Nor to each stranger's careless ear declare

My sacred griefs for joy and friendship fled.

O, let me hide the names of those that were,

Deep in my stricken heart, and shrine them only there !

LESSON CLXXI.

Some account of the character and merits of John Playfair, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.—JEFFREY.

It has struck many people, we believe, as very extraordinary, that so eminent a person as Mr. Playfair should have been allowed to sink into his grave in the midst of us, without calling forth almost so much as an attempt to commemorate his merit, even in a common newspaper ; and that the death of a man so celebrated and beloved, and at the same time so closely connected with many who could well appreciate and suitably describe his excellencies, should be left to the brief and ordinary notice of the daily obituary. No event of the kind certainly ever excited more general sympathy ; and no individual, we are persuaded, will be longer or more affectionately remembered by all the classes of his fellow-citizens : and yet it is to these very circumstances that we must look for an explanation of the apparent neglect with which his memory has been followed.

We beg leave to assure our readers, that it is merely from an anxiety to do *something* to gratify this natural im-

patience, that we presume to enter at all upon a subject, to which we are perfectly aware that we are incapable of doing justice. For, of Mr. Playfair's scientific attainments—of his proficiency in those studies to which he was peculiarly devoted, we are but slenderly qualified to judge; but, we believe, we hazard nothing in saying that he was one of the most learned mathematicians of his age, and among the first, if not the very first, who introduced the beautiful discoveries of the later continental geometers to the knowledge of his countrymen, and gave their just and true place, in the scheme of European knowledge, to those important improvements by which the whole aspect of the abstract sciences has been renovated since the days of our illustrious Newton.

If he did not signalize himself by any brilliant or original invention, he must at least be allowed to have been a most generous and intelligent judge of the achievements of others, as well as the most eloquent expounder of that great and magnificent system of knowledge which has been gradually evolved by the successive labours of so many gifted individuals. He possessed, indeed, in the highest degree, all the characteristics both of a fine and a powerful understanding—at once penetrating and vigilant—but more distinguished, perhaps, for the caution and sureness of its march, than for the brilliancy or rapidity of its movements—and guided and adorned through all its progress by the most genuine enthusiasm for all that is grand, and the justest taste for all that is beautiful, in the truth or the intellectual energy with which he was habitually conversant.

Mr. Playfair was not merely a teacher; and has fortunately left behind him a variety of works, from which other generations may be enabled to judge of some of those qualifications which so powerfully recommended and endeared him to his contemporaries. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that so much of his time, and so large a proportion of his publications, should have been devoted to the subjects of the Indian Astronomy, and the Huttonian Theory of the Earth. For though nothing can be more beautiful or instructive than his speculations on those curious topics, it cannot be dissembled that their results are less conclusive and satisfactory than might have been desired; and that his doctrines, from the very nature of their subjects, are more questionable than we believe they could possibly have been on any other topic in the whole circle of the sciences.

A juster estimate of Mr. Playfair's talent, and a truer pic-

ture of his genius and understanding, is to be found in his other writings; in the papers, both biographical and scientific, with which he has enriched the transactions of our Royal Society;—his account of De Laplace, and other articles which he is said to have contributed to the Edinburgh Review—the Outlines of his Lectures on Natural Philosophy—and, above all, his Introductory Discourse to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, with the final correction of which he was occupied up to the last moments that the progress of his disease allowed him to dedicate to any intellectual exertion.

With reference to these works, we do not think we are influenced by any national, or other partiality, when we say that he was certainly one of the best writers of his age; and even that we do not now recollect any one of his contemporaries who was so great a master of composition. There is a certain mellowness and richness about his style, which adorns, without disguising the weight and nervousness, which is its other great characteristic—a sedate gracefulness and manly simplicity in the more level passages—and a mild majesty and considerate enthusiasm where he rises above them, of which we scarcely know where to find any other example.

There is great equability, too, and sustained force, in every part of his writings.— He never exhausts himself in flashes and epigrams, nor languishes into tameness or insipidity; at first sight you would say, that plainness and good sense were the predominating qualities; but, by the by, this simplicity is enriched with the delicate and vivid colours of a fine imagination—the free and forcible touches of a powerful intellect—and the lights and shades of an unerring, harmonizing taste. In comparing it with the styles of his most celebrated contemporaries, we would say that it was more purely and peculiarly a *written* style—and, therefore, rejected those ornaments that more properly belong to oratory.

It had no impetuosity, hurry, or vehemence—no bursts, or sudden turns, or abruptness, like that of Burke; and though eminently smooth and melodious, it was not modulated to a uniform system of solemn declamation, like that of Johnson, nor spread out in the richer and more voluminous elocution of Stewart; nor still less broken into that patch-work of scholastick pedantry and conversational smartness which has found its admirers in Gibbon. It is a style, in short, of great freedom, force, and beauty; but the delibe-

rate style of a man of thought and of learning ; and neither that of a wit, throwing out his extemporèes with an affectation of careless grace—nor of a rhetorician, thinking more of his manner than his matter, and determined to be admired for his expression, whatever may be the fate of his sentiments.

But we need dwell no longer on qualities that may be gathered hereafter from the works he has left behind him.—They who lived with him mourn the most for those which will be traced in no such memorial ; and prize, far above these talents which gained him his high name in philosophy, that personal character which endeared him to his friends, and shed a grace and a dignity over all the society in which he moved. The same admirable taste which is conspicuous in his writings, or rather, the higher principles from which that taste was but an emanation, spread a similar charm over his whole life and conversation ; and gave to the most learned philosopher of his day, the manners and deportment of the most perfect gentleman.

Nor was this in him the result merely of good sense and good temper, assisted by an early familiarity with good company, and a consequent knowledge of his own place and that of all around him. His good breeding was of a higher descent ; and his powers of pleasing rested on something better than mere companionable qualities. With the greatest kindness and generosity of nature, he united the most manly firmness, and the highest principles of honour ; and the most cheerful and social dispositions, with the gentlest and steadiest affections.

Towards women he had always the most chivalrous feelings of regard and attention, and was, beyond almost all men, acceptable and agreeable in their society—though without the least levity or pretension unbecoming his age or condition. And such, indeed, was the fascination of the perfect simplicity and mildness of his manners, that the same tone or deportment seemed equally appropriate to all societies, and enabled him to delight the young and the gay with the same sort of conversation which instructed the learned and the grave. There never, indeed, was a man of learning and talent who appeared in society so perfectly free from every sort of pretension or notion of his own importance, or so little solicitous to distinguish himself, or so sincerely willing to give place to every one else.

Even upon subjects which he had thoroughly studied, he

was never in the least impatient to speak, and spoke at all times without any tone of authority; while, so far from wishing to set off what he had to say by any brilliancy or emphasis of expression, it seemed generally as if he had tried to disguise the weight and originality of his thoughts under the plainest form of speech, and the most quiet and indifferent manner; so that the profoundest remarks and subtlest observations were often dropped, not only without any solicitude that their value should be observed, but without any apparent consciousness that they possessed any.

Though the most social of human beings, and the most disposed to encourage and sympathize with the gayety of others, his own spirits were in general rather cheerful than gay, or at least never rose to any turbulence or tumult of merriment: and while he would listen with the kindest indulgence to the more extravagant sallies of his younger friends, and prompt them by the heartiest approbation, his own satisfaction might generally be traced in a slow and temperate smile, gradually mantling over his benevolent and intelligent features, and lighting up the countenance of the sage with the expression of the mildest and most gentle philanthropy.

It was wonderful, indeed, considering the measure of his own intellect, and the rigid and undeviating propriety of his own conduct, how tolerant he was of the errors and defects of other men. He was too indulgent, in truth, and favourable to his friends—and made a kind and liberal allowance for the faults of all mankind—except only faults of baseness or of cruelty—against which he never failed to manifest the most open scorn and detestation. Independent, in short, of his high attainments, Mr. Playfair was one of the most amiable and estimable of men. Delightful in his manners—inflexible in his principles—and generous in his affections, he had all that could charm in society, or attach in private: and while his friends enjoyed the free and unstudied conversation of an easy and intelligent associate, they had at all times the proud and inward assurance that he was a being upon whose perfect honour and generosity they might rely with the most implicit confidence, in life and in death,—and of whom it was equally impossible, that, under any circumstances, he should ever perform a mean, a selfish, or a *questionable* action, as that his body should cease to gravitate, or his soul to live!

If we do not greatly deceive ourselves, there is nothing

here of exaggeration or private feeling—and nothing with which an indifferent and honest chronicler would not concur. Nor is it altogether idle to have dwelt so long on the personal character of this distinguished individual; for we are ourselves persuaded, that this personal character has almost done as much for the cause of science and philosophy among us, as the great talents and attainments with which it was combined—and has contributed, in a very eminent degree, to give to the better society in which he moved, that tone of intelligence and liberality by which it is honourably distinguished.

It is not a little advantageous to philosophy that it is in fashion—and it is still more advantageous, perhaps, to the society which is led to confer on it this apparently trivial distinction. It is a great thing for the country at large—for its happiness, its prosperity, and its renown—that the upper and influencing part of its population should be made familiar, even in its untasked and social hours, with sound and liberal information, and be taught to respect those who have distinguished themselves by intellectual attainments. Nor is it, after all, a slight or despicable reward for a man of genius to be received with honour in the highest and most elegant society around him, and to receive in his living person that homage and applause which is too often reserved for his memory.

LESSON CLXXII.

The Winter Night.—BURNS.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muffled, viewed the dreary plain;
 While crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain
 Slow, solemn, stole.

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
 And freeze, thou bitter, biting frost!
 Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
 Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
 Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows!”

See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 Wo, Want, and Murder o'er a land!

Even in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pampered Luxury,—Flattery by her side,
 The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud property, extended wide,
 And eyes the simple rustick hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefined,
 Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
 With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
 The powers you proudly own?
 Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone?

* * * * *

O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think, for a moment on his wretched fate
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
 Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
 Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 While, through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drift heap:—

Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
 But shall thy *legal* rage pursue
 The wretch, already crushed low
 By cruel fortune's undeserved blow?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard no more; for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the powdery snow,
 And hailed the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crow.

But deep this truth impressed my mind—
 Through all his works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles *God*.

LESSON CLXXIII.

The American Eagle.—NEAL.

THERE'S a fierce gray BIRD, with a bending beak,
 With an angry eye, and a startling shriek,
 That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,
 On the precipice-top, in perpetual snow ;
 That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
 On the splintered point of a shivered peak,
 Bald-headed and stripped,—like a vulture torn
 In wind and strife—her feathers worn,
 And ruffled and stained, while loose and bright
 Round her serpent-neck, that is writhing and bare,
 Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair,
 Like the crest of a warrior, thinned in fight,
 And shorn, and bristling :—See her ! where
 She sits, in the glow of the sun-bright air,
 With wing half poised, and talons bleeding,
 And kindling eye, as if her prey
 Had suddenly been snatched away,
 While she was tearing it and feeding.—
 Above the dark torrent, above the bright stream
 The voice may be heard
 Of the thunderer's bird
 Calling out to her god in a clear, wild scream,
 As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam ;
 While her young are laid out in his rich, red blaze,
 And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.
 Proud Bird of the cliff ! where the barren yew springs,
 Where the sunshine stays, and the wind-harp sings,
 She sits, unapproachable, pluming her wings.—
 She screams !—She's away !—over hill top and flood,
 Over valley and rock, over mountain and wood,
 That Bird is abroad in the van of her brood !
 'Tis the Bird of our banner, the free bird that braves
 When the battle is there, all the wrath of the waves :

That dips her pinions in the sun's first gush ;
 Drinks his meridian blaze, his farewell flush ;
 Sits amid stirring stars, and bends her beak,
 Like the slipped falcon, when her piercing shriek
 Tells that she stoops upon her cleaving wing,
 To drink at some new victim's clear, red spring.
 That monarch Bird ! she slumbers in the night
 Upon the lofty air-peak's utmost height ;
 Or sleeps upon the wing, amid the ray
 Of steady, cloudless, everlasting day :—
 Rides with the Thunderer in his blazing march,
 And bears his lightnings o'er yon boundless arch ;
 Soars wheeling through the storm, and screams away,
 Where the young pinions of the morning play ;
 Broods with her arrows in the hurricane ;
 Bears her green laurel o'er the starry plain,
 And sails around the skies, and o'er the rolling deeps,
 With still unwearied wing, and eye that never sleeps.

LESSON CLXXIV.

Reply of Rob Roy Mac Gregor to Mr. Osbaldistone.—ROB ROY.

You speak like a boy—like a boy, who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of the hill-fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult ;—the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with ?—

And they *shall* find that the name they have dared to proscribe—that the name of Mac Gregor is a spell to raise the wild devil withal. *They* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs.—The miserable Highland drover, bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonoured and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change. They that scoffed at the grovelling worm, and trod upon him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon. But why do I speak of all this ?—only ye may

opine it frets my patience to be hunted like an otter, or a seal, or a salmon upon the shallows, and that by my very friends and neighbours : and to have as many sword-cuts made, and pistols flashed at me, as I had this day in the ford of Avondow, would try a saint's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are not famous for that good gift, as you may have heard.—But one thing bides with me of what Nicol said. I'm vexed for the bairns—I'm vexed when I think of Robert and Hamish living their father's life—But let us say no more of this.— * * * *

You must think hardly of us—and it is not natural that it should be otherwise. But remember, at least, we have not been unprovoked :—we are a rude and an ignorant, and it may be, a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel people.—The land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted people ; and if persecution maketh wise men mad, what must it do to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did ? Can we view their bloody edicts against us—their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honourable name—as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies ?—Here I stand—have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood!—and yet, they would betray me and hang me, like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill will at me.

You are a kind-hearted and an honourable youth, and understand, doubtless, that which is due to the feelings of a man of honour.—But the heather that I have trod upon when living must bloom over me when I am dead—my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither, like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills ; nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us. And Helen—what would become of her, were I to leave her, the subject of new insult and atrocity ?—or how could she bear to be removed from these scenes, where the remembrance of her wrongs is aye sweetened by the recollection of her revenge ? I was once so hard put at by my great enemy, as I may well call him, that I was forced e'en to give way to the tide, and removed myself, and my people, and my family from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time into Mac Cullum-

more's country,—and Helen made a lament on our departure, as well as Mac Rimmon himself could have framed it; and so piteously sad and wosome, that our hearts almost brake as we listened to her:—it was like the wailing of one for the mother that bore him—and I would not have the same touch of the heart-break again, . . . no, not to have all the lands that were ever owned by Mac Gregor.

—◆—

LESSON CLXXV.

Prophecy of the destruction of Babylon, and the return of the Jews from their captivity in that city.

Isaiah xiii. 1—xiv. 27.—LOWTH'S TRANSLATION.

CHAP. XIII. 1 THE ORACLE CONCERNING BABYLON WHICH WAS REVEALED TO ISAIAH, THE SON OF AMOTS.

- 2 UPON a lofty mountain erect the standard ;
Exalt the voice ; beckon with the hand ;
That they may enter the gates of princes.
- 3 I have given a charge to my enrolled warriours ;
I have even called my strong ones to execute my wrath ;
Those that exult in my greatness.
- 4 A sound of a multitude in the mountains, as of a great
people ;
A sound of the tumult of kingdoms, of nations gathered
together !
Jehovah, God of Hosts, mustereth the host for the battle.
- 5 They come from a distant land, from the end of the
heavens ;
Jehovah, and the instruments of his wrath, to destroy
the whole land.
- 6 Howl ye, for the day of Jehovah is at hand :
As a destruction from the Almighty shall it come.
- 7 Therefore shall all hands be slackened ;
And every heart of mortal shall melt ; and they shall
be terrified :
- 8 Torments and pangs shall seize them ;

* * * * *

They shall look one upon another with astonishment :
Their countenances shall be like flames of fire.

- 9 Behold, the day of Jehovah cometh, inexorable ;

- Even indignation, and burning wrath :
 To make the land a desolation ;
 And her sinners he shall destroy from out of her.
- 10 Yea, the stars of heaven, and the constellations thereof,
 Shall not send forth their light :
 The sun is darkened at his going forth,
 And the moon shall not cause her light to shine.
- 11 And I will visit the world for its evil,
 And the wicked for their iniquity :
 And I will put an end to the arrogance of the proud ;
 And I will bring down the haughtiness of the terrible.
- 12 I will make a mortal more precious than fine gold ;
 Yea a man, than the rich ore of Ophir.
- 13 Wherefore I will make the heavens tremble :
 And the earth shall be shaken out of her place :
 In the indignation of Jehovah God of Hosts ;
 And in the day of his burning anger.
- 14 And the remnant shall be as a roe chased ;
 And as sheep, when there is none to gather them together ;
 They shall look, every one towards his own people ;
 And they shall flee, every one to his own land.
- 15 Every one, that is overtaken, shall be thrust through :
 And all that are collected in a body shall fall by the sword.
- * * * * *
- 17 Behold, I raise up against them the Medes ;
 Who shall hold silver of no account ;
 And as for gold, they shall not delight in it.
- 18 Their bows shall dash the young men ;
 Their eye shall have no pity even on the children.
- 19 And Babylon shall become—she that was the beauty of kingdoms,
 The glory of the pride of the Chaldeans—
 As the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah by the hand of God.
- 20 It shall not be inhabited for ever ;
 Nor shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation :
 Neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there :
 Neither shall the shepherds make their folds there.
- 21 But there shall the wild beasts of the deserts lodge ,
 And howling monsters shall fill their houses :
 And there shall the daughters of the ostrich dwell ;
 And there shall the sätys hold their revels.

- 22 And wolves shall howl to one another in their palaces ;
 And dragons in their voluptuous pavilions.
 And her time is near to come ;
 And her days shall not be prolonged.
- CHAP. XIV. 1 For Jehovah will have compassion on Jacob ;
 And will yet choose Israel.
 And he shall give them rest upon their own land :
 And the stranger shall be joined unto them,
 And shall cleave unto the house of Jacob.
- 2 And the nations shall take them, and bring them into
 their own place ;
 And the house of Israel shall possess them in the land
 of Jehovah,
 As servants, and as handmaids :
 And they shall take them captive, whose captives they
 were ;
 And they shall rule over their oppressors.
- 3 And it shall come to pass in that day, that Jehovah
 shall give thee rest from thine affliction, and from thy dis-
- 4 quiet, and from the hard servitude, which was laid upon
 thee : and thou shalt pronounce this parable upon the
 king of Babylon ; and shalt say :
 HOW hath the oppressor ceased ! the exactress of
 gold ceased !
- 5 Jehovah hath broken the staff of the wicked, the scep-
 tre of the rulers.
- 6 He that smote the peoples in wrath, with a stroke unre-
 mitted :
 He that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and
 none hindereth.
- 7 The whole earth is at rest, is quiet ; they burst forth
 into a joyful shout :
- 8 Even the fir-trees rejoice over thee, the cedars of Liba-
 nus :
 Since thou art fallen, no feller hath come up against us.
- 9 Hā-dēs* from beneath is moved because of thee, to
 meet thee at thy coming :

* *Hādēs* is the Greek, as *Infernus* is the Latin, and *Hell* the Eng-
 lish word, by which the respective authors of the Greek, Latin,
 and English versions of the Holy Scriptures translate the Hebrew
Sheōl ; a word by which the sacred writers commonly meant, the
 state of departed spirits, or the place of their abode. This, according
 to the opinions of the ancients, to whom life and immortality had
 not been brought to light by the gospel of Jesus Christ, was a vast
 subterranean kingdom, immensely deep, and totally dark and silent :

- He rouseth for thee the mighty dead, all the great
chiefs of the earth ;
He maketh to rise up from their thrones all the kings
of the nations.
- 10 All of them shall accost thee, and shall say unto thee :
Art thou, even thou too, become weak as we ? art thou
made like unto us ?
- 11 Is then thy pride brought down to the grave ; the sound
of thy sprightly instruments ?
Is the vermin become thy couch, and the earth-worm
thy covering ?
- 12 How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of
the morning !
Art cut down to the earth, thou that didst subdue the
nations !
- 13 Yet thou didst say in thy heart : I will ascend the
heavens ;
Above the stars of God I will exalt my throne ;
And I will sit upon the mount of the divine presence, on
the sides of the north :
- 14 I will ascend above the heights of the clouds : I will be
like the Most High.
- 15 But thou shalt be brought down to the grave, to the
sides of the pit.
- 16 Those that see thee shall look attentively at thee ; they
shall well consider thee :
Is this the man, that made the earth to tremble ; that
shook the kingdoms ?
- 17 That made the world like a desert ; that destroyed the
cities ?
That never dismissed his captives to their own home ?

“about which,” says Dr. Campbell, “the most prying eye and listening ear could gain no information ;” a mansion of rest into which the good and the evil descended alike, at their death ;—the former, indeed, in peace and a good old age, crowned with virtue and honour ;—and the latter hurried thither by their vices before their time ;—a state in which all continued a conscious but inactive existence ; and where each retained something of the rank and station which he had held in life. Hence, the departed spirits of other kings are represented, in this verse, as rising up from their shadowy thrones, to salute with bitter exultations, the king of Babylon, who had now been brought down as low as themselves.

It will be observed that, here, the prophet, in the bold metaphor of Oriental poetry, personifies Hades, in giving to this region of silence and darkness, the attributes of a stern Ruler over the abode and the spirits of the dead.

- 18 All the kings of the nations, all of them,
Lie down in glory, each in his own sepulchre :
- 19 But thou art cast out of the grave, as the tree abomi-
nated ;*
Clothed with the slain, with the pierced by the sword,
With them that go down to the stones of the pit ; as a
trodden carcass.
- 20 Thou shalt not be joined unto them in burial ;
Because thou hast destroyed thy country, thou hast slain
thy people.
The seed of evil doers shall never be renowned.
- 21 Prepare ye slaughter for his children, for the iniquity of
their fathers ;
Lest they rise, and possess the earth ; and fill the face of
the world with cities.
- 22 For I will arise against them, saith Jehovah God of Hosts :
And I will cut off from Babylon the name, and the rem-
nant ;
And the son, and the son's son, saith Jehovah.
- 23 And I will make it an inheritance for the porcupine, and
pools of water ;
And I will plunge it in the miry gulf of destruction,
saith Jehovah God of Hosts.
- 24 Jehovah God of Hosts hath sworn, saying :
Surely as I have devised, so shall it be ;
And as I have purposed, that thing shall stand :
- 25 To crush the Assyrian in my land, and to trample him
on my mountains.
Then shall his yoke depart from off them ;
And his burthen shall be removed from off their shoulder.
- 26 This is the decree, which is determined on the whole
earth ;
And this is the hand, which is stretched out over all the
nations :
- 27 For Jehovah God of Hosts hath decreed ; and who shall
disannul it ?
And it is his hand, that is stretched out ; and who shall
turn it back ?

* That is, as an abomination and detestation ; such as the tree is, on which a malefactor has been hanged. " It is written, saith Saint Paul, *Gala.* iii. 13. cursed is every man that hangeth on a tree : " from *Deut.* xxi. 23. The Jews therefore held also as accursed and polluted the tree itself on which a malefactor had been executed, or on which he had been hanged after having been put to death by stoning. *Lowth.*

LESSON CLXXVI.

Lochiel's Warning.—CAMPBELL.

Lochiel was the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons; and one of the most prominent, in respect to power and influence, among the Highland chieftains. He attached himself to the cause of Charles Stuart, called the Pretender, from the claim that he made to the British throne. In the following piece, Lochiel is supposed to be marching, with the warriors of his clan, to join the standard which Charles had raised among the Highlands in his invasion of Scotland in 1745. On his way he is met by a Seer or Wizard, who, having, according to the popular superstition, the gift of second sight, or prophecy, forewarns him of the disastrous event of the Pretender's enterprise, and exhorts him to return home, and not be involved in the certain destruction that awaited the cause and the followers of Charles, and which afterwards fell upon them in the battle of Culloden.

Seer, Lochiel.

Seer. LOCHIEL! Lochiel, beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
 Wo, wo to the riders that trample them down!
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantick and far?
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin!* to death and captivity led!
 Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Seer. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!

* The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the High lands.

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
 From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?
 Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
 But down let him stoop from his havock on high !
 Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
 Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
 Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan :
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
 But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
 When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clan-Ranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array ——

Scer. ——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day !
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal :
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the blood-hounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo ! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :*
 Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors ;
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores ;
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.

* Alluding to the perilous escape of Charles from the west of Scotland.

Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
 Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

Lochiel. —Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

LESSON CLXXVII.

The Poet and the Alchymist.—NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUTHORS of modern date are wealthy fellows;—

'Tis but to snip his locks they follow

Now the golden-haired Apollo.—

Invoking Plutus to puff up the bellows

Of inspiration, they distil

The rhymes and novels which cajole us,

Not from the Heliconian rill,

But from the waters of Pactolus.

Before this golden age of writers,

A Grub-street Garreteer existed,

One of the regular inditers

Of odes and poems to be twisted

Into encomiastick verses,

For patrons who have heavy purses.—

Besides the Bellman's rhymes, he had

Others to let, both gay and sad,

All ticketed from A to Izzard;

And, living by his wits, I need not add,

The rogue was lean as any lizard.

Like a ropemaker's were his ways ;
 For still one line upon another
 He spun, and like his hempen brother,
 Kept going backwards all his days.

Hard by his attick lived a Chymist,
 Or Alchymist, who had a mighty
 Faith in the Elixir Vitae ;
 And though unflattered by the dimmest
 Glimpse of success, he still kept groping
 And grubbing in his dark vocation,
 Stupidly hoping,
 To find the art of changing metals,
 And guineas coin from pans and kettles,
 By mystery of transmutation.

Our starving Poet took occasion
 To seek this conjuror's abode,
 Not with encomiastick ode,
 Or laudatory dedication,
 But with an offer to impart,
 For twenty pounds, the secret art,
 Which should procure without the pain
 Of metals, chymistry, and fire,
 What he so long had sought in vain,
 And gratify his heart's desire.

The money paid, our bard was hurried
 To the philosopher's sanctorum,
 Who, somewhat sublimized and flurried,
 Out of his chymical decorum,
 Crowed, capered, giggled, seemed to spurn his
 Crucibles, retort, and furnace,
 And cried as he secured the door,
 And carefully put to the shutter,
 " Now, now, the secret I implore ;
 Out with it—speak—discover—utter !"

With grave and solemn look, the poet
 Cried—" List—O, list ! for thus I show it :—
 Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
 Who still, though bless'd, new blessings crave,
 That we may all have what we like,
 Simply by liking what we have."

LESSON CLXXVIII.

Extract from a dialogue between a Satirick Poet and his Friend.—POPE.

Friend. 'Tis all a libel, Paxton, Sir, will say :—

Poet. Not yet, my friend ! to-morrow, faith, it may ;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine !
Vice, with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain ;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash ;
Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How ! not condemn the sharper, but the dice !
Come on then, Sātire ! general, unconfined,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all !
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall !
Ye reverend atheists !—*F.* Scandal ! name them,—who ?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starved a sister,—who forswore a debt
I never named ; the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't—*F.* You do.

P. See, now, I keep the secret, and not you !
The bribing statesman—*F.* Hold ! too high you go.

P. The bribed elector—*F.* There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you if I knew with what ;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not ?
Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down ?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires ?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean ?

F. A dean, Sir ? no ; his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Sātire ! though a realm be spoiled,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild.

Or, if a court, or country's made a job,
Go, drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you, (for the love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?

Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better, sure, it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
Still better ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch even there—why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! Stop!—*P.* Must Sātire, then, nor rise, nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike?—Why the man was hanged ten years ago.
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Even Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;—
You make men desperate, if they once are bad.—

But why so few commended?—*P.* Not so fierce
You find the virtue, and I'll find the verse.

But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son,
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.

Praise cannot stoop, like Sātire, to the ground;
The number may be hanged, but not be crowned.

No power the Muse's friendship can command,
No power, when Virtue claims it, can withstand.

—What are you thinking?—*F.* Faith, the thought's no sin,
I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.

F. They, too, may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little?—Come, then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnal! aid me while I lie.

Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
And Lyttleton, a dark, designing knave.

St. John has ever been a mighty fool—
But, let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.—

Ask you what provocation I have had?—
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When Truth or Virtue an affront endures,
 The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours :
 Mine, as a foe professed to false pretence,
 Who thinks a coxcomb's honour like his sense ;
 Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind ;
 And mine as man who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud—*P.* So proud, I am no slave :
 So impudent, I own myself no knave :
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud : I must be proud, to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me :
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
 Yet touched, and shamed by ridicule alone.
 O, sacred weapon ! left for Truth's defence,
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence !
 Reverent I touch thee ! but with honest zeal ;
 To rouse the watchmen of the publick weal,
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
 And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.

LESSON CLXXIX.

Dialogue between Prince Edward and his Keeper.—MISS BAILLIE.

Ed. WHAT brings thee now ? it surely cannot be
 The time of food : my prison hours are wont
 To fly more heavily.

Keep. It is not food : I bring wherewith, my lord,
 To stop a rent in these old walls, that oft
 Hath grieved me, when I've thought of you o' nights ;
 'Through it the cold wind visits you.

Ed. And let it enter ! it shall not be stopped.
 Who visits me besides the winds of heaven ?
 Who mourns with me but the sad-sighing wind ?
 Who bringeth to mine ear the mimicked tones
 Of voices once beloved and sounds long past,
 But the light-winged and many voiced wind ?
 Who fans the prisoner's lean and fevered cheek
 As kindly as the monarch's wreathed brows,
 But the free piteous wind ?
 I will not have it stopped.

Keep. My lord, the winter now creeps on apace .
Hoar frost this morning on our sheltered fields
Lay thick, and glanced to the up-risen sun,
Which scarce had power to melt it.

Ed. Glanced to the up-risen sun ! Ay, such fair morns,
When every bush doth put its glory on,
Like a gemmed bride ! your rusticks now
And early hinds, will set their clouted feet
Through silver webs, so bright and finely wrought
As royal dames ne'er fashioned, yet plod on
Their careless way, unheeding.

Alas, how many glorious things there be
To look upon ! Wear not the forests, now,
Their latest coat of richly varied dyes ?

Keep. Yes, good my lord, the cold chill year advances,
Therefore I pray you, let me close that wall.

Ed. I tell thee no, man ; if the north air bites,
Bring me a cloak. Where is thy dog to-day ?

Keep. Indeed I wonder that he came not with me
As he is wont.

Ed. Bring him, I pray thee, when thou comest again,
He wags his tail and looks up to my face
With the assured kindness of one
Who has not injured me.

LESSON CLXXX.

A Summer Evening Meditation.—Mrs. BARBAULD.

'Tis past ! The sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-lived rage ; more grateful hours
Move silent on ; the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight, but with mild maiden beams
Of tempered lustre, court the cherished eye
To wander o'er their sphere ; where, hung aloft,
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow,
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines
Even in the eye of day ; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of softened radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace ; while meek-eyed Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires

Through the Hesperian gardens of the west,
 And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
 When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
 The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
 Of unpierced woods, where wrapt in solid shade
 She mused away the gaudy hours of noon,
 And fed on thoughts unripened by the sun,
 Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
 To yon blue concave swelled by breath divine,
 Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
 Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
 One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
 And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,
 Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfined
 O'er all this field of glories; spacious field,
 And worthy of the Master; he, whose hand
 With hieroglyphicks older than the Nile
 Inscribed the mystick tablet; hung on high
 To publick gaze, and said, Adore, O man!
 The finger of thy God!

How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
 But are they silent all? or is there not

A tongue in every star, that talks with man,
 And woos him to be wise? or woos in vain:
 This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
 And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

At this still hour, the self-collected soul
 Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
 Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
 An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
 Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
 (Fair transitory creature of a day!)

Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
 Forgets his wonted journey through the east.

Seized in thought,

On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,
 From the green borders of the peopled earth,
 And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;
 From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
 Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantick bulk
 Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
 To the dim verge the suburbs of the system,
 Where cheerless Sātūrn 'midst his watery moons
 Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,

Sits like an exiled monarch : fearless thence
 I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
 Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
 Of elder beam, which ask no leave to shine,
 Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
 From the proud regent of our scanty day—
 Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
 And only less than He who marks their track,
 And guides their fiery wheels.
 But O thou mighty mind ! whose powerful word
 Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
 Where shall I seek thy presence ? how, unblamed,
 Invoke thy dread perfection ?
 Have the broad eye-lids of the morn beheld thee ?
 Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
 Support thy throne ? Oh ! look with pity down
 On erring, guilty man ; not in thy names
 Of terrour clad ; not with those thunders armed
 That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appalled
 The scattered tribes ; thou hast a gentler voice,
 That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
 Abashed, yet longing to behold her Maker.
 But now my soul, unused to stretch her powers
 In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
 And seeks again the known accustomed spot,
 Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams,
 A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
 And all replete with wonders. Let me here,
 Content and grateful wait the appointed time,
 And ripen for the skies : the hour will come
 When all these splendours bursting on my sight
 Shall stand unveiled, and to my ravished sense
 Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

LESSON CLXXXI.

*The blind Preacher : Extract from a Letter of the British
 Spy.—WIRT.*

Richmond, October 10, 1803.

I HAVE been, my dear S, on an excursion through
 the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue

Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure, which I met with, in the course of the tour.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity, to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostick swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topick a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystick symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new: and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description,

that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive, how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastick.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before, did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher: his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then,

the few minutes of portentous, deathlike silence which reigned throughout the house : the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence : “ Socrates died like a philosopher ”—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his “ sightless balls ” to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—“ but Jesus Christ—like a God ! ” If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

LESSON CLXXXII.

Scene from the Tragedy of King John.—SHAKSPEARE.

PRINCE ARTHUR, HUBERT, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.—A room in the castle, Northampton.

Enter HUBERT *and two* ATTENDANTS.

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand
Within the arras : when I strike my foot,
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

I Attendant. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to't.—

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks nobody should be sad but I :
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be merry as the day is long ;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault that I were Geoffrey's son ?
 No indeed, is't not ; and I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
 'Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

[*Aside.*

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? You look pale to-day.
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now
 foolish rheum !

[*Aside.*

Turning despiteous torture out the door !
 I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it ? Is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but ache,
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
 And I did never ask it you again :
 And with my hand at midnight held your head
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time ;
 Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning : do, an if you will :
 If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age would do it :
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence :
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron ?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.*

Hub. Come forth.

[Stamps

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of the bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas ! what need you be so boisterous-rough :
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angrily ;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

I Atten. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend :
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven ! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !

* The two negatives in this line do not amount to an affirmative : they are used to strengthen the negation :—a solecism, tolerated in the age, and often found in the writings, of Shakspeare.

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;
Though to no use, but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief—
Being create for comfort—to be used
In undeserved extremes : See else yourself :
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert ;
Nay, it perchance, will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre him on.*
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office ; only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,—
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes ; †
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more : Adieu !—
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence : no more. Go closely in with me :
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Set him on.

† Owns.

LESSON CLXXXIII.

The Contrasts of Alpine Scenery.—BYRON.

ADIEU to thee, fair Rhine ! how long, delighted,
 The stranger fain would linger on his way !
 Thine is a scene alike where souls united,
 Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ;
 And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
 On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
 Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
 Wild, but not rude, awful, yet not austere,
 Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !
 There can be no farewell to scenes like thine ;
 The mind is coloured by thine every hue ;
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign
 Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine !
 'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise :
 More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
 But none unite, in one attaching maze,
 The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
 Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
 The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
 The forest's growth, and Gothick walls between,
 The wild rocks, shaped as they had turrets been,
 In mockery of man's art ; and these withal
 A race of faces happy as the scene,
 Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
 Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scaps,
 And throned Eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !
 All that expands the spirit yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, as to show
 How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

Lake Lemau woos me with its crystal face,—
 The mirror, where the stars and mountains view
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.
 There is too much of man here, to look through,
 With a fit mind, the might which I behold ;
 But soon in me shall loneliness renew
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
 E'er mingling with the herd had penned me in their fold.

* * * * *

Clear, placid Lemau ! thy contrasted lake
 With the wide world I've dwelt in is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar ; but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should ere have been so moved.

It is the hush of night ; and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
 Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grass-hopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill ;—
 But that is fancy ; for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love distil,
 Weeping themselves away till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven,
 If, in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,

And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—
 All heaven and earth are still : From the high host
 Of stars to the lulled lake, and mountain coast,
 All is centered in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of That which is of all Creator and Defence.

* * * * *

The sky is changed ! and such a change ! Oh Night,
 And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder !—not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue ;
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !
 Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee !
 How the lit lake shines,—a phosphorick sea—
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
 And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

* * * * *

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye,
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful :—the far roll
 Of your departing voices is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
 But where, of ye, O tempests ! is the goal ?
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

* * * * *

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away, with playful scorn,
 And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
 And glowing into day: we may resume
 The march of our existence: and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Lemn! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

 LESSON CLXXXIV.

The fat Actor and the Rustick.—NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CARDINAL Wolsey was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, Shakspeare says,
 Meaning, (in metaphor,) for ever puffing,
 To swell beyond his size and span;
 But had he seen a player in our days
 Enacting Falstaff without stuffing,
 He would have owned that Wolsey's bulk ideal
 Equalled not that within the bounds
 This actor's belt surrounds,
 Which is, moreover, all alive and real.
 This player, when the peace enabled shoals
 Of our odd fishes
 To visit every clime between the poles,
 Swam with the stream, a herstrionick Kraken,
 Although his wishes
 Must not, in this proceeding, be mistaken;
 For he went out professionally,—bent
 To see how money might be made, not spent.
 In this most laudable employ
 He found himself at Lille one afternoon,
 And, that he might the breeze enjoy,
 And catch a peep at the ascending moon,
 Out of the town he took a stroll,
 Refreshing in the fields his soul,
 With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy fleeces.
 And thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.
 When we are pleasantly employed time flies;
 He counted up his profits, in the skies,

Until the moon began to shine ;
 On which 'ye gazed a while, and then
 Pulled out his watch, and cried—" Past nine !
 Why, zounds ! they shut the gates at ten."—
 Backward he turn'd his steps *instantly*,*
 Stumping along with might and main ;
 And, though 'tis plain
 He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter,
 (Those who had seen him would confess it) he
 Marched well for one of such obesity.
 Eyeing his watch, and now his forehead mopping,
 He puffed and blew along the road,
 Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping,
 When in his path he met a clown
 Returning from the town.
 " Tell me," he panted in a thawing state,
 " Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate ?"
 " Get in !" replied the hesitating loon,
 Measuring with his eye our bulky wight,
 " Why—yes, Sir,—I should think you might ;
 " A load of hay went in this afternoon."

LESSON CLXXXV.

Speech of Catiline before the Roman Senate, in reply to the charges of Cicero.—CROLY'S Catiline.

CONSCRIPT Fathers !

I do not rise to waste the night in words :
 Let that plebeian talk ; 'tis not *my* trade ;
 But here I stand for right—Let him show *proofs* ;
 For Roman right ; though none, it seems, dare stand
 To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
 Cling to your masters ; judges, Romans—*slaves* !
 His charge is false ; I dare him to his proofs ;
 You have my answer : * * *—Let my actions speak.
 But this I will avow, that I have scorned
 And still *do* scorn, to hide my sense of wrong :
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
 Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts

* *Immediately.*

The gates of honour on me,—turning out
 The Roman from his birthright; and for what?—
 To fling your offices to every slave; (*—Looking round him.*)
 Vipers, that creep where *man* disdains to climb;
 And having wound their loathsome track to the top
 Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,
 Hang hissing at the nobler man below.—

Come, consecrated lictors! from your thrones;

(*To the Senate.*)

Fling down your sceptres;—take the rod and axe,
 And make the murder, as you make the law.

LESSON CLXXXVI.

*The Battle Hymn of the Berlin Landstrum.**

FATHER of earth and heaven! I call thy name!
 Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
 My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
 Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.
 Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
 That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,
 Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
 One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
 On my young fame!—O hear! God of eternal power!
 God! thou art merciful.—The wintry storm,
 The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,
 But show the sterner grandeur of thy form;
 The lightnings, glancing through the midnight gloom,
 To Faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely come,
 As splendours of the autumnal evening star,
 As roses shaken by the breeze's plume,
 When like cool incense comes the dewy air,
 And on the golden wave, the sun-set burns afar.
 God! thou art mighty!—At thy footstool bound,
 Lie gazing to thee, Chance, and Life, and Death;
 Nor in the Angel-circle flaming round,
 Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
 Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath.—

* The Landstrum (German) is the military force of the country, as distinguished from the regular standing army.—the whole mass of the undisciplined militia, called out in some sudden exigency of the state.

Wo in thy frown—in thy smile victory !

Hear my last prayer !—I ask no mortal wreath ;
Let but these eyes my rescued country see,
Then take my spirit, All Omnipotent, to thee.

Now for the fight—now for the cannon-peal—

Forward—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire !
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire ;

They shake—like broken waves their squares retire,—
On them, hussars !—Now give them rein and heel ;

Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire :—

Earth cries for blood,—in thunder on them wheel !

This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal !

LESSON CLXXXVII.

Extract from "Heaven and Earth,—A Mystery."—By
LORD BYRON.

RAPHAEL, *the Archangel.*—NOAH.—JAPHET.

Scene near the Ark, just before the beginning of the Deluge.

Japhet. OH, say not so,

Father ! and thou, Archangel, thou !

Celestial mercy lurks below

That pure serenity of brow.

Let them not meet this sea without a shore !

Save in our ark, or let me be no more !

Noah. Peace ! child of passion, peace !

If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue

Do God no wrong.

Live as he wills it—die, when he ordains,

A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.

Cease ! or be sorrowful in silence, cease

To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.

Be a man !

And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.

Japh. Ay, father ! but when they are gone,

And we are all alone

Floating upon the āzure desert, and

The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,

And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all

Buried in its immeasurable breast,

Who, who, our tears, our shrieks shall then command ?

Can we in desolation's peace have rest ?

Oh God ! be thou a God, and spare

While yet 'tis time !

Renew not Adam's fall :

Mankind were then but twain,

But they are numerous now as are the waves,

And the tremendous rain,

Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves,

Were graves permitted to the sons of Cain.

Noah. Silence, vain boy ! each word of thine's a crime !

Angel ! forgive this stripling's fond despair.

* * * * *

Japh. Hark ! hark ! deep sounds, and deeper still,

Are howling from the mountain's bosom :

There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,

Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom :

Earth groans, as if beneath a heavy load.

Noah. Hark ! hark ! the sea-birds cry !

In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,

And hover round the mountain, where before

Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,

Yet dared to soar ;—

Even when the waters waxed too fierce to brave.

Soon shall it be their only shore,

And then no more !

Japh. The sun ! the sun !

He riseth, but his better light is gone,

And a black circle, bound

His glaring disk around,

Proclaims Earth's last of summer days hath shone !

The clouds return into the hues of night,

Save where their brazen-coloured edges streak

The verge where brighter mornings used to break.

Noah. And lo ! yon flash of light,

The distant thunder's harbinger, appears !

It cometh ! hence, away,

Leave to the elements their evil prey !

Hence, to where our all-hallowed ark uprears

Its safe and wreckless sides.

Japh. Oh, father, stay !

Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides !

Noah. Must we not leave all life to such ? Begone !

Japh. Not I.

Noah. Then die
With them.

How dar'st thou look on that prophetick sky,
And seek to save what all things else condemn,
In overwhelming unison
With just Jehovah's wrath ?

Japh. Can rage and justice join in the same path ?

Noah. Blasphemer ! dar'st thou murmur, even now ?

Raph. Patriarch ! be still a father, smooth thy brow :

Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink ;

He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink
With sobs the salt foam of the swelling waters ;

But be, when passion passeth, good as thou,
Nor perish, like heaven's children, with man's daughters.

LESSON CLXXXVIII.

*Speech of Catiline before the Roman Senate, on hearing his
sentence of banishment.—CROLY'S Catiline.*

BANISHED from Rome ! what's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe ?
'Tried and convicted traitor !'—Who says this ?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?
Banished ?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain !
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords ;
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you :—here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.
'Traitor !' I go—but I *return*. This—trial !
Here I devote your senate ! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows !—This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords,
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus !—all shames and crimes ;—

Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup ;
 Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones ;
 Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
 And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

LESSON CLXXXIX.

Dialogue between HAMLET and HORATIO.—SHAKSPEARE.

Horatio. HAIL to your lordship !

Hamlet. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor *servant* ever.

Ham. Sir, my good *friend* ; I'll change *that* name with you.
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself. I know, you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee do not mock me, fellow-student ;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ; the funeral baked meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !

My father—methinks I see my father——

Hor. Where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once ; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ?

Hor. My lord, the king, your father.

Ham. The king, my father !

Hor. Season your admiration for a while,

With an attent ear ; till I may deliver
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had those gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered : a figure, like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-à-piè,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me,
In dreadful secrecy, impart they did ;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch :
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father ;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watched,

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none. Yet once, methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sir, but this troubles me
Hold you the watch to-night ?

Hor. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you ?

Hor. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Hor. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face.

Hor. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there !

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like ;—Staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ?—no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;

Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant 'twill.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you, Sir,

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still ;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;

I will requite your love : so, fare you well.

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

LESSON CXC.

Extract from the Essay on Criticism.—POPE.

WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend ;
And, if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit ;
Neglect the rules each verbal critick lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most criticks, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part :
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice ;

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
 A certain bard encountering on the way,
 Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage ;
 Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice :
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities ; what not ?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What ! leave the combat out ?" exclaims the knight.
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.

"Not so by heaven !" (he answers in a rage)

"Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain :

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus criticks, of less judgement than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
 Form short ideas ; and offend in arts
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ;
 Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit ;
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
 The naked nature, and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed ;
 Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit ;
 For works may have more wit than does them good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
 And value books, as women men,—for dress :
 Their praise is still,—the style is excellent :
 The sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

False eloquence, like the prismatick glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place ;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay :
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable :
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed :
For different styles with different subjects sort
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
Alike fantastick, if too new or old :
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the musick there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
Where'er you find the "cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees :"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened, (not in vain,) with "sleep :"
Then at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow ;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow :
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how 'Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow ;
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.

LESSON CXCI.

Dialogue:—GIL BLAS* and the OLD ARCHBISHOP.—From LE SAGE.

Arch. WELL, young man, what is your business with me ?

Gil Blas. I am the young man whom your nephew, Don Fernando, was pleased to mention to you.

Arch. O ! you are the person then, of whom he spoke so handsomely. I engage you in my service, and consider you a valuable acquisition. From the specimens he showed me of your powers, you must be pretty well acquainted with the Greek and Latin authors. It is very evident your education has not been neglected. I am satisfied with your hand writing, and still more with your understanding. I thank my nephew, Don Fernando, for having given me such an able young man, whom I consider a rich acquisition. You transcribe so well you must certainly understand grammar. Tell me, ingenuously, my friend, did you find nothing that shocked you in writing over the homily I sent you on trial ? some neglect, perhaps, in style, or some improper term ?

Gil B. O ! Sir, I am not learned enough to make critical observations, and if I was I am persuaded the works of your grace would escape my censure.

* In this name, the *g* has the sound of *z* in *a-zure* ; the *a* is sounded as in *bar*,—and the *s* is silent.

Arch. Young man, you are disposed to flatter; but tell me, which parts of it did you think most strikingly beautiful.

Gil B. If, where all was excellent, any parts were particularly so, I should say they were the personification of hope, and the description of a good man's death.

Arch. I see you have a delicate knowledge of the truly beautiful. This is what I call having taste and sentiment. Gil Blas, henceforth give thyself no uneasiness about thy fortune, I will take care of that. I love thee, and as a proof of my affection, I will make thee my confidant: yes, my child, thou shalt be the repository of my most secret thoughts. Listen with attention to what I am going to say. My chief pleasure consists in preaching, and the Lord gives a blessing to my homilies; but I confess my weakness. The honour of being thought a perfect orator has charmed my imagination, my performances are thought equally nervous and delicate; but I would of all things avoid the fault of good authors, who write too long. Wherefore, my dear Gil Blas, one thing that I exact of thy zeal, is, whenever thou shalt perceive my pen smack of old age, and my genius flag, don't fail to advertise me of it, for I don't trust to my own judgement, which may be seduced by self-love. That observation must proceed from a disinterested understanding, and I make choice of thine, which I know is good, and am resolved to stand by thy decision.

Gil B. Thank heaven, Sir, that time is far off. Besides, a genius like that of your grace, will preserve its vigour much better than any other, or to speak more justly, will be always the same. I look upon you as another Cardinal Ximenes, whose superiour genius, instead of being weakened, seemed to acquire new strength by age.

Arch. No flattery, friend, I know I am liable to sink all at once. People at my age begin to feel infirmities, and the infirmities of the body often affect the understanding. I repeat it to thee again, Gil Blas, as soon as thou shalt judge mine in the least impaired, be sure to give me notice. And be not afraid of speaking freely and sincerely, for I shall receive thy advice as a mark of thy affection.

Gil B. Your grace may always depend upon my fidelity.

Arch. I know thy sincerity, Gil Blas; and now tell me plainly, hast thou not heard the people make some remarks upon my late homilies?

Gil B. Your homilies have always been admired, but it

seems to me that the last did not appear to have had so powerful an effect upon the audience as former ones.

Arch. How, Sir, has it met with any Aristarchus?*

Gil B. No, Sir, by no means, such works as yours are not to be criticised; every body is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse, in my judgement, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Did you not think so, Sir, yourself?

Arch. So, then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?

Gil B. I don't say so, Sir, I think it excellent, although a little inferiour to your other works.

Arch. I understand you; you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain; you believe it is time for me to think of retiring.

Gil B. I should not have been so bold as to speak so freely, if your grace had not commanded me; I do no more, therefore, than obey you; and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom.

Arch. God forbid! God forbid that I should find fault with it. I don't at all take it ill that you should speak your sentiments, it is your sentiment itself, only, that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding.

Gil B. Your grace will pardon me for obeying——

Arch. Say no more, my child, you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Be it known to you, I never composed a better homily, than that which you disapprove; for, my genius, thank heaven, hath, as yet, lost nothing of its vigour: henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant. Go! go, Mr. Gil Blas, and tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste.

LESSON CXCII.

Dialogue :—ALEXANDER the Great, and a ROBBER.—Dr. AIKIN.

Alexander. WHAT, art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

* *Aristarchus* was a celebrated grammarian of Samos. He was famous for his critical powers; and he revised the poems of Homer with such severity, that, ever after, all severe criticks were called *Aristarchs*.

Robber. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

Alex. A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Robber. What have I done, of which you can complain?

Alex. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority; violated the publick peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

Robber. Alexander! I am your captive—I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alex. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

Robber. I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

Alex. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest: among sovereigns, the noblest: among conquerors, the mightiest.

Robber. And does not Fame speak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Alex. Still what are you but a robber—a base, dishonest robber?

Robber. And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is, then, the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

Alex. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded great er. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Robber. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my

protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of, but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for half the mischief we have done it.

Alex. Leave me. Take off his chains, and use him well. Are we then so much alike? Alexander like a robber? Let me reflect.

LESSON CXCIIL.

Lines written in 1821; on hearing that the Austrians had entered Naples—with scarcely a show of resistance on the part of the Neapolitans, who had declared their independence, and pledged themselves to maintain it.—MOORE.

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!

From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk from the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be sucked out by tyrants, or stagnate in chains!

On—on, like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny!—blasting them o'er:
Fill—fill up their wide, sunny waters, ye sails,
From each slave-mart in Europe, and poison their shore.

May their fate be a mock-word—may men of all lands
Laugh out with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
When each sword, that the cowards let fall from their hands,
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls!

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,
Base slaves! may the whet of their agony be,
To think—as the damned haply think of the heaven
They had once in their reach,—that they might have
been free.

Shame! shame! when there was not a bosom, whose heat
Ever rose o'er the zero of Castlereagh's heart,
That did not, like Echo, your war-hymn repeat,
And send back its prayers with your Liberty's start! . . .

When the world stood in hope—when a spirit that breathed
Full fresh of the olden time whispered about,
And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheathed,
But waited one conquering word to flash out! . . .

When around you the shades of your mighty in fame,
Filicaias and *Petrarchs* seemed bursting to view,
 And their words and their warnings,—like tongues of bright
 flame

Over Freedom's apostles—fell kindling on you!...

Good God! that in such a proud moment of life,
 Worth ages of history—when, had you but hurled
 One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
 Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the
 world. ..

That then—O, disgrace upon manhood! e'en then
 You should falter—should cling to your pitiful breath,
 Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men
 And prefer a slave's life, to a glorious death!

It is strange!—it is dreadful! Shout, Tyranny, shout
 Through your dungeons and palaces, 'Freedom is o'er
 If there lingers one spark of her fire, tread it out,
 And return to your empire of darkness once more

For if *such* are the braggarts that claim to be free,
 Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss:—
 Far nobler to live the brute bondman of thee,
 Than sully even chains by a struggle like this.

LESSON CXCIV.

*Soliloquy of Macbeth, when going to murder Duncan, king of
 Scotland.*—SHAKSPEARE.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
 I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon,* gouts† of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing ;
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world,
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howls his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives ;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

LESSON CXCIV.

Dialogue from Macbeth.—SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE.—MALCOLM and MACDUFF, in the king's palace in England,
 —Enter Rosse from Scotland.

Macduff. See, who comes here ?

Malcolm. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now : Good God, betimes remove
 The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;
 Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
 Be called our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
 Are made, not marked ; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce asked, for who ; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

* Haft, handle. † Drops. [*gouttes*, French.] “*Gut* for drop is still used in Scotland by physicians.”—*Johnson*. The diphthong *ou* in *gouts* has the sound of *oo*, as in *croup* and *group*.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were well at peace, when I did leave them

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out ;

Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot :

Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,

We are coming thither ; gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;

An older, and a better soldier, none

That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like ! But I have words,

That would be howled out in the desert air,

Where hearing should not latch* them.

Macd. What concern they ?

The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,†

Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,

But in it shares some wo ; though the main part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph !‡ I guess at it.

* Catch.

† A grief that has a single owner.

‡ This interjection, implying doubt and deliberation, and more correctly written *hum*, is sounded inarticulately, with the lips closed.

Rosse. Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !—

What ! man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words : the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife killed too !

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ?—O, hell-kite !—All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls :—Heaven rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue !—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave ; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may ;
The night is long, that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

LESSON CXCVI.

The Passions.—An Ode.—COLLINS.

WHEN Musick, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magick cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed;—his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled:—
A solemn, strange, and mingled air:—
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song:
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair,

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose.
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetick sounds so full of wo ;
 And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat :
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his
 head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state :
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed :
 And, now it courted Love ; now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 And, from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes, by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound :
 Through glades and glooms, the mingled measures stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 (Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing)
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O ! how altered was its sprightlier tone
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung !—
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstastick trial :—
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed—
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempè's vale, her native maids,
 Amids the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing :
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with mirth a gay fantastick round,
 (Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound)
 And he, amidst his frolick play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

LESSON CXCVII.

The Amateurs.—MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

WHEN *Festin*,* heavenly swain, was young,
 When first attuned his viol rung,
 And the soft hautboy's melting trill
 Confessed the magick master's skill ;
 Beneath his opening windows round
 The admiring rabble caught the sound ;
 And oft, at early morn, the throng
 Besieged the house to hear his song.
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 With one consent, they brought around
 Dire instruments of grating sound ;
 And each, for madness ruled the hour,
 Would try his own sky-rending power.

First in the ranks, his skill to try,
 A stout and sturdy clown was there ;
 A deafening hautboy, cracked and dry,
 Brayed harsh discordance on the air,
 With breath retained, and laboured grin,
 Rapt by his own tumultuous din,
 With blood suspended in his face,
 And paws that could not find their place,

* Mr. John Festin, a musick-master, was the intended hero of Izaak Walton's celebrated piece, "The Enraged Musician."

The champion played : while every peal confessed
How strong the throes that heaved his massy chest.

Next came a brawny nurse, but six feet high,
With leathern lungs, and throat of brass supplied ;

Striving with "Chevy Chase" and "Lullaby,"
To drown the screeching infant at her side.
And ever and anon the babe she seized,
And squeezed, and sung, and sung, and squeezed ;
Although sometimes, each dreary pause between,
The strangled infant's piercing shrieks,
And writhing limbs, and blackening cheeks,
Full well confessed the secret pin,
That keenly goaded him within—
Yet closer squeezed the nurse, and louder was her din.

A wheezing sawyer, standing by,
Industriously was sawing wood ;
Though dull his saw, his throat though dry,
A while he used them as he could.
At length, grown tired of toil in vain,
The wretch resolved to change his strain ;
With fell intent, defying nature's law,
He paused, and held his breath—to whet his saw.—
With eyes half-closed, and raised to heaven,
And starting teeth from sockets driven,
And clenching jaws, convulsed with ghastly smile,
Across the wiry edge he drew the screaming file.

A boy came next, loud whooping to the gale,
And on his truant shoulders bore a pole :
Two furious cats, suspended by the tail,
Were swinging cheek by jole.
O dulcet cats, thus hung at leisure,
What was your delighted measure !
Entangled in no faint embrace,
With claws deep buried in each other's face,
How did ye hiss and spit your venom round,
With murderous yell of more than earthly sound !
O dulcet cats . could one more pair, like you,
The concert join, and pour the strain anew,
Not man could bear, nor demon's ear sustain
The fiendish caterwaul of rage and pain.

A fish cart next came rattling by ;
Its lusty driver, perched on high,

Recruited by his recent bowl,
Poured through the deafening horn his greedy soul.
Such notes he blew as erst threw down
Old Jericho's substantial town ;
While scarce was heard, so loud he wound his peal,
The mangled cur that yelped beneath his wheel.

Then came a child eloped from home,
Pleased, in the streets at large to roam ;
His cart behind he dragged ;—before,
A huge tin coffee-pot he bore,
Which, ever and anon, he beat
With sticks and stones in furious heat :
Nor heeded he that at his heels
The crier rung his frequent peals.
With brazen throat, and hideous yell,
That distanced all the hounds of hell,
In air his stunning bell he tossed,
And swelled, and shouted “lost !—lost !—lost !”

Emblem of justice, high above,
A ponderous pair of steelyards hung ;—
Hooked by the nose, his weight to prove,
A living hog beneath was swung.
Dire was the squeal that rent the sky,
With sounds too dread for earthly throat ;
While not a butcher lingered nigh
To stop the howling monster's note.
Fast, to escape the hated strain,
With ears compressed, some fled amain,
While others paused, all hopeless of relief,
And cursed the stars that had not made them deaf.

Thus, long ago,
Ere Colin* drew his fiddle bow,
While saw-mills yet were mute ;
The jarring, howling, deafening choir,
With notes combined in concert dire,
Could shake the sky, the solid earth could move,
While milder thunders burst unheard above.

* The real name of the resolute musician, whose instrument suggested the idea of the above concert, is concealed by the poet—in his regard for the feelings of that votary of Apollo—under the name of one of the characters in Pope's second Pastoral.

LESSON CXCVIII.

The Street-scene between BRUTUS and CASSIUS.—From the Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.—SHAKSPEARE.

Cassius. WILL you go see the order of the course ?

Brutus. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony ;
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late ;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived ; if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours :
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved ;
Among which number, Cassius, be you one ;
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ,
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just :
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear :
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar : so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake :
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried—Give me some drink, Titinius—
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestick world,
 And bear the palm alone.

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus : and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at sometimes are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus—and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded, more than your's ?
 Write them together ; yours is as fair a name :
 Sound them ; it doth become the mouth as well :
 Weigh them ; it is as heavy : conjure with 'em ;
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meats does this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed :
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompassed but one man ?
 O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
 The eternal devil, to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous :
 What you would work me to, I have some aim :
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter : for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further moved. What you have said,
 I will consider ; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under such hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

LESSON CXCIX.

*Address of Brutus to the Romans, justifying his assassination
 of Cæsar.—IBID.*

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause ;
 and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine
 honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may
 believe. Censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your
 senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in
 this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him, I say, that
 Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that
 friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my
 answer : Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome
 more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all
 slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As
 Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I re

joyce at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ; and death, for his ambition.—Who's here so base that would be a bondman ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply——

None ! Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony ; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive—the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ?—With this I depart ; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

LESSON CC.

Antony's Address to the Romans, exciting them to revenge the death of Cæsar.—IBID.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil, that men do, lives after them ;
 The good is oft interred with their bones :
 So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious.
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault :—
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man,
 So are they all. all honourable men ;)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause :
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me :
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar ;
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O Masters ! If I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong—I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ;
 I found it in his closet : 'tis his will.
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood—
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle : I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent :
 That day he overcame the Nervii :—
 Look ! In this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :—

See, what a rent the envious Casca made—
 Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabbed ;
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!—
 This was the most unkindest* cut of all !
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him ! Then burst his mighty heart :
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,†
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down ;
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity :—these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls ! What, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Lock ye here !—
 Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends ! sweet friends ! Let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny !
 They that have done this deed are honourable !
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it ! They are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts !
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
 That love my friend—and that they know full well,
 That gave me publick leave to speak of him !
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood :—I only speak right on :
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know—
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

* This double superlative, like "the *most straitest* sect of our religion," (Acts xxvi. 5.) was tolerated by the best English writers, two or three centuries ago.

† Statua for statue, is common among the old writers.

LESSON CCI.

The Tent-scene between BRUTUS and CASSIUS.—IBID.

Cassius. THAT you have wronged me, doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, is it not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment ?

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember !
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ?—What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ;—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me :
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in : I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ! you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more : I shall forget myself :
Have mind upon your health : tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible !

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. Must I endure all this !

Bru. All this ! Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break :
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour !
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth ; yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier ;
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love.
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terrour, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me :—
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions ;
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him in pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come Antony ! and young Octavius, come !
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius :
For Cassius is a-weary of the world—
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned, by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth :
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.—

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

LESSON CCII.

Description of the Castle of Indolence, and its inhabitants.—

THOMSON.*

YE gods of quiet, and of sleep profound !
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I, who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering ?
Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing ?
The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Net cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.
And every where huge covered tables stood,
With wines high flavoured and rich viands crowned ;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round :
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound ;
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played.

* This poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect.—*Author*

† Ne, nor.

Here Freedom reigned without the least alloy;
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gail,
 Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenomed tongue our pleasures pall.
 For why? there was but one great rule for all;
 To wit, that each should work his own desire, -
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was invoven many a gentle tale,
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
 Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart,
 Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
 And taught charmed Echo to resound their smart,
 While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace im-
 part.

Each sound, too, here, to languishment inclined,
 Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease:
 Aërial musick in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
 As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain musick, never known before,
 Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind;
 Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
 To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined,
 From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight,
 Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.*

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
 Who up the lofty diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul?

* Hight, named, called; and sometimes it is used for *is called*.

Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole
 They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart ;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphick hands a hymn impart ;
 Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art !

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
 O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
 That played, in waving lights, from place to place,
 And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
 With fleecy clouds, the pure ethereal space ;
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court :
 Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
 From every quarter hither made resort ;
 Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
 They lay, poured out in ease and luxury :
 Or should they a vain show of work assume,
 Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom ;
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;
 And labour dire it is, and weary wo :
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
 Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
 Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow :
 This soon too rude an exercise they find ;
 Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
 Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
 And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found ;
 But, ah ! too late, as shall eftsoons* be shown.
 A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
 Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
 Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
 Far from the light of heaven, they languished there
 Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan ;
 For of these wretches taken was no care :
 Fiercē fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

* Eftsoons *immediately, often, afterwards.*

Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,
 To this dark den, where Sickness tossed alway.
 Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
 Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
 Heaving his sides, and snoring night and day ;
 To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,*
 And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway ;
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
 And taught withouten† pain and strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy :
 Unwieldy man ! with belly monstrous round,
 For ever fed with watery supply :
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
 And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
 Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit ;
 And some her frantick deemed, and some her deemed a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
 Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchent low ;
 She felt, or fancied, in her fluttering mood,
 All the diseases which the spitals know,
 And sought all physick which the shops bestow,
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro ;
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
 Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings :
 The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings ;
 Whilst Apoplexy crammed Intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

* Eath, *easy*.

† *En* is often placed at the end of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable.

LESSON CCIII.

Address of the Bard, in the train of Industry, to the inhabitants of the Castle of Indolence.—IBID.

THE bard obeyed ; and taking from his side,
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
 His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,
 The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
 Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
 Light o'er the chords his raptured hand he flung,
 And played a prelude to his rising song ;
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him
 throng.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain—"Ye hapless race !
 Dire labouring here to smother reason's ray,
 That lights our Maker's image in our face,
 And gives us wide o'er earth unquestioned sway,
 What is the adored Supreme Perfection ? say,
 What, but eternal never-resting soul,
 Almighty power, and all-directing day,
 By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll ;
 Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

"Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold !
 Draw from its fountain life ! 'Tis thence, alone,
 We can excel. Up, from unfeeling mould,
 To seraphs, burning round the Almighty's throne,
 Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
 Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
 In universal nature this is shown,
 Nor needeth proof : to prove it were, I wis,*
 To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
 A sight more joyous than the dead morass ?
 Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
 And fanned by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass
 The foul November fogs, and slumberous mass,
 With which sad Nature veils her drooping face ?
 Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
 Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ?
 The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

* Wis, for wist, to know, think, understand.

“It was not by vile loitering in ease,
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art,
That, soft yet ardent, Athens learned to please
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme ! complete in every part !
It was not thence majestick Rome arose,
And o’er the nations shook her conquering dart :
For Sluggard’s brow the laurel never grows :
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

“Had unambitious mortals minded nought
But in loose joy their time to wear away,
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature’s state had been our state to-day ;
No cities e’er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay ;
With brother-brutes the human race had grazed ;
None e’er had soared to fame, none honoured been, none
praised.

“Great Homer’s song had never fired the breast
To thirst of glory, and heroick deeds ;
Sweet Maro’s Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds :
The wits of modern time had told their beads,
And monkish legends been their only strains ;
Our Milton’s Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakspeare strolled and laughed with Warwick
swains,
Ne had my master Spenser charmed his Mulla’s plains.

“Dumb, too, had been the sage historick Muse,
And perished all the sons of ancient fame ;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorned his ease for others’ good ?
Who then had toiled rapacious men to tame ?
Who in the publick breach devoted stood,
And for his country’s cause been prodigal of blood ?

“But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require ;
Then hear how best may be obtained this fee,
How best enjoyed this Nature’s wide desire.

Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
 Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
 Who does not act is dead: absorbed entire
 In miry slôth, no pride, no joy he hath;
 O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!
 "Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss!
 How tasteless then whatever can be given!
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
 Soon swallowed in Disease's sad abyss,
 While he whom Toil has braced, or manly play,
 Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.
 "O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
 Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind;
 The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness find,
 See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
 As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
 Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce*
 breeds?
 "But here, instead, is fostered every ill,
 Which or distempered minds or bodies know.
 Come then, my kindred Spirits! do not spill
 Your talents here. This place is but a show,
 Whose charms delude you to the den of Wo:
 Come, follow me; I will direct you right,
 Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
 Sincere as sweet: come, follow this good Knight,†
 And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.
 "Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps,
 To senates some, and publick sage debates,
 Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
 The world is poised, and managed mighty states;
 To high discovery some, that new creates
 The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
 Some to the rural reign and softer fates;
 To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart:
 All glory shall be yours, all Nature, and all Art.

* Pleasaunce, *pleasure*.

† Industry.

“There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
 Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
 All may be done, (methinks I hear them say,)
 Even death despised, by generous actions fair;
 All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
 Their every power dissolved in luxury,
 To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 And from the powerful arms of Slöth get free.
 ’Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—it cannot be!

“Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
 That in the weak man’s way like lions stand,
 His soul appeal, and damp his rising fire?
 Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
 Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
 Here to mankind indulged; control desire;
 Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
 Speak the commanding word—*I Will!*—and it is done.

“Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,
 Your few important days of trial here?
 Heirs of eternity! yborn* to rise
 Through endless states of being, still more near
 To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
 Can you renounce a fortune so sublime—
 Such glorious hopes—your backward steps to steer,
 And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
 No! no!—your heaven-touched hearts disdain the sordid
 crime!”

LESSON CCIV.

The Ass and the Nightingale.—KRILOV.

[From Bowring’s Russian Anthology]

AN ass a nightingale espied,
 And shouted out, “Holla! holla! good friend!
 Thou art a first rate singer, they pretend:—
 Now let me hear thee, that I may decide;
 I really wish to know—the world is partial ever—
 If thou hast this great gift, and art indeed so clever.”

* Yborn, *born*,—pronounced e-born.

The nightingale began her heavenly lays ;
 Through all the regions of sweet musick ranging,
 Varying her song a thousand different ways ;
 Rising and falling, lingering, ever changing :
 Full of wild rapture now—then sinking oft
 To almost silence—melancholy, soft,
 As distant shepherd's pipe at evening's close :—
 Strewing the wood with lovelier musick ;—there
 All nature seems to listen and repose :
 No zephyr dares disturb the tranquil air :—
 All other voices of the grove are still,
 And the charmed flocks lie down beside the rill.

The shepherd like a statue stands—afraid
 His breathing may disturb the melody,
 His finger pointing to the harmonious tree,
 Seems to say, “ Listen ! ” to his favourite maid.

The singer ended :—and our critick bowed
 His reverend head to earth, and said aloud :—

“ Now that's so so ;—thou really hast some merit ;
 Curtail thy song, and criticks then might hear it ;
 Thy voice wants sharpness :—but if Chanticleer
 Would give thee a few lessons, doubtless he
 Might raise thy voice and modulate thy ear ;
 And thou in spite of all thy faults may'st be
 A very decent singer.”—

The poor bird
 In silent modesty the critick heard,
 And winged her peaceful flight into the air,
 O'er many and many a field and forest fair.

Many such criticks you and I have seen :—
 Heaven be our screen !

LESSON CCV.

Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.—ADDISON.

SCENE.—CATO, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture ;—in his hand
 PLATO'S book on the immortality of the soul :—a drawn sword on the
 table by him.

Cato. It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well !—
 Else, when this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?

Or, whence this secret dread and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us:
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me:
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
 Thus am I doubly armed: my death* and life,†
 My bane* and antidote† are both before me.
 This,* in a moment, brings me to an end;
 But this† informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

LESSON CCVI.

Address to the Deity.—BOBROV.

[From Bowring's Russian Anthology.]

O THOU unutterable Pōtentate!
 Through nature's vast extent sublimely great!
 Thy lovely form the flower-decked field discloses,
 Thy smiles are seen in Nature's sunny face:
 Milk-coloured lilies and wild-blushing roses
 Are bright with thee:—thy voice of gentleness
 Speaks in the light-winged, whispering zephyrs, playing
 Midst the young boughs, or o'er the meadows straying:

* The sword.

† The book.

Thy breath gives life to all, below, above ;
And all things revel in thy light and love.
But here, on these gigantick mountains, here
Thy greatness, glory, wisdom, strength, and spirit
In terrible sublimity appear !
Thy awe-imposing voice is heard,—we hear it !
The Almighty's fearful voice ; attend ! it breaks
The silence, and in solemn warning speaks :
His the light tones that whisper midst the trees ;
His, his the whistling of the busy breeze ;
His, the storm-thunder roaring, rattling round,
When element with element makes war
Amidst the echoing mountains ; on whose bound,
Whose highest bound, he drives his fiery car
Glowing like molten iron ; or, enshrined
In robes of darkness, rides upon the wind
Across the clouded vault of heaven. What eye
Has not been dazzled by thy majesty ?
Where is the ear that has not heard thee speak ?
Thou breathest !—forest-oaks of centuries
Turn their uprooted trunks towards the skies.
Thou thunderest !—adamantine mountains break,
Tremble, and totter, and apart are riven !
Thou lightenest ! and the rocks inflame ; thy power
Of fire, to their metallick bosom driven,
Melts and devours them :—lo ! they are no more :—
They pass away, like wax in the fierce flame,
Or the thick mists that frown upon the sun,
Which he but glances at and they are gone ;
Or like the sparkling snow upon the hill,
When noon-tide darts its penetrating beam.
What do I say ? At God's almighty will,
The affrighted world falls headlong from its sphere !
Planets and suns and systems disappear !
But thy eternal throne—thy palace bright,
Zion—stands steadfast in unchanging might ;
Zion—thy own peculiar seat—thy home !
But here, O God ! here is thy temple too :
Heaven's sapphire arch is its resplendent dome ;
Its columns—trees that have for ages stood ;
Its incense is the flower-perfumed dew ;
Its symphony—the musick of the wood ;
Its ornaments—the fairest gems of spring ;
Its altar is the stony mountain proud.

Lord ! from this shrine to thy abode I bring,
Trembling, devotion's tribute—though not loud,
Nor pomp-accompanied : thy praise I sing,
And thou wilt deign to hear the lowly offering.

LESSON CCVII.

Battle of Flodden Field, and Death of Marmion.—From SCOTT.

BLOUNT and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
On which, (for far the day was spent,)
The western sun-beams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view :
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
“ Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day—
But, see ! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.”
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke ;
Volumed, and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke :
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears ;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then marked they dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave ;

But nought distinct they see :
 Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
 Spears shook, and falchions* flashed amain ;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon† flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky :
 A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry ;
 Loud were the clanging blows ;
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose :
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear :
 " By heaven, and all its saints ! I swear,
 I will not see it lost !

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
 May bid your beads, and patter prayer,
 I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,
 Followed by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose :—
 But darkly closed the war around ;
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too ;—yet staid,
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,

* *Pron.* fall/shuns.

† *Pron.* faw/kn.

When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose reign dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
 Left in that dreadful hour alone :
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;
 Perchance a courage, not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scattered van of England wheels ;—
 She only said, as loud in air
 The tumult roared, ' Is Wilton there ?'—
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,
 Fight but to die.—“ Is Wilton there ?”—
With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen, drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand ;
His arms were smeared with blood, and sand ;
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone ;
Can that be haughty Marmion !
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said—“ By Saint George, he's gone !
That spear-wound has our master sped ;
And see the deep cut on his head !
 Good night to Marmion.”—
“ Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :
He opes his eyes.” Said Eustace, “ peace !”—
When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
“ Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
Redeem my pennon,—charge again !
Cry—‘ Marmion to the rescue !’—Vain !

Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
 Yet my last thought is England's:—fly—
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
 Edmund is down,—my life is left;—
 The Admiral alone is left.

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost.
 Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die.”

They parted, and alone he lay,
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured,—“Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water, from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst!”—

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 She filled the helm, and back she hied, . . .
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave—

“Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
 “Or injured Constance, bathes my head?”

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day!

For, wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar-stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder’s lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand!
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”—
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
 And—Stanley! was the cry;—
 A light on Marmion’s visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted “Victory!—
 “Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!”
 Were the last words of Marmion.

LESSON CCVIII.

God.—DERZHAVIN.

[From Bowring’s Russian Anthology.]

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through time’s all-devastating flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
 Who fill’st existence with *Thyself* alone:
 Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o’er,—
 Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
 The sands or the sun’s rays—but, God! for Thee
 There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount

Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
 Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
 To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark :
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First chaos, then existence ;—Lord ! on thee
 Eternity had its foundation :—all
 Sprung forth from thee :—of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin :—all life, all beauty thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create ;
 Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious ! Great !
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Pōtentate !

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround
 Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath !
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death !
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee ;
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :
 They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light—
 A glorious company of golden streams—
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
 But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in thee is lost :—
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee ?
 And what am *I* then ? Heaven's unnumbered host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
 Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
 Against infirity ! O, what am I then ? Nought !

Nought ! yet the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too ;
Yes ! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Nought ! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence ; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God ! and surely *thou* must be !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all, thou art !
Direct my understanding, then, to thee ;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart :
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand !
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land !

The chain of being is complete in me ;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity !
I can command the lightning, and am dust !
A monarch, and a slave ; a worm, a god !
Whence came I here ? and how so marvellously
Constructed and conceived ? unknown ! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy ;
For from itself alone it could not be !

Creator, yes ! thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me* ! thou source of life and good !
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God ! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar ;

Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good !
 Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore ;
 And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

LESSON CCIX.

On the moral uses of various appearances in the material universe.—ALISON.

By means of the expressions of which it is every where significant, the material universe around us becomes a scene of moral discipline ; and, in the hours when we are most unconscious of it, an influence is perpetually operating, by which our moral feelings are awakened, and our moral sensibility exercised. Whether in the scenery of nature, amid the works and inventions of men, amid the affections of home, or in the intercourse of general society, the material forms which surround us are secretly but incessantly influencing our character and dispositions. And in the hours of the most innocent delight, while we are conscious of nothing but the pleasures we enjoy, the beneficence of Him that made us, is employed in conducting a secret discipline, by which our moral improvement is consulted, and those sentiments and principles are formed, which are afterwards to create not only our genuine honour, but the happiness of all with whom it is our fortune to be connected.

There is yet, however, a greater expression which the appearances of the material world are fitted to convey, and a more important influence, which, in the design of nature, they are destined to produce upon us ; their influence, I mean, in leading us directly to *religious* sentiment. Had organick enjoyment been the only object of our formation, it would have been sufficient to establish senses for the reception of these enjoyments.—But if the promises of our nature are greater ; if it is destined to a nobler conclusion ; if it is enabled to look to the Author of Being himself, and to feel its proud relation to HIM ; then nature, in all its aspects around us, ought only to be felt as signs of his providence, and as conducting us, by the universal language of these signs, to the throne of the Deity.

How much this is the case with every pure and innocent mind, I flatter myself few of my readers will require any illustration. Whether, in fact, the eye of man opens upon

any sublime or any beautiful scene of nature, the first impression is to consider it as *designed*—as the *effect* or workmanship of the Author of nature, and as significant of his power, his wisdom, or his goodness: and perhaps it is chiefly for *this fine issue*, that the heart of man is thus *finely touched*, that devotion may spring from delight; that the imagination, in the midst of its highest enjoyments, may be led to terminate in the only object in which it can finally repose; and that all the noblest convictions and confidences of religion, may be acquired in the simple school of nature, and amid the scenes which perpetually surround us.

Wherever we observe, accordingly, the workings of the human mind, whether in its rudest, or its most improved appearances, we every where see this union of devotional sentiment with sensibility to the expressions of natural scenery. It calls forth the hymn of the infant bard, as well as the anthem of the poet of classic times. It prompts the nursery tale of superstition, as well as the demonstration of the school of philosophy. There is no era so barbarous in which man has existed, in which the traces are not to be seen of the alliance which he has felt between earth and heaven; or of the conviction he has acquired, of the mind that created nature, by the signs which it exhibits: and amid the wildest, as amid the most genial scenes of an uncultivated world, the rude altar of the savage every where marks the emotions that swelled in his bosom when he erected it to the awful or the beneficent deities, whose imaginary presence it records.

In ages of civilization and refinement, this union of devotional sentiment with sensibility to the beauties of natural scenery, forms one of the most characteristick marks of human improvement, and may be traced in every art which professes to give delight to the imagination. The funereal urn, and the inscription to the dead, present themselves every where as the most interesting incidents in the scenes of ornamental nature. In the landscape of the painter, the columns of the temple, or the spire of the church, rise amid the ceaseless luxuriance of vegetable life, and, by their contrast, give the mighty moral to the scene, which we love, even while we dread it: the powers of musick have reached only their highest perfection when they have been devoted to the services of religion: and the description of the genuine poet has seldom concluded, without some hymn to the Author of the universe, or some warm appeal to the devotional sensibility of mankind.

Even the thoughtless and the dissipated yield unconsciously to this beneficent instinct; and in the pursuit of pleasure, run, without knowing it, to the first and the noblest sentiments of their nature. They leave the society of cities, and all the artificial pleasures which they feel have occupied, without satiating, their imagination. They hasten into those solitary and those uncultivated scenes, where they seem to breathe a purer air, and to experience some more profound delight. They leave behind them all the arts and all the labours of man, to meet Nature in her primeval magnificence and beauty. Amid the slumber of their thoughts, they love to feel themselves awakened to those deep and majestick emotions, which give a new and nobler expansion to their hearts, and, amid the tumult and astonishment of their imagination,

To see the present God in nature's wild
 And savage features;—in the untrodden height,
 The beetling precipice, the deep, cold glen,
 The roar of waters, and the gloom of groves.

It is on this account that it is of so much consequence, in the education of the young, to encourage their instinctive taste for the beauty and sublimity of nature. While it opens to the years of infancy and youth a source of pure and of permanent enjoyment, it has consequences on the character and happiness of future life, which they are unable to foresee. It is to provide them, amid all the agitations and trials of society, with one gentle and unrepublishing friend, whose voice is ever in alliance with goodness and virtue, and which, when once understood, is able both to smooth misfortune and to reclaim from folly. It is to identify them with the happiness of that nature to which they belong; to give them an interest in every species of being which surrounds them; and, amid the hours of curiosity and delight, to awaken those latent feelings of benevolence and of sympathy from which all the moral or intellectual greatness of man finally arises. It is to lay the foundation of an early and of a manly piety; amid the magnificent system of material signs in which they reside, to give them the mighty key which can interpret them; and to make them look upon the universe which they inhabit, not as the abode only of human cares, or human joys, but as the temple of the LIVING GOD, in which praise is due, and where service is to be performed.

END.





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